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AN ISLAND WITHOUT DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «JINRIKISHA DAYS.»

OF the *sankei*, or «three great sights of Japan,» Miyajima, the sacred island in the Inland Sea, offers more of poetry, legend, human interest, and association than either the «Thousand Pine-clad Islands of Matsushima,» on the east coast, or the strangely winding peninsula of «Ama-no-Hashidate,» on the west coast. All three of the *sankei* are remote enough from the main routes to protect them for a long time to come from the certain desecration and vulgarization of foreign tourist travel, and to keep their charm to the earnest pilgrims and landscape lovers of the land. The groves of Miyajima still tinkle with pilgrims' staffs, the lights of the great floating temple shine out over the water nightly, and about it lingers much of the spirit of the old, ideal Japan.

Topographically, Miyajima is an island midway in the Inland Sea, lying so far within the bend of the Aki shore that it cannot be seen from the route of the large ocean steamers that pass through those enchanted waters. To reach it most appropriately one must take one of the tiny coasting steamers from Osaka, and, touching at a dozen quaint little ports on the matchless voyage, at last see the mountainous green island, with temple roofs showing here and there through all the dense foliage of the heights, and, standing far out in the water, a heroic *torii*, fit gateway to that ideal place where death has never come; where religion and landscape loveliness, legend and poesy, still dwell; where the simple

villagers, the gentle old Shinto priests, and the tame deer, protected by the gods and loved by the people, maintain an atmosphere foreign to the busy new Japan of railroads, parliaments, imported military tactics, and modern war-vessels. Or one may take the railway from Kobe to Hiroshima, and then a *jinrikisha* for twelve miles along its bay, and be ferried across a narrow strait to this isle of the blest, which will impress the more with its Arcadian features when one comes to it from all the bugling, parade, and din of mimic war that goes on in the shadow of Hiroshima's picturesque castle keep, and at its port of Ujina, chief naval station of the empire, and, during that victory year of 1894, port of departure of transport ships to Corea and China. Then one can accept the legend that Miyajima grew from one of the congealed drops that fell from Izanami's jeweled spear, and that Itsukushima and her two sisters, daughters of the god of the sea, aptly chose it for their favors; that their temple rose from and floated in from the sea, and that the great water *torii* grew with the tides as naturally as any coral reef.

There is a small village at the foot of a green bank, but that is off by its commonplace, profane self, and the temple is embayed in an amphitheater of the hills, with a shore-and-water foreground all its own. On the shore-line at the edge of the village a noble *torii* of Oshima granite, each pillar and cross-beam a single stone, marks the entrance to sacred ground; and this road, following the

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curve of the shore, is lined for a quarter of a mile to the temple with tall stone lanterns, the same alignment of votive lights continuing for half a mile along shore at the other side of the great shrine. The water torii is the unique and great feature of Miyajima's shrine, and one grows very familiar with it from its representations by Japanese artists in every line. The colossus is formed of great beams, each hewn from the single trunk of a camphor-tree, and strengthened at the base by cross-beams joining low parallel columns, which give it balance and solidity and most impressive effect. These beams are covered below the water-line with such a heavy growth of barnacles and marine plants that the torii seems very reasonably a part of the sea-god's kingdom and creating. This skeleton gate in the sea is so delicate and fairy-like in a first distant view, that one is not prepared for its great size, and the impressive sense of its proportions, when one floats in between its great camphor-wood piers, as massive and solid as masonry. Sculling through this noble gateway, and across the water court of approach, at high tide one may visit every part of the temple, and penetrate to the farthest labyrinth, passing beneath galleries and bridges, and floating before the open fronts of the great shrines. The galleries connecting the different parts of the temple have, strung along their eaves, hundreds of quaint little bronze and iron lanterns, all votive offerings, as also are the pictures that hang

in line above them and form a famous gallery of ancient art.

The founding of this curious temple of the sea goes back, of course, to the time when the gods were on earth, and Itsukushima and her mermaid sisters sang on these shores. In earliest times—in the sixth century, when the soberest traditions agree that a temple was built—it was a shrine of Shinto, that most formal, soulless cult of ancient Japan; but within two centuries it became a Buddhist fane, brocaded bonzes taught with book and bell, the altars were a blaze of gold, and incense dimmed the myriad lights. The temple became more and more a place of pilgrimage; emperors, shoguns, and daimios vied in their gifts, and this grew to be the richest and most splendid temple outside of Kioto, the western capital. In 1548 it was destroyed by fire, and all the precious records were consumed, which gives tradition and fancy freer play, and invests those earlier times with more of myth and sentiment. It was rebuilt on a more splendid scale, and Hideyoshi, the Taiko, assembled his generals here for the great Korean expedition of 1597. On the eve of departure the Taiko addressed them in magnificent conclave in the great «Hall of One Thousand Mats,» on the favored hill for «moon-viewing,» beside the water-temple. It was almost a coincidence that, three centuries later, the Emperor came to his new naval station of Ujina, opposite Miyajima, to consult with his generals, and speed the new



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VILLAGE OF MIYAJIMA, WITH TORII, TEMPLE, AND SHORE LANTERNS.

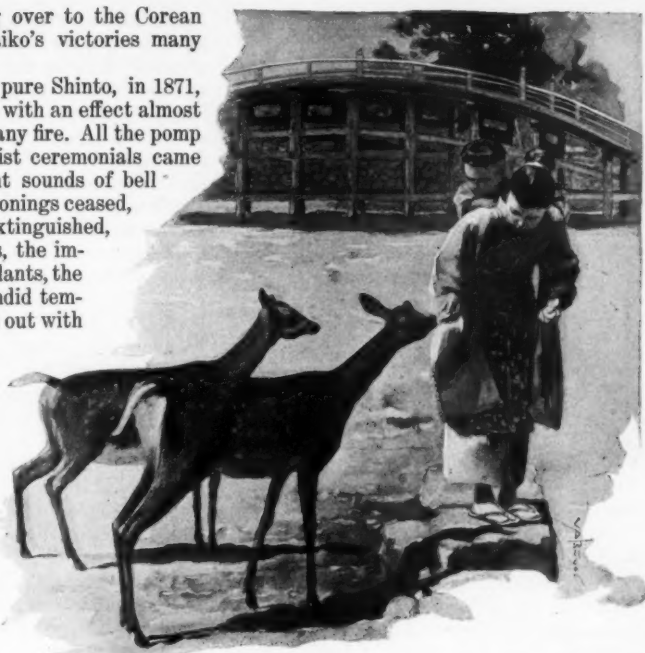
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

armada that, steaming over to the Korean coast, repeated the Taiko's victories many times.

With the revival of pure Shinto, in 1871, the temple was purified, with an effect almost as disastrous as that of any fire. All the pomp and splendor of Buddhist ceremonials came to an end, the incessant sounds of bell and drum and priestly dronings ceased, the myriad lights were extinguished, and the incense-burners, the images, the golden lotus-plants, the flags, banners, and splendid temple trappings, were cast out with the army of priests. Many buildings were deliberately destroyed, and in the silent, empty temples the mirror and the wisps of *gohei*, or paper prayers, of Shinto succeeded to the splendor of the lotus. The great money-box, where mice still run in and out seeking the grains of rice that the worshippers give to the gods, and a few *tama*, or jewel-shaped frames for votive candles, are all that remain in the despoiled shrine. In 1887 another fire wrought great ruin, and now this precious relic of a temple is tended and watched more carefully, and its preservation is a matter of pride to all of Aki province.

The wooden structures rest on piers of the same fine stone of which the scholars' ink-slabs are cut, and the main, or central, shrine and four lesser shrines are connected by long galleries and arching bridges. At high tide the temple does indeed seem to be floating on the sea, and a twin temple of the under-world shows in the still, reflecting waters. At low tide there is less of poetry, perhaps; but even then—when crabs and strange sea things scramble over the rocks and swim in isolated pools, and the deer wade and wander at will in the sea-garden, and one may traverse on stepping-stones all the courts through which he rowed a few hours before—Miyajima is not without unique charm.

The local guides to the temple are insistent on a score of details. «Notice that there are eight planks between each pair of columns, and the cracks are left so broad that you may always see the water beneath»; «This fine stone water-tank was given to the temple one



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

MIYAJIMA TEMPLE COURT AT LOW TIDE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

hundred years ago»; «These tablets record the names of the imperial princes who have given one hundred *yen* and more to the temple,» etc., our guide recited. The guides revel in the galleries of votive pictures, showing first the series of portraits of celebrities of four centuries ago, which was sent to the Vienna Exposition in 1873 as part of the loan exhibit of ancient art. Among the thousand other odd pictures the most celebrated is by Sosen, in which one of his inimitable furry monkeys is riding a Miyajima deer, the keen little eyes of *saru-san* always following one, the guide says, wherever he may go in the temple. Next in favor is the creeping tiger by Kano Sozan; but the striped cat, advancing with such a stony stare, great as its fame was for terrifying pious pilgrims in the past, does not impress one in these modern, zoölogical-garden days. There are a carving of two warriors by Hidari Jigoro, the famous left-handed artist, and a giant mask of the long-nosed Tengu, as trophies of the sculptor's art. Ranku's portrait of the gentle old flower-painter, brush and chrysanthemums in hand, and Kano's tattered painting of Fuji-yama are most pleasing of all. There is a quaint picture of the first Dutch ship that came to



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

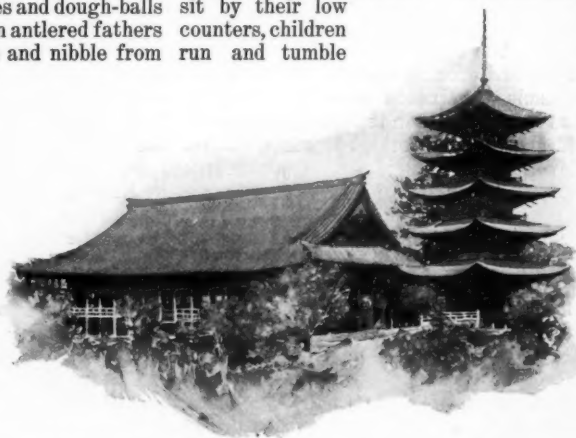
MIYAJIMA BOATMAN.

Nagasaki, two hundred and fifty years ago, and a modern chromo of the Eiffel Tower. The city of Hiroshima has given a huge bronze compass, quaint roots in form of dragons and bow-knots have been brought to the temple by Chiushiu pilgrims, and fine examples of graceful brush-writing are shown in the many autographs and poems framed on high.

The galleries are inhabited by a colony of happy families, who sell photographs, shells, and souvenirs of Miyajima, and many kinds of deer food. One who stays for any time on the island soon falls into the Arcadian life, passes a little time each day with the temple circles of cheerful gossips and their children, and regularly buys rice-cakes and dough-balls for the pretty pets that, from antlered fathers to tiny fawns, will all come and nibble from the hand, crowd and rub against one, and plead with their large soft eyes if neglected. One antlered pensioner became so sure of his morning dough-balls that he would patter in on the wooden galleries to meet me half way, and be incontinently "shooed" out by the children, who would gently but seriously argue with these four-footed playmates on the impropriety of walking into the temple on such noisy *geta* (clogs).

The great *matsuri*, or annual festival, of Miyajima temple falls on the seventeenth day of the sixth moon, and each July there is such a water-carnival as repays a pilgrim for the longest journey. The priests lead the procession of thirty-six decorated boats, which correspond to the *dashi*, or cars, drawn through the streets at other *matsuris*. The great junk which leads the flotilla that sweeps with gongs and banners and shouting chorus through the torii sleeps in a far court for the rest of the year—a clumsy, primitive craft, transformed to a barge of splendor by brocade curtains, sails, and strings of lanterns. At high tide the jewels of the sea are cast from the central platform of the temple, and all Miyajima splashes about, waiting to dive for these sacred talismans. At night the eight hundred lamps of the temple, and the whole mile-long curving line of lamps outlining the shore, burn reflected, the interior of each shrine is a blaze of candle pyramids, and the water torii is a gate of fire between the dark heavens and the glittering sea. Whenever any pious one will make an offering sufficient to pay for the oil consumed, the thousand lamps of the temple and shore may be illuminated, and as such a fire-prayer must be offered at high tide, these movable feasts of lanterns often come at witching hours.

The green hill that separates the bay of the temple from the village and its commercial water-front is crowned by the Senjo Kaku, or "Hall of One Thousand Mats,"—"Really, there were never but nine hundred and twenty mats," says our precise cicerone, —the vast audience-hall where the Taiko addressed his generals. Souvenir-sellers sit by their low counters, children run and tumble



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FIVE-STORY PAGODA AND TAIKO'S HALL, MIYAJIMA.

over the vast area, and from the galleries, hung with votive pictures, miniature junks, and seamen's offerings, one has a magnificent view of the straits and the opposite mountain shore. Besides, it is the hill for the «moon-viewing,» an eminence where the Taiko sat and watched O'Chiku San lift her smiling silver face up over the wooded ridge until the temple in the bay below him seemed to move and float over the rippling, shimmering sea; and

far ravine holds the Momiji, or Maple-leaf, Tea-house—most bewitching cluster of doll-houses in the most picturesque setting ever found in Japan. There is the usual large living-room, or office of the landlord, and a general «food-preparing» room for the establishment opening on the roadway; but within the gates one finds a deep, green glen, an awful chasm some fifteen feet deep and twice as wide, all filled with delicate, airy

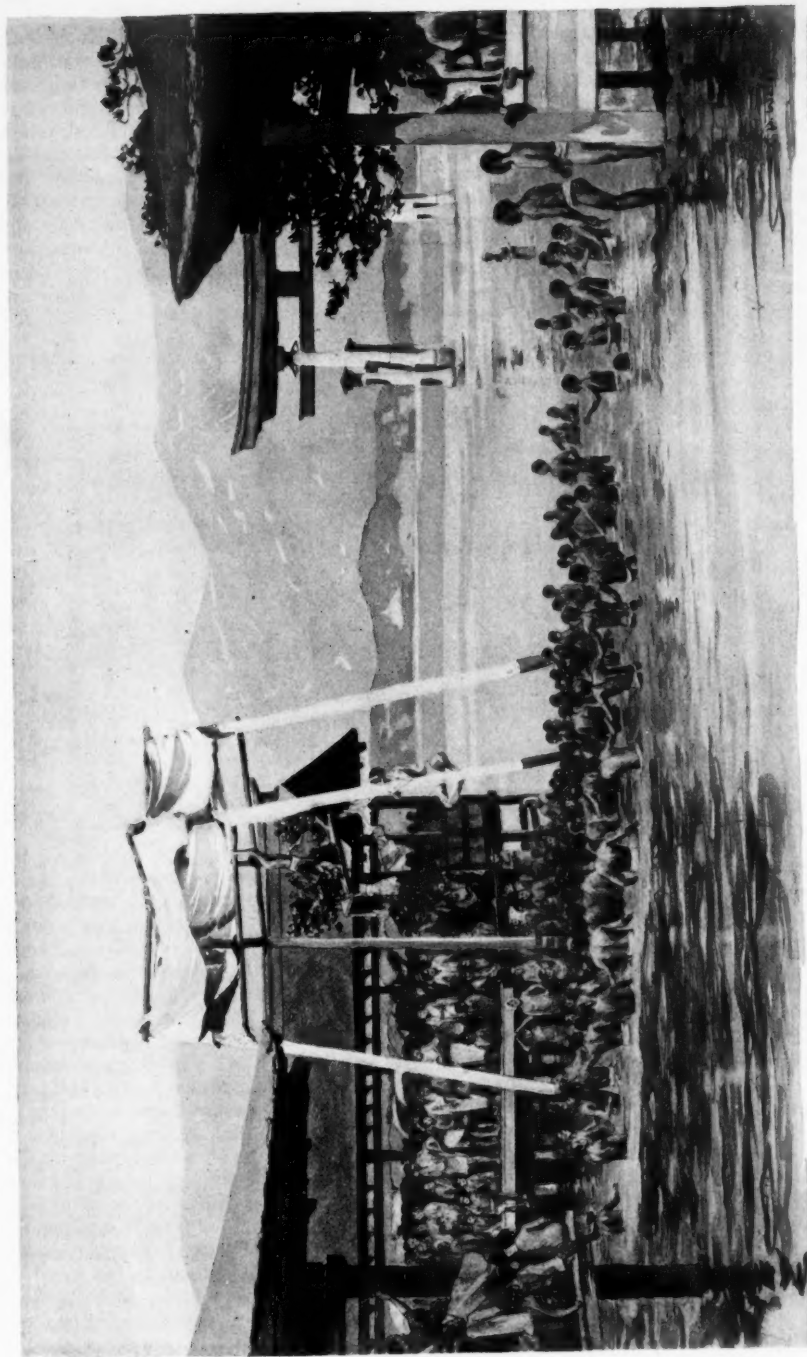


LANTERN PROCESSION. FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

where moon-viewing and a murmur of solemn poems still go on every month in these modern years of Meiji. A monument to the soldiers who fell in the Satsuma rebellion crowns this view-commanding spot, and puts the new Japan in closer touch with the old. The quaint old Go-ju-no-to, or five-story pagoda, the tiered red roofs of which break the foliage of the hill with such fine effect, is the masterpiece of Takeda Banjo, builder to the Hojo shoguns, who, as well as the Ashikaga shoguns, were benefactors of Itsukushima's temple in the sea. The famous thousand-year-old pine-tree of Miyajima ended its life recently; and although one may no longer see this veteran with its wide-spreading arms, one may buy souvenir spoons and boxes and trays cut from its branches and very heart at every little shop in the village.

There is an isolated, aristocratic quarter of the village in the ravine behind the temple, inhabited by priests and superior folk; and the

branches of cut-leaf maples. A terrible torrent some two feet wide dashes madly down from the mountain-side, spreads out into a lake the size of a large dinner-table, with a wooden sauce-boat moored at one side. Each vantage-spot on the steep bank holds a one-, two-, or three-roomed doll-house—such dainty, exquisite little toy dwellings, with such fairy balconies, such spotless screens and soft, shining mats, that one hesitates to desecrate them with the clumsy, defiling, destructive appurtenances of the simplest foreign living; and as for himself fitting into one of these midget mansions, it is Gulliver alive among the Lilliputians. Our life in that glen of maple-leaves was full of interest, from the moment of slipping back the screens in the morning with some anxiety lest the mite of a glen and its midget lake were not there, or real,—rolled up overnight, and some other charming Japanese drop-curtain put in its place,—to the last banging of the *amados*, or wooden



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GREAT MATSURI.

DRAWN BY C. D. WALKER.

outer screens, at night. The deer were friends and neighbors from the moment of our arrival, coming to drink from the musical fountain-jet in our three-foot-square court of entrance, and then to the edge of our porch to bob their heads in well-mannered appeals for deer-cake. These pretty beggars, with their lovely eyes, their sharp muzzles, and delicate feet, seemed to know the value of their charms, and having no fear of man, had only to pose a few moments to move the stoniest and most indolent heart to wait on them. It was even more idyllic in the early morning to find some antlered friend, or an equally fearless doe and her tiny fawn, waiting by the lakeside to share our breakfast. After Miyajima one may well boast of having lived in Arcadia, and each day, more idyllic than the other, puts one in the better spirit for enjoying the rare Japanese charm of it all. The peace of the island is as perfect as its piety, and few sounds but the gently dashing stream and the flutter of maple-leaves disturbed our enchanted little glen. One spoke softly, as befitted a place of such perfect beauty. Neighbors came to the doll-houses across the chasm, but only the rat-tat of their pipes on the bamboo cups of the tobacco-trays was evidence of their presence there. One day a *cha-no-yu*, or ceremonial tea, was given in a pavilion the three-mat floor of which was built over the singing stream. Through the maple-leaves we could see the five augustly solemn tea-drinkers bending their fingers and sweeping the palms of their hands in and out, in accordance with the ritual of that long-drawn function of the Taiko's day. The ceremony and its setting were the ideal Japan of dreams; often birds fluttered in to drink fearlessly at the lake with the deer; and another day we hung excited from our fairy balcony, watching the long struggle of a turtle to ascend the «sliding fall»—a smooth silver apron of a cascade above the pool. *Kame-san* (honorable turtle) afforded us as admirable and inspiring a living example of perseverance over obstacles, and of success in life, as any delineation of the «ascending dragon» or the «waterfall-surmounting carp» in a great master's painting.

In that simple, intimate life there were no mysteries, not even of the menu. All the villagers who passed might stop and watch our cook making his highly colored curry for our midday meal; and the peddlers who came to tempt the tea-house maids with gay kimono patterns watched his strange concoctions, and sought pretexts to watch our further play with the knife and fork as we sat at feast on our little veranda over the lake.

The small boy of the tea-house added the comic element, and his morning pursuit of our dinner chicken was always a feature. He would chase the angry hen around and around the lake, and when it fled cackling up the bank, a swift movement of his palm across the lake would spurt such showers of water on the ruffled fowl as might soon empty the whole vast deep and rob the ravine of its choicest landscape ornament. When the tea-house staff had combined against the hen, our majordomo would bring the captive to us in his arms and display the fine «stew chicken.» There was a solidity and an adamantine fiber to the Miyajima fowls that resisted ordinary cooking, and we commanded one day that the bird should be divided at every joint, the body quartered, and all kept stewing for the three hours during which we expected to be gone on an excursion. Summoned to see if all was right, we found the pallid, uncooked chicken dismembered to the last joint; but the whole puzzle had been neatly put together again, and the bird wound over and over with the closest network of fine spool-cotton—a strange travesty on that Gulliver to whom we were always comparing ourselves.

It is a strange little village, where no wheel ever turns, where no fields are tilled, and where the religious rules of so many centuries have forbidden deaths or births to occur, many a soul entering and leaving the world in the boat that hurriedly bears them over to the Aki shore. The tiny village of Ono, in a crevice of the opposite Aki hills, shows from the island its cremation temple and graveyard, where generations of Miyajima people have been laid away, and the little thatched dwellings where Miyajima mothers remain until their infants are thirty days old, when they may be taken back with rejoicings for their first ceremonial visit to the great temple.

They were such kindly village and fisher-folk that we soon grew attached to our neighbors, and one old *sendo*, or boatman, and his sons were our daily companions. They knew where to take us in the morning to see best the beautiful tangled and rocky shores, sculling the flat-bottomed sampan into caves and tunnels, and under arched rocks that framed charming pictures; and we never tired of floating about the colossal torii, the spell of which was stronger each day. The Miyajima urchins made water carnivals about us, diving and splashing tirelessly for the smallest coins, our sampan surrounded by these lively little brown frogs with bright, happy faces. On



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

MIYAJIMA DIVERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

the night of the great "September moon-viewing" the sendo took us far down the shore at sunset, letting us see two of the ten forts of the island's defenses, their port-holes and casements masked in foliage, and looking innocently down upon the narrow, tide-swept strait that commands one entrance to Ujina. Incoming junks seemed to reef their sails purposely for us, fishermen cast and drew their nets, and all of picturesque water-life showed until dusk. There was only a little time of darkening grayness and real night before a pale effulgence showed behind the heights, and O'Chiku San rose, tangled herself in a pine-tree's branches, soared clear for a while as she turned the whole bay, the temple, and the torii to silver, and then, like a true Japanese moon, barred herself across with narrow cloud-bands. There were quiet groups and solitary souls muttering under the breath on the hill beside the Taiko's hall, and looking down upon the temple, which seemed to be truly floating on a full-flowing silver sea; every court was a shining space, and no sound was heard save the distant hand-strokes of

those praying before the shrines. From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple-leaf home, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairy-land than ever. At our doorway a little altar-table had been placed, and two plates of the rice-dumplings symbolic of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of *Les-pedeza* and the early "autumn weeds," illuminated by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to O'Chiku San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the saucer burned dry of its oil, and the greatest moon-festival of the year was over.

There are small "deer" on the island that arouse no poetry or gracious sentiments. The mice, those pests of Japanese tea-houses, raced through the doll-houses at will by dark, the ornamental traceries and designs pierced in the pretty wood panels above the screens giving them free range of every room. They ran over my face, scratched my pillow, nib-

bled my fingers, and kept me awake night after night with their rustling and gnawing. On the third night of mouse carnival I called the servants and had lights brought. The landlord heard the sounds, and bustled across the court to see what the matter was. «I think there is a mouse in this house,» I said. «Oh, certainly, certainly, honorable lady,» he said, bowing low and proudly; «yes, indeed; I have *many, plenty of RATS* at the Momiji.» And he could not at all understand why we should make such trouble about so natural a thing, and object to these sure evidences of abundant prosperity, these companions of Daikoku, the god of plenty.

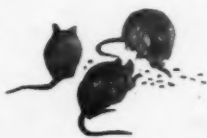
One drowsy noon the town crier came to the door, clapped two pieces of wood together, and in a long chant besought all people of Miyajima to come to the temple for a «speak-meeting» at two o'clock that day and for the five succeeding days, to hear read the official news from the army in Corea. We sent our agent to listen for us, and our erratic and only Inudzuka returned breathless, to tell, in excited Japanese, English, and jargon, of the victory of the Heijo. We had intended to make a farewell offering to the temple to secure an illumination as a fitting close to our stay in Arcadia, and here was an opportunity. In the shortest time Inudzuka was speeding back to the temple to beseech the high priest to have the thousand oil-saucers of the lanterns filled at once, the illumination to begin at dusk, without waiting for the midnight high tide. The priests shook their heads at such an irregularity, such a disregard of ancient custom

on short notice. «But this is an American matsuri, and in honor of the Heijo! How can you say you have any custom for such an illumination? And when did you ever illuminate at any tide for a battle won in Corea?» And the high priest said, «Surely, surely! Yes; for Beikoku [America] and the Heijo we can do it.»

And the circle of eagle-eyed, excited priests sprang delightedly to begin preparations.

Our joyous sendo was at the temple

steps with the sampan as usual before the sunset hour, and he had not pushed off until he let us know that the village was agog at the double news of victory and the honorable illumination. We could see the lay brothers all along shore filling the oil-saucers, laying wicks, and pasting fresh papers on the tall stone lamps; and when we sculled back, long after sunset, lights had begun to twinkle under the temple eaves. A lantern came forth and went bobbing along the water-line, stopped a moment, and a second light shone forth, then a third and a fourth, and so on along shore, as the lamplighter went his way. Soon the whole curving bay from headland to headland was outlined in living lights that gleamed double and wavered in long reflections toward



MIYAJIMA HOUSEHOLD PETS. FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

us; and the temple was a great set piece of fireworks, each shrine a sun goddess's glowing cave, with the many-jeweled pyramids of votive candles. The spectacle lasted in full splendor for more than an hour, the villagers flocking along shore, trooping through the temple galleries, and drifting about in boats to watch the splendid spectacle. Then lights dropped out here and there, and the glow of the rising moon made the firmament pale; but even when

to board a transport at any time. To such men of the standing reserve the government was to pay two yen a month, with pensions to their wives should they die in the Emperor's service, and rations to their families as long as they were under arms. They told us of the indulgences granted to all soldiers likely to go to Corea, and how they of the standing reserve could remain out of barracks until eleven o'clock, while young soldiers must

report at eight. When we asked with concern what would happen if they returned to quarters after hours, they answered: "Our officers will not punish us. They do not fear that we will run away like Chinese soldiers. We need only to report that we have remained at the temple to hear the news of the Heijo, and see the illumination in its honor, and it will be right."

All their hopes were centered on a speedy summons to the transport ships at Ujina, and



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SHRINE OF JIZO SAN, PROTECTOR OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

the shore-line was lost in darkness, Itsukushima's inner shrine by the sea was still aglow with votive lights.

Two soldiers from the forts, who came in to the "speak-meeting," heard of the proposed illumination, and remained for it. We noticed them pacing the temple platforms, and after the lamps were lighted sculled back and asked if they would like to come out in the boat and see the lights from the water. With many bows and expressions of thanks they dropped down into the sampan. It was as much our opportunity as theirs, however, and we plied them with questions through the interpreter. These soldiers of the legion had barely finished serving their time in the army, and had married and settled down as industrious citizens, when the standing reserve was called out, and they reported at Hiroshima. They were detailed to the island forts, but were thirsting for the fray in Corea, and expected to be ordered to Ujina

when the boatmen were about to take us in under the great torii I thought to sound the soldiers on other lines, and said, "Now, if you pray to the gods while you are under the torii, they will send you soon to Corea and give you victories there." Without protest or remark, but quickly, naturally, with all seriousness, the two soldiers rose to their feet, clapped their hands, and bowed their heads for a few moments in prayer, while the boat floated silently on under the giant shadow and the sendo stood motionless at his oar.

The next morning the village officers called "to thank your spirit" in celebrating Japan's victories; the high priest sent sacred gift-papers filled with rice, and asked for the honorable names in full, that they might be written among the temple's contributors; and when we went to the village every one bowed and made pretty speeches about the American matsuri. Weeks later a Tokio artist wrote in his quaint idiom that he had heard of my

"favorably presenting a great deal of money to the temple, praying for the war, and lighted the thousand lamps of Miyajima for the war. I seen it in our Japanese newspapers." Surely never did one obtain so much pleasure and glory by an expenditure of four yen (two dollars in United States gold).

A real pilgrimage to Miyajima includes a round of the seven small shrines on the island, and a climb to the Oku-no-in, the sharp crest two thousand feet above the water-temple. A steep, stone-flagged path and long, mossy staircases lead up through the forest for two miles, passing closed, empty, or half-ruined temples, old pagodas, and deserted shrines, and the foundations of many other sacred buildings that were wantonly destroyed at the time the revival of pure Shinto put Buddhism under the ban, drove its priests to hiding, and reduced them to the most literal poverty and humiliation and involuntary fasting. Tiny fanes are scattered all the way, and one toy shrine to Jizo San, with cairns of stone prayers beside it, is niched under the great shelf of a boulder. Mossy Buddhas meditate in enchanted retreats, and one damp statue dreaming beside a fern-wreathed spring expects each faithful one to pray and then dash a dipper of water over his mossy old head.

There is a group of empty temples at a half-way station, and an airy *ta-te-ba*, or tea-booth, perched on a precipice's edge, lets one look almost straight down on the temple, the skeleton gate in the water, and out over all the blue beauty of strait and bay, and the great green ridges of the Aki hills. We met pretty village maids descending with huge bundles of twigs and firewood on their heads, quiet pilgrims with staffs and straw cloaks, and one charming Japanese woman of the upper class, whose sweet, velvet voice rang after us in warning of the danger of climbing a certain slope of coarse, crumbling granite in hard-heeled leather shoes, while we wondered how she ever passed the breakneck place in her shuffling straw *dzori*, held only by velvet cords between the toes.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

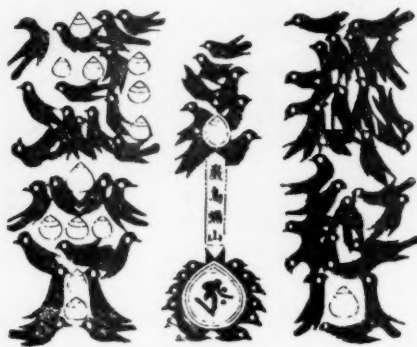
MIYAJIMA PORTERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

The gods who built Miyajima had some titanic play with boulders at the summit, tilting and tumbling rocks the size of houses, building natural torii, and constructing grottoes and niches that a few gilded images and brocade curtains convert to full temples. Our ancient guide watched us closely in each such shrine, and, seemingly to prevent us from stealing the charming little altar images, hurried us out ahead of him as soon as we had tossed in our copper offerings. There is one miraculous rock with an aperture in its side, into which one may dip a finger and find it wet with the saltiest brine. The modern surveyor's beacon at the very summit is surrounded by a circle of gray, weather-beaten little shrines erected by the Tokugawa shoguns, and it was there that we discovered that our lean, bald-pated old guide had abstracted the coppers from each shrine as fast as we contributed them, and this was partly the reason for the glee and joy animating him when I besought him to clap and pray *Tento Sama* (the sun) to shine on my attempts at photographing him, and reason, too, for his driving us out of each temple in advance of him.

It was all sunshine and enchanted stillness on that mountain-top. The rustle of a pheasant and the movements of the deer, as they

sought ferny beds for their noonday rest, were the only sounds as we went from one deserted temple, mossy gateway, or bell-tower, to another. The people have lately restored the large temple where burns the sacred flame



A MIYAJIMA PRAYER-PAPER.

first lighted by Kobo Daishi after he had conquered the dragons on the opposite shore of Shikoku, and here a group of priests served us barley tea, and sold us, to wear as talis-

mans, prayer-papers on which the crows who stole the jewels of the sea and brought them to this temple were grouped to represent archaic characters. As reward to these birds, the gods permitted their descendants to come every year, raise their young in safety, and fly away, only two crows visiting Miyajima in a year. From all the high points and through each opening we had views on both sides of the island, and everywhere were wonderful billowy masses of green below us, and in the distance delicate, vaporous blue mountain shapes floated on a soft pearl-and-blue sea that was but a different presentment of the exquisite sky.

We went back to the prosaic outer world of our own with regret, really saddened at leaving this isle of the blessed, whence death and sorrow are so nearly banished, where there are many temples, but no tombs, where all of peace and poesy dwells, where one feels a century removed from progressive, modern Japan, and enjoys the charm of feudal, prayerful times, of those days when the gods were nearer the earth, and certainly made Miyajima a visiting- if not an abiding-place.

Et ego in Arcadia vixi.

Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore.

THE SILENCE OF LOVE.

OH, inexpressible as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee, when we meet,
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine,
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

George E. Woodberry.



JAPANESE PANEL DESIGNED AND BURNED BY A. S. F. KIRBY.

BURNT WOOD IN DECORATION.

WITH ANCIENT AND MODERN EXAMPLES.



«EVENING.»
BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

HE who has within him the divine fire of genius must perforce give expression to noble ideals: the medium employed, and the hand that wields it, are but servants of his inspired mind. In other words, a good draftsman can draw with anything. The decorations which have best withstood the ravages of time, and are the most chaste and refined, have been produced with the simplest

means possible—chisel, mallet, and marble; chisel and wood; modeling-tool, clay, and fire; sheet-metal and hammer. What could be more direct and simple than red-hot iron and wood?

Many years ago the manual labor of the artist in color was reduced to a minimum: he no longer grinds his colors, or makes his canvas and brushes. But up to the present day the artist in burnt wood has toiled on with his rude forge and burning-irons, with the devotion of an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough, relief from the discomforts of this crude mode of work has at last come through the avenue which brings relief from all physical ailments—that of medicine. The thermo-



DRAWN BY SPENCER S. NICHOLLS.

MEDIEVAL CHEST IN BURNT WOOD. ENGLISH WORKMANSHIP, EARLY 16TH CENTURY.
OWNED BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

cautery, a surgical instrument invented for cauterizing, has been adapted to the use of the artist, so that he can work with comparative freedom.

Formerly the fire-etcher employed copper tools, not unlike soldering-irons, set into wooden or other non-conducting handles. These tools cooled rapidly, and had to be constantly shifted, while the oxidation of the copper necessitated constant cleaning. What with feeding his fire and blowing it up with hand-bellows, it is a wonder that the wood-burner produced anything at all artistic. To-day the hollow burning-point is of platinum, a metal which does not oxidize. Once heated, a never-failing current of naphtha gas, burning within, enables the artist to work for hours, wholly independent of the forge, the bellows, and other paraphernalia. The electrode, another surgical cautery, is likewise used in burnt-wood work, and electricity will in time supersede all other means of heating the burning-point.

With these facilities at hand, the fire-etcher must still encounter difficulties not found in practising the kindred arts. Clouds of smoke constantly rise in his face, while the incessant flashing of the fiery point is always trying to the eye. He must have a deep-rooted love of his art, and the patience of Job.

The wood-carvings and wrought-metal work of the middle ages attract the lover of the picturesque by certain irregularities of line and angularities of curve and plane, which do no injury to the whole, yet give it a character not found in the work of the rounded, sandpapered school of to-day. The tools of these masters were often crude, and many of these accidental accents were doubtless due to this fact. Yet these men expressed grand ideals, and their work as it stands to-day has an individuality which is largely due to this very picturesqueness. There are compara-

tively few workers in wood to-day who appreciate this quality, and only recently has really artistic wood-carving been done by American carvers. One of our most eminent architects, in speaking of the desire of his wood-carvers to destroy all character by the sandpapering process, says that it is necessary to stand over these men and to take their work from them while they still consider it unfinished.

Burnt-wood decoration must be something more than a simple scorching or tinting of the wood: the same effect can be more easily produced with bitumen or Vandyke brown. Its value as a means of decoration lies in the wonderful character of its intaglio line-work and flat tones, and in the picturesque inequality of surface which the more or less vigorous burning produces. He who best knows the value of a line can best practise this art; but he who seeks to create modeled realisms can only degrade it. A rigid devotion to accentuated intaglio line-work and to the laws of flat decoration must of necessity result in original effects unlike those produced by other mediums.

As of old the master wood-carvers and violin-makers hoarded flawless, dry wood, so must the wood-burner of to-day keep a vigilant eye upon the lumber-yards, and lay in a stock of flawless, dry wood. His material cannot be too well seasoned. It must be white, free from gum, and soft: white because contrasts are wanted, and free from resin that it may not turn black with age. As it is the fiber of the wood which is blackened or carbonized, not the resin, it is obvious that the freer the wood is from gummy substances the better. The most satisfactory fire-etching has been done on panels of French poplar, which is soft, white, close-grained, and free from gum. The common white wood or yellow poplar of America yields readily to treatment with the hot iron, and can be successfully used in conjunction with harder, rarer woods, as beneath the magic touch of the burning tool it becomes rich and solid. The harder woods are more difficult to work, but, by combining the natural grain of woods like maple or oak with the rich burnt tones, beautiful results may be obtained.

I know of a hall which is paneled from floor to ceiling with golden-hued Mexican mahogany upon which has been successfully burned a frieze of delicate Renaissance traceries. On the other hand, I know of a low-toned dining-room paneled in antique black oak, with a deeply burned frieze, and containing in the massive chimney-piece a historical decorative



GOthic PANEL DESIGNED AND BURNED BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.



DECORATIVE PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIV IN BURNT WOOD, ADAPTED FROM EXISTING PORTRAITS IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK. OWNED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

portrait, and in the four walls other similar portraits, all in burnt wood.

Every architect is willing to acknowledge that the utmost circumspection is necessary in applying any foreign material to architectural spaces. A glaring piece of mural paint-

ing, mosaic, or stained glass may destroy the artistic value of an interior, however purely and chastely conceived. It is obvious, therefore, that the very simplicity of the art of wood-burning, the unobtrusive quality of its color, and the utter impossibility of color dis-

cord, render it a safe and valuable means of interior decoration. Virtually it is closely allied to low-relief ornament in wood, stone, leather, or metal, and is adaptable where these forms of decoration are used. Furthermore, its color-quality admits of its application in

ties. The fire-etcher, after years of hard study in the furtherance of his art, awoke one morning to find that a clever Teuton had invented a machine with engraved metal cylinders, heated to a certain degree, which reeled off decorative burnt-wood panels *ad nauseam*.



FRAGMENT OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE, "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD," HENRY VIII. DESIGNED AND BURNED BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

lieu of mural painting, tapestry, embossed leather, and tiles.

The commercial spirit of the age asks for decoration in large quantities, but it must be supplied cheaply; consequently the lover of truth and artistic originality is disgusted and disheartened at seeing the public accept and approve of mechanically produced decorations which are but base mockeries of nobler reali-

ties. It would be useless to compare or contrast this class of burnt-wood work with that of the artist. We can more easily consign it to its proper category—that of the branded shovel-handle and cigar-box cover.

It would be impossible to state positively when this art was first practised. Burnt panels have been found in various parts of Europe, set into ancient furniture, chimneypieces, and

wainscoting. In the museums of Europe there are marriage-chests, coffers, and panels, dating from the fifteenth century or thereabouts, upon which a species of low-relief wood-work, not unlike the so-called «fret-saw» work of to-day, has been applied or chiseled out, the flat surface being richly ornamented with fine traceries unmistakably burned with heated points. Some years ago a New York artist, while wandering through the sea-shore villages of Wales, found in a peasant's hut a rare panel of burnt-wood work of the Italian Renaissance (about the fifteenth century). The fisherman had found it on the beach, where it had drifted from some wreck. In the sacristy of the little octagonal church of Sant' Ercolano at Perugia are some ancient chests which were quaintly decorated with hot irons some four hundred years ago.

We are all familiar with the Japanese decoration of bamboo with the blowpipe, and any tourist to Switzerland or Germany can recall the rude scorching or tinting of the little carved souvenirs sold in the booths. These latter forms cannot, of course, be classed as manifestations of the art in question.

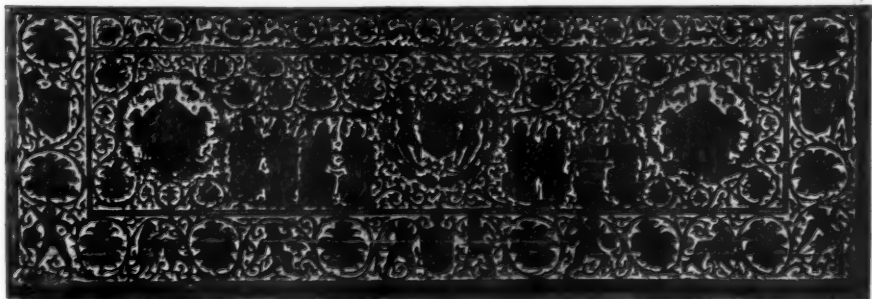
The art first made its appearance in this country nearly fifty years ago, when Ball Hughes, the English sculptor, residing in Dorchester, Massachusetts, became well known as a burner of «poker pictures.» As copies of old English and Italian masters, they possessed merit, being executed with marvelous deftness. They were not decorative, nor were



THE WITCHES FROM «MACBETH.» BURNED WITH A RED-HOT POKER BY BALL HUGHES, 1862, AFTER THE PAINTING BY FUSELL. ONE OF THE EARLIEST SPECIMENS OF WOOD-BURNING IN AMERICA. OWNED BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

they intended to be such. Only recently has this medium been used in decoration, which is its only legitimate field.

Mr. H. C. Ives, art director of the Columbian Exposition, in his visits to all the capitals of Europe found but one interior completely decorated with burnt wood. It was the reception-room of the Stockholm Technological School of Art, which school, says Mr. Ives, is one of the best in the world. The apartment—a reception-room adjoining the director's office—was finished in every part by students. The mass of the woodwork was dark; the panels of doors, wainscot, and ceiling were all of satinwood, into which had been burned Renaissance designs. The decorations of the room, comprising stained glass, embossed leather, porcelain, etc., were all the work of students—«a rare pleasure,» says Mr. Ives, «to see the true idea of art education



PANEL FROM ITALIAN SIDE-BOARD, 16TH CENTURY. OWNED BY H. O. WATSON.



ENGLISH BURNT-WOOD PANEL IN LIBRARY OF WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP "TEUTONIC." DESIGNED BY ALDAM HEATON.

thus practically carried out in the adornment of the school edifice itself."

The art of wood-burning may be easily abused. The ignorant may debase it by failing to recognize its proper sphere, but it will

become an important factor in the furtherance of pure decoration so long as it is employed by the artist alone; for surely only the artist can give it that seriousness and strength without which it will be merely a passing fad.

J. William Fosdick.

PHARAOH OF THE HARD HEART.

BY PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE, D. C. L., LL. D.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE BUST OF MERENPTAH.¹

TO every English-speaking person the one preëminent Pharaoh is he whose long baffling with Moses has been familiar from our earliest reading—the ideal bad man, who has stood for a type of an oppressor through all these ages. We have his ways and character strongly drawn by his enemies, and we have conveniently credited him with all wickedness, and labeled him along with the monsters of humanity. Before we can look at the other side and see "the real Pharaoh," we must come to some conclusion as to which of the hundreds of Egyptian Pharaohs was intended by the Hebrew account. There have been several attempts at identifying him during the last eighteen hundred years that the matter has been studied; but as no trace of the Israelites could be found in Egypt, there was nothing to go upon on one side of the history. Josephus boldly claimed the Hyksos invaders of Egypt as glorious conquering ancestors of his: a daring appropriation, to which we owe the invaluable preservation of the Egyptian account of those Hyksos. But no one defends such a position now. Some have thought that one of the kings of the eighteenth dynasty (1587–1328 B. C.) must be the Exodus Pharaoh, mainly because of the long period supposed requisite for the history of the Judges. But there has been a more general agreement that it was Rameses the Great who oppressed the Israelites, and his son Merenptah who let them go. When Pithom was found some years

ago by M. Naville, and it was seen to have been mainly rebuilt by Rameses II, there was a presumption that the city built by the Israelites must have been this city of Rameses. The adjacent city being named Raamses (Ex. i. 11) has also been generally taken as an evidence of the reign in which it was built. Yet, so far, not a trace of Israelites by name or by object could be found in all the searchings of the monuments or diggings in the mounds. Until last February no trace of the existence of any such people was known in Egypt.

At last, in a clearance of the site of the funeral temple of Merenptah, at Thebes, I found a very large tablet of black granite with a long inscription of his, which mentions the much-sought people of Israel. In this account of his campaign in Syria he says that he had subdued all his enemies: "The Hittites² are quieted; ravaged is Kanah³ [near Tyre] with all violence; taken is Askalon;⁴ seized is Chesulloth;⁵ Yanoah of the Syrians⁶ [by Tyre] is made as though it had not existed; the people of Israel⁷ is spoiled: it hath no seed; Syria is widowed." Here one firm point of contact has been reached, and we can be certain that Merenptah knew the name of

¹ Mer-en-ptah, i. e., Beloved of Ptah. In speaking Mer was clipped down to Mi, and hence the Greeks made Menephtes, and the moderns have often adopted Mineptah.—W. M. F. P.

² Khita. ³ Pa-Kanana, now Kanun. ⁴ Askalni.

⁵ Kazal (?), now Iksal. ⁶ Yenu Amu. ⁷ Ysiraal.

Israel, and that he had attacked and subdued this people. But where? All the context shows that this happened in Syria, about Galilee. If so, how can Merenptah possibly be the Pharaoh of the Exodus? will be at once said. To this a counter-question arises: how is it that no trace of this fighting in Palestine, or of any of the similar wars of Rameses II or Rameses III, is to be found in the book of Judges? It is not now a question of silence on the Egyptian, but on the Hebrew side. If the land was being continually invaded and ravaged, why do the Egypt-

The truth, then, seems to lie in saying that there were Israelites and Israelites. That quarrelsome and obstinate race, as shown in their early history, had split up in the dim ages, and while part went down into Egypt, others remained in Syria. The very general view in recent years that there were traces of the tribes in Palestine before the Exodus age is thus strengthened, and we begin to get a side-light on the history different from what the records of monarchical Judah which we possess would lead us to suppose.

Therefore, the silence concerning Egypt in



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

BLACK SYENITE TABLET CARVED BY AMENHOTEP III, ABOUT 1411 B. C., RECORDING HIS OFFERINGS TO THE GODS. SUBSEQUENTLY ENGRAVED ON THE OTHER SIDE BY MERENPTAH, ABOUT 1293 B. C., RECORDING HIS DEFEAT OF THE LIBYANS AND HIS SYRIAN WAR, IN WHICH HE CRUSHED "THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL."

The block is 10 feet 3 inches x 5 feet 4 inches x 13 inches thick; it was found by Professor Petrie in the funeral temple of Merenptah at Thebes, February, 1896. The base of a column by its side is of Merenptah's temple.

tians never appear as either oppressing or relieving Israel during the struggles of the Judges? To this there seems but one answer: they were not there at the time. A frequent reply to this silence about the Egyptians is that they did not come across the Israelites, but kept along Philistia in their wars. Not only do the names of the conquered towns show that they went up into the heart of Palestine, but now we know for certain that Merenptah had fought with Israelites, and apparently up in Galilee.

the book of Judges may well lead us to place the Hebrew record as referring to a time after the last invasion by the Rameside kings—that under Rameses III; and this would just allow forty years to elapse since the reign of Merenptah. Hence the Exodus cannot well be before Merenptah, while the short time which that leaves for the age of Judges quite precludes our supposing it to have taken place after him. By the very scanty facts that we can reason on at present, we are brought back again, then, to what is the most generally re-



HEAD OF SETI I, FATHER OF RAMESSES II, GRANDFATHER OF MERENPTAH. FROM A SCENE IN HIS TEMPLE AT ABYDOS. FOUND BY MARIETTE PASHA IN 1864.

ceived view: that Rameses II was the great oppressor, and that Merenptah let the Israelites go.

Now, last winter I was permitted to excavate along a part of the ruin-strewn desert at Thebes, and to examine the sites of temples which stand there. On these few furlongs I found that there had been seven temples of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, about 1450-1150 B. C. Most of these I entirely cleared out; the largest piece of all—the great buildings around the Ramesseum—being the clearance of the Egyptian Research Account worked by Mr. Quibell. Each site gave us some return in information or objects; but the most valuable of the sites, as it proved, was one of the least inviting. A field of stone chips showed where the funeral temple of Merenptah had stood; and, left in the ruins, I found the great granite tablet bearing the long inscription of Merenptah about his Libyan war and his Syrian war, and naming Israel.

This tablet is over ten feet high, over five feet wide, and over a foot thick, of one flawless block of very fine-grained granite, or, rather, syenite. It was first cut by one of the most sumptuous kings of Egypt, Amenhotep

III; brilliantly polished, as flat and glassy as a mirror, and engraved with a scene of the king offering to Amen, the god of Thebes, and an inscription of about three thousand hieroglyphs recording his offerings and glorifying the god. His son Akhenaten, who strove after a higher faith, erased all figures and inscriptions of Amen, and so effaced most of his father's fine carving on this great tablet. This, however, was all reengraved by Seti I, about fifty years later, as a restoration. Then, some two centuries after it had been erected in the temple of Amenhotep III, Merenptah cast an envious gaze on the splendid stone, and stole it for his own purposes. Not taking the trouble to rework it, he simply built the face of it into his own wall, and engraved on the comparatively rough back of the block. At the top he figured a scene of the king offering to Amen, and below an inscription very nearly as large as that of Amenhotep III on the other side. The painting of the sculptured figures still remains as fresh as on the day it was done; for, as the tablet fell face forward

when the temple was destroyed, the side belonging to Merenptah lay downward, while that of Amenhotep III was uppermost. In the ruins,



HEAD OF RAMESSES II, FATHER OF MERENPTAH. FROM HIS STATUE IN BLACK GRANITE, TURIN MUSEUM.

This is by far the most artistic work of this period.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

BUST OF KING MERENPTAH, CARVED IN GRAY GRANITE AND COLORED. FOUND BY PROFESSOR PETRIE IN THE RUINS OF THE FUNERAL TEMPLE OF THE KING AT THEBES, FEBRUARY, 1896.

The inscriptions on the shoulders are the two names of the king: Mer-Amen, Ba-en-Ra, on the right; on the left, Mer-en-Ptah, Hotep-her-Ma.

then, amid the fragments of columns and foundations, heaped over with a foot or two of stone chips, this grand block had lain since about the time of the Trojan war. All Greek history, Roman, and medieval—the prophets, Christianity, and Islam—have swept along while this was waiting unsuspected, with its story of the wars of Pharaoh of the Hard Heart, and his crushing of Israel.

But beside the tablet I found another and more personal memorial of Pharaoh—his own portrait. From the earliest times the Egyptian sought to provide a dwelling for the soul as closely like the person in life as sculpture and color could render it. These statues, or soul-houses, were placed in the upper cham-

ber of the tomb, where the offerings were made in reality or engraved in simile. And when the kings had the chamber of offerings expanded into a great temple, placed some distance in front of the tomb, the statues were placed in the temple, so that the soul could take its place in such a glorious tabernacle to receive the offerings made for its sustenance. The statues of the funeral temples, then, are more especially the images of the king; they were to the Egyptian the corporeal king himself, the nearest approximation to his bodily presence, and actually tenanted by his soul.

In this statue of Merenptah, we see what was the king to the Egyptian gaze. Here



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE BUST OF MERENPTAH.

is the nearest approach to the living man, showing his firm and rather dogged expression, not tinged with melancholy—a man who would stand many plagues unmoved, whose endurance and whose pride it would be hard to subdue; and the teleologist may perhaps take the consolation that plagues were very good training for such a man and the people he ruled over.

He had had a hard life for any man of capacity, as he undoubtedly was. His father had married early and often, so that, though Merenptah was the thirteenth son, he must have been born near the beginning of the long series of a hundred and more sons in which his father gloried. As several sons are in the sculptures already shown actively fighting in the fifth year of the reign of Ra-

meses, this would suggest that Merenptah was born even before his father's accession. But as Rameses reigned sixty-six years, this would put the reign of Merenptah into about the sixty-fifth to the ninetieth year of his life, which is very unlikely. Another reason may exist for his being ranked early in the family history of royal children. In the ruins of his temple I found a fragment of stone with the name of Bantanta, a favorite daughter of Rameses, who is also believed from her titles to have been a wife of his. Marriage with near relatives was the rule rather than the exception in Egypt; and though at present sister-marriage has disappeared, it is considered to be the first duty of an Egyptian to marry his first cousin, if there is an uncle's daughter to be had in the family; after that duty he may

please his own taste with a wife from elsewhere. There is, then, nothing at all unlikely in supposing that Rameses had married his favorite daughter. If Bantanta had only been a sister or stepmother of Merenptah, it is not likely that she would be commemorated in his funeral temple; no other name was found in the place. It is therefore probable that Bantanta was the mother of Merenptah, who was thus grandson of his father. This would place him later in the family history, while his earlier place in the series of the children may be due to his mother's being a favorite. Thus we might suppose him to have been born in the twentieth to the thirtieth year of his father's reign; even then he would have been about forty at his accession.

And a melancholy prospect he had seen as he grew up. His father had been active in the earlier years of the reign; but after about twenty years he ceased all personal labor, and seems to have sunk in his fatuous pride into a mere despot, devoted to perpetuating his effigies on the monuments, and his family in the harem. The kingdom went steadily into decay year after year, and the old man became more indolent and more fatuous, while none of his sons seems to have been allowed to take up the reins and save the country. «Egypt is desolated, and abandoned to invasion from all lands; the barbarians overrun its frontier, the revolters invade it daily, every country is pillaging its cities, raiding its dwellings in the fields and on the river. They abide and settle there for days and months, seated in the land; they reach the hills of middle Egypt; . . . they search for the corn-land, seeking to fill their bellies; they come to Egypt to find provision for their mouths.» Such is the melancholy picture drawn by Merenptah of the state of the country on his accession—a striking contrast to the work of the really great kings of Egypt, of the Amenhotep and Thothmes line, who had handed on the rule of Syria from father to son unbroken. The continuous record that we have of Thothmes III shows that every year regularly he went through Syria to receive tribute and maintain his power, taking all the young princes to be educated in Egypt before they came to act as vassals in their own country. Until he was over fifty this annual outing was kept up, and his children to the third and fourth generation received this dominion in peaceful succession. But under Rameses all this stability had vanished; a few raids which did not cover half the previous conquests of Syria, a treaty on equal terms with the foe, and the boastful king sunk into an

inglorious lethargy, in which even Egypt itself was largely given up to the foreigners.

And this decay was what had eaten into the soul of Merenptah during all his youth and vigor; until he was at least forty nothing could be done by him. It was not until the old king had come to that condition which we can now see before our eyes in the Cairo Museum,—a withered mummy, which seems as if still dwelt in and half alive with the spirit of insensate pride,—it was not until this evil genius of the land was in his tomb that a stroke could be struck for the freedom of the country.

Then began careful preparation. For four years Merenptah was consolidating his power, with apparently one expedition to Syria, up the coast to the plain of Esdraelon and Tyre; this reconquest we have learned of only since finding the new tablet. But it did not do more than secure the principal fortresses near the coast, and command the corn districts of Philistia and Esdraelon, which were cultivated by the people of Israel, among others. It is evident that reorganization had been going on, strengthening the resistance of the country, by the vigor with which the great Libyan invasion was repelled, after the country had been long submitting to minor attacks.

At the end of March in his fifth year Merenptah had a dream. Ptah, the great god of Memphis, appeared to him, and warned him to be ready a fortnight hence. This is doubtless a priestly way of putting some warnings from spies or travelers who reported the preparations in progress. Then, early in April the great tempest of foreign invasion burst in from the west, coming just when all the harvests were gathered in, the fields stripped bare, the whole land naked and open, and canals dried up; in short, just when the greatest facilities existed for invasion, and the full granaries tempted the desert peoples.

The warning had not been in vain. Merenptah was prepared, and attacked the assembled host with his cavalry; the gods fought with them, and for one long afternoon, from midday till dark, they slew, and slew, and slew, for six hours slaughtering the multitude. The defeat was utter. The king, Maury, son of Dad, escaped, thanks to the darkness; but he did not even secure a horse or provisions, and fled from the fight on foot, completely terrified. His wives and his rich equipage, his silver and gold and bronze vessels, the ornaments of his wife, his thrones, his bows, his weapons, and all that he had were a prey to the Egyptians. Some sixteen thousand bodies lay on the field of battle, and nine thousand prisoners were taken.

This was not merely the defeat of an army, but was the rolling back of a nation, or confederacy, on the march like locusts to devour the land. The Libyans were the main part of the invaders, but a large number were of other races, allied with the Libyans in a confederacy which embraced both sides of the Mediterranean. From the names it appears that Cyprus and all the southern half of Asia Minor had furnished auxiliary troops of searoving people to support the Libyan invaders. Such was the great deliverance wrought by Merenptah, and there is no wonder that the Egyptians sang of him as the sun of Egypt:

The sun comes out, clearing the storm from over Egypt,
 Making the land see the beams of his shining;
 The heavy load has fallen from the neck of the people,
 And he gives breath to the living who were stifled.
 He cleanses the heart of Memphis from its enemies,
 Making Ptah to rejoice over his foes;
 Opening the gates that were fast closed,
 Making the temples receive their offerings.

The tranquil condition of the country after this was a great contrast to the continual harassing by invading squatters and highwaymen to which the Egyptians had been subjected. They say, «The people babble, 'Come and walk afar on the road, for there is no fear in the hearts of men.' The garrisoned forts are abandoned; the walls are thrown open; the messengers leap over the battlements of the wall, and cool themselves from the sun until the guards awake; the police lie in slumbers on their beats.» The Bedouin gave up their raids, the sentinels did not challenge the traveler, there was no complaint of robbery.

So far there does not seem to be any trace of the kingdom being weakened by the troubles of the Exodus, nor is any sign of disruption shown in a report written three years later by an official on the eastern frontier. He states that he has received tribes from Edom, and passed them into Egypt at the fortress of Etham in the land of Succoth, in order to settle them at the lake of Pithom in the land of Succoth, where they will colonize and pasture their herds. Had a great trouble with a Semitic race in that region just passed over, it would not be at all likely that a fresh tribe from the east would be welcomed. It seems rather as if they were welcomed as useful allies, and no serious difficulty with the Hebrews can have been in view at that date in the eighth year of Merenptah. Of what

went on in the remaining years of his reign we have no record as yet. But any day a tablet or a papyrus may be turned up which will give us some further indications of the later years of this monarch.

And what are we to think of the man? He doubtless had the virtues and defects of his family. When we see how closely his face was inherited from his father and grandfather, Rameses II and Seti I, we cannot disconnect him from the family history. Pride, sumptuousness, and tenacity are written on all their doings; yet they were no cowards, and had many of the qualities of rulers. According to his own lights, Merenptah may well claim a high position: he rescued his country from great danger, and restored its position for a while in its course of decline. «My country, right or wrong,» was his principle, and a far better one than that of most ancient rulers, while he did not, any more than his contemporaries, potter about with any talk of «blood-guiltiness.» If he found it needful for the state to repress a tribe, he may well have done it without any fear of reports being prejudicial to him. The welfare of the state demanded his action, and that was enough.

The worst blot on his character was his ruthless destruction of the works of his predecessors. No doubt, in such a time of distress, it would be difficult to supply workmen for public monuments; but his utter disregard for everything that went before him outdoes even his orgulous father, and is painfully in contrast to the careful restoration made by his artistic grandfather, Seti I. He planted his funeral temple just behind the magnificent building of Amenhotep III, and proceeded to smash up every portable stone, whether statue or tablet, to throw in for his own foundations, and then reared his walls with the noble blocks of the great temple, and even stole the very bricks. Not content with taking what he wanted, he further defaced what he could not use; and all over Egypt the statues of the kings may be seen with his name rudely cut over their inscriptions, or battered with a hammer on the exquisitely polished surfaces of the other monarchs. With little of scruples, of taste, or of feeling, he was yet not devoid of ability and energy for a difficult position; and though we may not rank him with a Trajan, a Belisarius, or an Alfred, yet it would be hard to deny him the company of a Vespasian or a Claudius Gothicus, a George the Second or a Victor Emmanuel.

W. M. Flinders Petrie.



SIR GEORGE TRESSADY

• By • *Mrs Humphry Ward*

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XIX.

THE door opened silently, and there came in a figure that for a moment was hardly recognized by either Maxwell or his wife. Shrunken, pale, and grief-stricken, Ancoats's poor mother entered, her eye seeking eagerly for Maxwell, perceiving nothing else. She was in black, her veil hurriedly thrown back, and the features beneath it were all blurred by distress and fatigue.

Marcella hurried to her. Mrs. Allison took her hand in both her own with the soft, appealing motion habitual to her; then said hastily, still looking at Maxwell:

"Maxwell, the boy has gone. He left me three days ago. This morning, in my trouble, I sent for Lord Fontenoy, my kind, kind friend; and he persuaded me to come to you at once. I begged him to come too—"

She glanced timidly from one to the other, implying many things.

But even with this preface, Maxwell's greeting of his defeated antagonist was ceremony itself. The natural instinct of such a man is to mask victory in courtesy; but a paragraph that morning in Fontenoy's paper—a paragraph that he happened to see in Lord Ardagh's room—had appealed to another natural instinct, stronger and more primitive. It amazed him that even this emergency and Mrs. Allison's persuasions could have brought the owner of the paper within his doors on this particular morning.

Fontenoy himself showed a haughty and embarrassed bearing. He was there under a compulsion he did not know how to resist—a compulsion of tears and grief; but the instinct for manners, which so often upon oc-

casión serves the man of illustrious family almost as well as good feeling or education may serve another, had been for the time weakened in him by the violence and exhaustion of the political struggle, and he did not feel certain that he could trust himself. He was smarting still through every nerve, and the greeting especially that Maxwell's tall wife extended to him was gall and bitterness. Meanwhile, as she advanced toward him, she was mostly struck with the perfection of his morning dress. Of any Dizzy-like fantasies, indeed, Fontenoy was incapable; but the ultra-correctness and strict fashion he affected were generally a surprise to those who knew him only by reputation.

After five minutes' question and answer the Maxwells understood something of the situation. A servant of Ancoats's had been induced to disclose what he knew. There could be no question that the young fellow had gone off to Normandy, where he possessed a chalet close to Trouville, in the expectation that his fair lady would immediately join him there. She had not yet started. So much Fontenoy had already ascertained. But she had thrown up a recent engagement within the last few days, and before Ancoats's flight all Fontenoy's information had pointed to the likelihood of a *coup* of some sort. As for the boy himself, he had left his mother at Castle Luton three days before on the pretext of a Scotch visit, and had instead taken the evening train to Paris, leaving a letter for his mother, in which the influence of certain modern French novels of the psychological kind could perhaps be detected. "The call of the heart that drives me from you," wrote this incredible young man, "is something independent of my-

self. I wring my hands, but I follow where it leads. Love has its crimes,—that I admit,—but they are the only road to experience. And experience is all I care to live for! At any rate, I cannot accept the limits that you, mother, would impose upon me. Each of us must be content to recognize the other's personality. I have tried to reconcile you to an affection that must be content to be irregular. You repel it and me, under the influence of a bigotry in which I have ceased to believe. Suffer me, then, to act for myself in this respect. At any time that you like to call upon me I will be your dutiful son so long as this matter is not mentioned between us. And let me implore you not to bring in third persons; they have already done mischief enough. Against them I should know how to protect myself.»

Maxwell returned the letter with a disgust he could hardly repress. Everything in it seemed to him as pinchbeck as the passion itself. Mrs. Allison took it with the same miserable look, which had in it, Marcella noticed, a certain strange sternness, as of some frail creature nerving itself to desperate things.

«Now what shall we do?» said Maxwell, abruptly.

Fontenoy moved forward. «I presume you still command the same persons you set in motion before? Can you get at them to-day?»

Maxwell pondered. «Yes; the clergyman. The solicitor-brother is too far away. Your idea is to stop the girl from crossing?»

«If it were still possible.» Fontenoy dropped his voice, and his gesture induced Maxwell to follow him to the recess of a distant window.

«The chief difficulty, perhaps,» said Fontenoy, resuming, «concerns the lad himself. His mother, you will understand, cannot run any risk of being brought in contact with that woman, nor is she physically fit for the voyage; but some one must go, if only to content her. There has been some wild talk of suicide, apparently—mere bombast, of course, like so much of it, but she has been alarmed.»

«Do you propose, then, to go yourself?»

«I am of no use,» said Fontenoy, decisively.

Maxwell had cause to know that the statement was true, and did not press him. They fell into a rapid consultation.

Meanwhile Marcella had drawn Mrs. Allison to the sofa beside her, and was attempting a futile task of comfort. Mrs. Allison answered in monosyllables, glancing hither and thither. At last she said in a low, swift voice, as though addressing herself rather than her companion, «If all fails, I have made up my

mind. I shall leave his house. I can take nothing more from him.»

Marcella started. «But that would deprive you of all chance, all hope of influencing him,» she said, her eager, tender eyes searching the other woman's face.

«No; it would be my duty,» said Mrs. Allison, simply, crossing her hands upon her lap. Her delicate blue eyes, swollen with weeping; the white hair, of which a lock had escaped from its usual quiet braids, and hung over her blanched cheeks; her look at once saintly and indomitable—every detail of her changed aspect made a chill and penetrating impression. Marcella began to understand what the Christian might do though the mother should die of it.

Meanwhile she watched the two men at the other side of the room with a manifest eagerness for their return. Presently, indeed, she half rose and called:

«Aldous!»

Lord Maxwell turned.

«Are you thinking of some one who might go to Trouville?» she asked him.

«Yes; but we can hit on no one,» he replied in perplexity.

She moved toward him, bearing herself with a peculiar erectness and dignity.

«Would it be possible to ask Sir George Tressady to go?» she said quietly.

Maxwell looked at her open-mouthed for an instant. Fontenoy, behind him, threw a sudden searching glance at the beautiful figure in gray.

«We all know,» she said, turning back to the mother, «that Ancoats likes Sir George.»

Mrs. Allison shrunk a little from the clear look. Fontenoy's rage of defeat, however modified in her presence, had nevertheless expressed itself to her in phrases and allusions that had both perplexed and troubled her. Had Marcella indeed made use of her beauty to decoy a weak youth from his allegiance? And now she spoke his name so simply.

But the momentary wonder died from the poor mother's mind.

«I remember,» she said sadly—«I remember he once spoke to me very kindly about my son.»

«And he thought kindly,» said Marcella, rapidly; «he is kind at heart. Aldous, if Cousin Charlotte consents, why not at least put the case to him? He knows everything. He might undertake what we want for her sake—for all our sakes—and it might succeed.»

The swift yet calm decision of her manner completed Maxwell's bewilderment.

His eyes sought hers, while the others waited, aware somehow of a dramatic moment. Fontenoy's flash of malicious curiosity made him even forget, while it lasted, the little tragic figure on the sofa.

«What do you say, Cousin Charlotte?» said Maxwell, at last.

His voice was dry and businesslike. Only the wife who watched him perceived the silent dignity with which he had accepted her appeal.

He went to sit beside Mrs. Allison, stooping over her, while they talked in a low key. Very soon she had caught at Marcella's suggestion with an energy of despair.

«But how can we find him?» she said at last, looking helplessly about the room, at the very chair, among others, where Tressady had just been sitting.

Maxwell felt the humor of the situation without relishing it.

«Either at his own house,» he said shortly, «or the House of Commons.»

«He may have left town this morning. Lord Fontenoy thought»—she looked timidly at her companion—«that he would be sure to go and explain himself to his constituents at once.»

«Well, we can find out. If you give me instructions—if you are sure this is what you want—we will find out at once. Are you sure?»

«I can think of nothing better,» she said, with a piteous gesture. «And if he goes I have only one message to give him. Ancoats knows that I have exhausted every argument, every entreaty. Now let him tell my son»—her voice grew firm in spite of her look of anguish—«that if he insists on surrendering himself to a life of sin I can bear him company no more. I shall leave his house, and go somewhere by myself to pray for him.»

Maxwell tried to soothe her, and there was some half-whispered talk between them, she quietly wiping away her tears from time to time.

Meanwhile Marcella and Fontenoy sat together a little way off, he at first watching Mrs. Allison, she silent, and making no attempt to play the hostess. Gradually, however, the sense of her presence beside him, the memory of Tressady's speech, of the scene in the House of the night before, began to work in his veins with a pricking, exciting power. His family was famous for a certain drastic way with women; his father, the now old and half-insane Marquis, had parted from his mother while Fontenoy was still a child, after scenes that would have disgraced an

inn parlor, Fontenoy himself, in his reckless youth, had simply avoided the whole sex, so far as its reputable members were concerned, till one woman, by sympathy, by flattery, perhaps, by the strange mingling in herself of iron and gentleness, had tamed him. But there were brutal instincts in his blood, and he became aware of them as he sat beside Marcella Maxwell.

Suddenly he broke out, bending forward, one hand on his knee, the other nervously adjusting the eye-glass without which he was practically blind:

«I imagine your side had foreseen last night better than we had.»

She drew herself together instantly.

«One can hardly say. It was evident, was n't it, that the House as a whole was surprised? Certainly no one could have foreseen the numbers.»

She met his look straight, her white hand playing with Mrs. Allison's card.

«Oh, a slide of that kind, once begun, goes like the wind,» said Fontenoy. «Well, and are you pleased with your bill—not afraid of your promises—of all the Edens you have held out?»

The smile that he attempted roused such ogreish associations in Marcella, she was obliged to say something to give color to the half-desperate laugh that caught her.

«Did you suppose we should be already en pénitence?» she asked him.

The man's wrath overcame him. So England—all the serious forces of the country—were to be more and more henceforward at the mercy of this kind of thing! He had begun the struggle with a scornful disbelief in current gossip. He—politically and morally the creation of a woman—had yet not been able to bring himself to fear a woman. And now he sat there, fiercely saying to himself that this woman, playing the old game under new names, had undone him.

«Ah! I see,» he said; «you are of the mind of the Oxford don—(Never regret, never retract, never apologize.)»

The small, reddish eyes, like needle-points, fixed the face before him. She looked up, her beautiful lips parting. She felt the insult, marveled at it—on such an errand, in her own house! Scorn was almost lost in astonishment.

«A quotation which nobody gets right—is n't it so?» she said calmly. «If a wise man said it, I suppose he meant, (Don't apologize to the wrong people,) which is good advice, don't you think?»

She rose as she spoke, and moved away

from him that she might listen to what her husband was saying. Fontenoy was left to reflect on the folly of a man who, being driven to ask a kindness of his enemy, cannot keep his temper in the enemy's house. Yet his temper had been freshly tried since he entered it. The whole suggestion of Tressady's embassy was to himself galling in the extreme. «There is a meaning in it,» he thought; «she desires to save appearances.» For during the excitement of the last few days anger and foolish scandal had so gained upon his cooler judgment that he was ready to believe any extravagance, any calumny.

Nevertheless, as he threw himself back in his chair, and his eye caught Mrs. Allison's bent figure on the other side of the room, he knew that he must needs submit—he did submit—to anything that could give that torn heart ease. Of his two passions, one, the passion for politics, seemed for the moment to have lost itself in disgust and disappointment; to the other he clung only the more strongly. Once or twice in her talk with Maxwell Mrs. Allison raised her gentle eyes and looked across to Fontenoy. «Are you there, my friend?» the glance seemed to say, and a thrill spread itself through the man's rugged being. Ah, well! the follies of this young scapegrace must wear themselves out in time, and either he would marry and so free his mother, or he would so outrage her conscience that she would separate herself from him. Then would come other people's rewards.

Presently, indeed, Mrs. Allison rose from her seat, and advanced to him with hurried steps.

«We have settled it, I think; Maxwell will do all he can. It seems hard to trust so much to a stranger like Sir George Tressady; but if he will go—if Ancoats likes him—we must do the best, must n't we?»

She raised to him her small, delicate face in a most winning dependence. Fontenoy did not even attempt resistance.

«Certainly; it is not a chance to lose. May I suggest also»—he looked at Maxwell—«that there is no time to lose?»

«Give me ten minutes and I am off,» said Maxwell, hurriedly carrying a bundle of unopened letters to a distance. He looked through them to see if anything especially urgent required him to give instructions to his secretary before leaving the house.

«Shall I take you home?» said Fontenoy to Mrs. Allison.

She drew her thick veil round her head and face, and said some tremulous words which unconsciously deepened the gloom on Fonte-

noy's face. Apparently they were to the effect that before going home she wished to see the Anglican priest in whom she specially confided, a certain Father White, who was to all intents and purposes her director. For in his courtship of this woman of fifty, with her curious distinction and her ethereal charm, which years seemed only to increase, Fontenoy had not one rival, but two: her son and her religion.

Fontenoy's fingers barely touched those of Maxwell and his wife. As he closed the door behind Mrs. Allison, leaving the two together, he said to himself that he felt a contemptuous pity for the husband.

When the latch had settled, Maxwell threw down his letters and crossed the room to his wife.

«I only half understood you,» he said, a flush rising in his face. «You really mean that we, on this day of all days—that I—am personally to ask this kindness of George Tressady?»

«I do!» she cried, but without attempting any caress. «If I could only go and ask it myself!»

«That would be impossible!» he said quickly.

«Then you, dear husband—dear love—go and ask it for me! Must we not—oh! do see it as I do—must we not somehow make it possible to be friends again—to wipe out that—that half-hour once for all?» She threw out her hand in an impetuous gesture. «If you go he will feel that is what we mean—he will understand us at once. There is nothing vile in him—nothing! Dear, he never said a word to me I could resent till this morning. And, alack! alack! was it somehow my fault?» She dropped her face a moment on the back of the chair she held. «How I am to play my own part—well! I must think. But I cannot have such a thing on my heart, Aldous—I cannot!»

He was silent a moment; then he said:

«Let me understand, at least, what it is precisely that we are doing. Is the idea that it should be made possible for us all to meet again as though nothing had happened?»

She shrank a moment from the man's common sense; then replied, controlling herself:

«Only not to leave the open sore—to help him to forget. He must know—he does know»—she held herself proudly—«that I have no secrets from you. So that when the time comes for remembering, for thinking it over, he will shrink from you or hate you. Whereas what I want»—her eyes filled with tears—«is that he should *know* you—only that! I ought to have brought it about long ago.»

«Are you forgetting that I owe him this morning my political existence?»

The voice betrayed the inner passion.

«He would be the last person to remember it," she cried. «Why not take it quite, quite simply?—behave so as to say to him without words: 'Be our friend; join with us in putting out of sight what hurts us no less than you to think of. Shut the door upon the old room—pass with us into a new!'—oh, if I could explain!»

She hid her face in her hands again.

«I understand," he said, after a long pause. «It is very like you. I am not quite sure it is wise. These things, to my mind, are best left to end themselves. But I promised Mrs. Allison; and what you ask, dear, you shall have. So be it.»

She lifted her head hastily, and was dismayed by the signs of agitation in him as he turned away. She pursued him timidly, laying her hand on his arm.

«And then—»

Her voice sank to its most pleading note. He caught her hand, but she withdrew herself in haste.

«And then," she went on, struggling for a smile—«then you and I have things to settle. Do you think I don't know that I have made all your work and all your triumph gall and bitterness to you—do you think I don't know?»

She gazed at him with a passionate intensity through her tears, yet by her gesture forbidding him to come near her. What man would not have endured such discomforts a thousand times for such a look?

He stooped to her.

«We are to talk that out, then, when I come back? Please give these letters to Saunders—there is nothing of importance. I will go first to Tressady's house.»

MAXWELL drove away through the sultry streets, his mind running on his task. It seemed to him that politics had never put him to anything so hard; but he began to plan it with his usual care and precision. The butler who opened the door of the Upper Brook street house could only say that his master was not at home.

«Shall I find him, do you imagine, at the House of Commons?»

The butler could not say. But Lady Tressady was in, though just on the point of going out. Should he inquire?

But the visitor made it plain that he had no intention of disturbing Lady Tressady, and would find out for himself. He left his card in the butler's hands.

«Who was that, Kenrick?» said a sharp voice behind the man as the hansom drove away. Letty Tressady, elaborately dressed, with a huge white hat and lace parasol, was standing on the stairs, her pale face peering out of the shadows. The butler handed her the card, and, telling him to get her a cab at once, she ran up again to the drawing-room.

Meanwhile Maxwell sped on toward Westminster, frowning over his problem. As he drove down Whitehall the sun brightened to a naked midday heat, throwing its cloak of mists behind it. The gilding on the Clock Tower sparkled in the light; even the dusty, airless street, with its withered planes, was on a sudden flooded with gaiety. Two or three official or parliamentary acquaintances saluted the successful minister as he passed, and each was aware of a certain impatience with the gravity of the well-known face. That a great man should not be content to look victory, as well as win it, seemed a kind of hypocrisy.

In the House of Commons a few last votes and other oddments of the now dying session were being pushed through to an accompaniment of empty benches. Tressady was not there, nor in the library. Maxwell made his way to the upper lobby, where writing-tables and -materials are provided in the window recesses for the use of members.

He had hardly entered the lobby before he caught sight, at its farther end, of the long, straight chin and fair head of the man he was in quest of. Almost at the same moment Tressady, who was sitting writing amid a pile of letters and papers, lifted his eyes and saw Lord Maxwell approaching.

He started, then half rose, scattering his papers. Maxwell bowed as he neared the table; then stopped beside it without offering his hand.

«I fear I may be disturbing you," he said, with simple but cold courtesy. «The fact is, I have come down here on an urgent matter, which may perhaps be my excuse. Could you give me twenty minutes in my room?»

«By all means," said Tressady. He tried to put his papers together, but, to his own infinite annoyance, his hand shook. He seemed hardly to know what to do with them.

«Do not let me hurry you," said Maxwell, in the same manner. «Will you follow me at your leisure?»

«I will follow you immediately," said Tressady, «as soon as I have put these under lock and key.»

His visitor departed. Tressady remained standing a moment by the table, his blue eyes,

unusually wide open, fixed absently on the river, a dark-red flush overspreading his face. Then he rapidly threw his papers together into a black bag that stood near, and walked with them to his locker in the wall.

For an hour after he left Marcella Maxwell he had wandered blindly up and down the Green Park; at the end of it a sudden impulse had driven him to the House as his best refuge both from Letty and himself. There he found waiting for him a number of letters, and also a sheaf of telegrams from his constituency, with which he had just begun to grapple when Maxwell interrupted him. Some hours of hard writing and thinking might, he thought, bring him by reaction to some notion of what to do with the next days and nights—how to take up the business of his private life again.

Now, as he withdrew his key from the lock, in a corridor almost empty of occupants, abstraction seized him once more. He leaned against the wall a moment, with his hands in his pockets, seeing her face, the tears on her cheek, feeling the texture of her dress against his lips. Barely two hours ago! No doubt she had confided all to Maxwell in the interval. The young fellow burned with mingled rage and shame. This interview with the husband seemed to transform it all to vaudeville, if not to farce. How was he to get through it with any dignity and self-command? Moreover, a passionate resentment toward Maxwell developed itself. His telling of his secret had been no matter for a common scandal, a vulgar jealousy. *She* knew that—she could not have so misrepresented him. A sense of the situation to which he had brought himself on all sides made his pride feel itself in the grip of something that asked his submission. Yet why, and to whom?

He walked along through the interminable corridors toward Maxwell's room in the House of Lords, a prey to what afterward seemed to him the meanest moment of his life. Little knowing the pledges that a woman had given for him, he did say to himself that Maxwell owed him much, that he was not called upon to bear everything from a man he had given back to power; and all the time his thoughts built a thorn-hedge about her face, her pity. Let him see them no more, not even in the mirror of the mind. Great heaven! what could such as he do to her?

By the time he reached Maxwell's door he seemed to himself as hard and cool as usual. As he entered, the minister was standing by an oriel window overlooking the river, turning over the contents of a despatch-box that

had just been brought him. He advanced at once, and Tressady noticed that he had already dismissed his secretary.

"Will you sit by the window?" said Maxwell. "The day promises to be extraordinarily hot."

Tressady took the seat assigned him. Maxwell's gray eye ran over the young man's figure and bearing. Then he bent forward from a chair on the other side of a small writing-table.

"You will probably have guessed the reason of my intrusion upon you—you and I have already discussed this troublesome affair; and the kind manner in which you treated our anxieties—"

"Ancoats!" exclaimed Tressady, with a start he could not control. "You wish to consult me about Ancoats?"

A flash of wonder crossed the other's mind. "He imagined—" Instinctively Maxwell's opening mildness stiffened into a colder dignity.

"I fear we may be making an altogether improper claim upon you," he said quietly; "but this morning, about an hour ago, Ancoats's mother came to us with the news that he had left her two days ago, and was now discovered to be at Trouville, where he has a chalet, waiting for this girl, of whom we all know, to join him. You will imagine Mrs. Allison's despair. The entanglement is in itself bad enough; but she—I think you know it—is no ordinary woman, nor can she bring any of the common philosophy of life to bear upon this matter. It seems to be sapping her very springs of existence, and the impression she left upon myself—and upon Lady Maxwell"—he said the words slowly—"was one of the deepest pity and sorrow. As you also know, I believe, I have till now been able to bring some restraining influence to bear upon the girl, who is of course not a girl, but a very much married woman, with a husband always threatening to turn up and avenge himself upon her. There is a good man, one of those High-Church clergymen who interest themselves specially in the stage, who has helped us many times already. I have telegraphed to him, and expect him here before long. We know that she has not yet left London, and it may be possible again, at the eleventh hour, to stop her. But that—"

"Is not enough," said Tressady, quickly, raising his head. "You want some one to grapple with Ancoats?"

Face and voice were those of another man—attentive, normal, sympathetic. Maxwell observed him keenly.

«We want some one to go to Ancoats; to represent to him his mother's determination to leave him for good if this disgraceful affair goes on; to break the shock of the girl's non-arrival to him—if, indeed, we succeed in stopping her; and to watch him for a day or two in case there should be anything in the miserable talk of suicide with which he seems to have been threatening his mother.»

«Oh, suicide! Ancoats!» said Tressady, throwing back his head.

«We rate him, apparently, much the same,» said Maxwell, dryly. «But it is not to be wondered at that the mother should be differently affected. She sent you»—the speaker paused a moment—«what seemed to me a touching message.»

Tressady bent forward.

«Tell him that I have no claim upon him—that I am ashamed to ask this of him. But he once said some kind words to me about my son, and I know that Ancoats desired his friendship. His help *might* save us. I can say no more.»

Tressady looked up quickly, reddening involuntarily.

«Was Fontenoy there? Did he agree?»

«Fontenoy agreed,» said Maxwell, in the same measured voice. «In fact, you grasp our petition. To speak frankly, my wife suggested it, and I was deputed to bear it to you. But I need not say that we are quite prepared to find that you are not able to do what we have ventured to ask of you, or that your engagements will not permit it.»

A strange gulp rose in Tressady's throat. He leaned back in his chair, looking through the open window to the Thames. A breeze had risen and was breaking up the thunderous sky into gay spaces of white and blue. The river was surging and boiling under the tide, and strings of barges were mounting with the mounting water, slipping fast along the terrace wall. The fronts of the various buildings opposite rose in shadow against the dazzling blue and silver of the water. Here, over the river, even for this jaded London, summer was still fresh; every mast and spar, every track of boat or steamer in the burst of light, struck the eye with sharpness and delight.

Each line and hue printed itself on Tressady's brain. Then he turned slowly to his companion. Maxwell sat patiently waiting for his reply, and for the first time Tressady received, as it were, a full impression of a personality he had till now either ignored or disliked. In youth Maxwell had never passed for a handsome man; but middle life and noble habit were every year giving increased accent

and spiritual energy to the youth's pleasant features; and Nature, as she silvered the brown hair and drove deep the lines of thought and experience, was bringing more than she took away. A quiet, modest fellow Maxwell would be to the end; not witty; not brilliant; more and more content to bear the yoke of the great commonplaces of life as subtlety and knowledge grew; saying nothing of spiritual things, only living them: yet a man, it seemed, on whom England would more and more lay the burden of her fortunes.

Tressady gazed at him, shaken with new reverences, new compunctions. Maxwell's eyes were drawn to his—mild, penetrating eyes, in which for an instant Tressady seemed to read what no words would ever say to him. Then he sprang up.

«There is an afternoon train put on this month. I can catch it. Tell me, if you can, a few more details.»

Maxwell took out a half-sheet of notes from his pocket, and the two men, standing together beside the table, went with care into a few matters it was well for Tressady to know. Tressady threw a quick intelligence into his questions that inevitably recalled to Maxwell the cut and thrust of his speech on the preceding evening; nor behind his rapid discussion of a vulgar business did the constrained emotion of his manner escape his companion.

At last all was settled. At the last moment an uneasy question rose in Maxwell's mind: «Ought *we*, at such a crisis, to be sending him away from his wife?» But he could not bring himself to put it, even lightly, into words, and, as it happened, Tressady did not leave him in doubt.

«I am glad you caught me,» he said nervously, in what seemed an awkward pause, while he looked for his hat, forgetting where he had put it. «I was intending to leave London to-night; but my business can very well wait till next week. Now I think I have everything.»

He gathered up a new Guide-Chaix that Maxwell had put into his hand, saw that the half-sheet of notes was safely stowed into his pocket-book, and took up his hat and stick. As he spoke, Maxwell had remembered the situation and Mrs. Allison's remark. No doubt Tressady had proposed to go north that night on a mission of explanation to his Market Malford constituents, and it struck one of the most scrupulous of men with an additional pang that he should be thus helping to put private motives in the way of public duty. But what was done was done;

and it seemed impossible that either should speak a word of politics.

"I ought to say," said Tressady, pausing once more, as they moved together toward the door, "that I have not ultimately much hope for Mrs. Allison. If this entanglement is put aside there will be something else. Trouville itself in August, I should imagine, is a place of *bonnes fortunes* for the man who wants them, and Ancoats's mind runs to such things."

He spoke with a curious eagerness, like one who pleads that his good will shall not be judged by mere failure or success.

Maxwell raised his shoulders.

"Nothing that can happen will in the least affect our gratitude to you," he said quietly.

"Gratitude!" muttered the young man under his breath. His lip trembled. He looked uncertainly at his companion. Maxwell offered his hand, not with any effusion, yet with a quiet cordiality and kindness that made his renewed words of thanks sound like a strange music in Tressady's ears.

WHEN the minister was once more alone he walked back to the window, and stood looking down thoughtfully on the gay pageant of the river. She was right—she was always right. There was nothing vile in that young fellow, and his face had a look of suffering it pained Maxwell to remember. Why had he personally not come to know him better? "I think too little of men, too much of machinery," he said to himself despondently. "Unconsciously I leave the dealing with human beings far too often to her, and then I wonder that a man sees and feels her as she is!"

Yet as he stood there in the sunshine a feeling of moral relief stole upon him—the feeling that rewards a man who has tried to deal greatly with some common and personal strait. Some day, not yet, he would make Tressady his friend; he quietly felt it to be within his power.

Unless the wife! He threw up his hand and turned back to his writing-table. What was to be done with that letter? Had Tressady any knowledge of it? Maxwell could not conceive it possible that he had. But, no doubt, it would come to his knowledge, as well as Maxwell's reply.

For he meant to reply, and as he glanced at the clock on his table he saw that he had just half an hour before his clergyman visitor arrived. Instantly, in his methodical way, he sat down to his task, laboring it, however, with toil and difficulty when it was once begun.

The few words he ultimately wrote ran as follows:

DEAR LADY TRESSADY: Your letter was a great surprise and a great pain to me. I believe you will recognize before long that you wrote it under a delusion, and that you have said in it both unkind and unjust things of one who is totally incapable of wronging you or any one else. My wife read your letter, for she and I have no secrets. She will try to see you at once, and I trust you will not refuse to see her. She will prove to you, I think, that you have been giving yourself quite needless torture, for which she has no responsibility, but for which she is none the less sorrowful and distressed.

I have treated your letter in this way because it is impossible to ignore the pain and trouble which drove you to write. I need not say that if it became necessary for me to write or act in another way, I should think only of my wife. But I will trust to the effect upon you of her own words and character, and I cannot believe that you will misconstrue the generosity that prompts her to go to you.

Is it not possible, also, that your misunderstanding of your husband may be, in its own way, as grave as your misunderstanding of Lady Maxwell? Forgive an intrusive question, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

MAXWELL.

He read it anxiously over and over; then took a hasty copy of it, and finally sealed and sent it. He was only half satisfied with it. How was one to write such a letter without argument or recrimination? The poor thing had a vulgar, spiteful little soul; that was clear from her outpouring. It was also clear that she was miserable; nor could Maxwell disguise from himself that in a sense she had ample cause. From that hard fact, with all its repellent and unpalatable consequences, a weaker man would by now have let his mind escape, would, at any rate, have begun to minimize and make light of George Tressady's act of the morning. In Maxwell, on the contrary, after a first movement of passionate resentment which had nothing whatever in common with ordinary jealousy, that act was now generating a compelling and beneficent force that made for healing and reparation. Marcella had foreseen it, and in her pain and penitence had given the impulse. For all things are possible to a perfect affection working through a nature at once healthy and strong.

Yet when Maxwell was once more established in his room at the Privy Council, overwhelmed with letters, interviews, and all the routine of official business, those who had to do with him noticed an unusual restlessness in their even-tempered chief. In truth, whenever

his work left him free for a moment all sorts of questions would start up in his mind: «Is she there? Is that woman hurting and insulting her? Can I do nothing? My love! my poor love!»

BUT Marcella's plans so far had not prospered.

When George Tressady, after hastily despatching his most urgent business at the House, drove up to his own door in the afternoon just in time to put his things together and catch the dining-train to Paris, he found the house deserted. The butler reminded him that Letty, accompanied by Miss Tulloch, had gone to Hampton Court to join a river party for the day. George remembered; he hated the people she was to be with, and instinct told him that Cathedine would be there.

A rush of miserable worry overcame him. Ought he to be leaving her?

Then, in the darkness of the hall, he caught sight of a card lying on the table. *Her card!* Amazement made him almost dizzy, while the man at his arm explained.

«Her ladyship called just after luncheon. She thought she would have found my lady in—before she went out. But her ladyship is coming again, probably this evening, as she wished to see Lady Tressady particularly.»

Tressady gave the man directions to pack for him immediately; then took the card into his study, and stood looking at it in a tumult of thought. Ah! let him begone—out of her way! Oh, heavenly goodness and compassion! It seemed to him already that an angel had trodden this dark house, and that another air breathed in it.

A gush of hope welled in his heart. He ran up-stairs to make his last preparations, wrote a few lines to Letty describing Mrs. Allison's plight and the errand on which he was bound, and in half an hour was at Charing Cross.

XX.

«Did you ring, my lady?»

«Yes. Kenrick, if Lady Maxwell calls to see me to-night, you will say, please, that I am particularly engaged, and unable to receive any one.»

Letty Tressady had just come in from her river party. Dressed in a delicate gown of lace and pale-green chiffon, she was standing beside her writing-table with Lady Maxwell's card in her hand. Kenrick had given it to her on her arrival, together with the message which had accompanied it, and she had taken a few minutes to think it over. As she gave the man his order, the energy of the small

figure as it half turned toward the door, the brightness of the eyes under the white veil she had just thrown back, no less than the emphasis of her tone, awakened in the butler the clear perception that neither the expected visit nor his mistress's directions were to be taken as ordinary affairs. After he left the drawing-room Grier passed him on the stairs. He gave her a slight signal, and the two retired to some nether region to discuss the secrets of their employers.

Meanwhile Letty, having turned on the electric light in the room, walked to the window and set it half open behind the curtain. In that way she would hear the carriage approaching. It was between eight and nine o'clock. No doubt Lady Maxwell would drive round after dinner.

Then, still holding the card lightly in her hand, she threw herself on the sofa. She was tired, but so excited that she could not rest—first, by the memory of the day that had just passed, still more by the thought of the rebuff she was about to administer to the great lady who had affronted her. No doubt her letter had done its work. The remembrance of it filled her with an uneasy joy. Did George know of it by now? She did not care. Lady Maxwell, of course, was coming to try to appease her, to hush it up. There had been a scene, it was to be supposed, between her and her stiff husband. Letty gloated over the dream of it. Tears, humiliation, reproaches—she meted them all out in plenty to the woman she hated. Nor would things end there. Why, London was full of gossip! Harding's paragraph—for of course it was Harding's—had secured that. How clever of him! Not a name, not a thing that could be taken hold of, yet so clear! Well, if she, Letty, was to be trampled on and set aside, at any rate other people should suffer too.

So George had gone off to France, leaving her alone, without «good-by.» She did not believe a word of his excuse; and if it were true, it was only another outrage that he should have thought twice of such a matter at such a crisis. But it was probably a mere device of his and *hers*—she would find out for what.

Her state of tension was too great to allow her to stay in the same place for more than a few minutes. She got up and went to the glass before the mantelpiece. Taking out the pins that held her large Gainsborough hat, she arranged her hair with her hands, putting the curls of the fringe in their right place, fastening up some stray ends. She had given orders, as we have seen, to admit no one, and

was presumably going to bed; nevertheless her behavior was instinctively the behavior of one who expects a guest.

When, more or less to her satisfaction, she had restored the symmetry of the little curled and crimped head, she took her face between her hands, and stared at her own reflection. Memories of the party she had just left, of the hot river, the slowly filling locks, the revelry, the champagne, danced in her mind—especially of a certain walk through a wood. She defiantly watched the face in the glass grow red, the eyelids quiver. Then, like the tremor from some volcanic fire far within, a shudder ran through her. She dropped her head on her hands. She hated—*hated* him! Was it to-morrow evening she had told him he might come? She would go down to Perth.

Wheels in the quiet street! Letty flew to the window like an excited child, her green and white twinkling through the room.

A brougham, and a tall figure in black stepping slowly out of it. Letty sheltered herself behind a curtain, held her breath, and listened.

Presently her lower lip dropped a little. What was Kenrick about? The front door had closed, and Lady Maxwell had not reëntered her carriage.

She opened the drawing-room door with care, and was stooping over the banisters when she saw Kenrick on the stairs. He seemed to be coming from the direction of George's study.

"What have you been doing?" she asked him, in a hard under-voice, looking at him angrily. "I told you not to let Lady Maxwell in."

"I told her, my lady, that you were engaged, and could see no one. Then her ladyship asked if she might write a few lines to you and send them up, asking when you would be able to see her. So I showed her into Sir George's study, my lady, and she is writing at Sir George's desk."

"You should have done nothing of the sort," said Letty, sharply. "What is that letter?"

She took it from his hand before the butler, somewhat bewildered by the responsibilities of his position, could explain that he had just found it in the letter-box, where it might have been lying some little time, as he had heard no knock.

She let him go down-stairs again to await Lady Maxwell's exit, and herself ran back to read her letter, her heart beating; for the address of the sender was on the envelope.

When she had finished she threw it down, half suffocating.

"So I am to be lectured and preached to besides—good heavens!—in his lofty manner, I suppose, that people talk of. Prig—odious, insufferable prig! So I have mistaken George, have I? My own husband! And insulted her—*her*! And she is actually down-stairs, writing to me in my own house!"

She locked her hands, and began stormily to pace the room again. The image of her rival, only a few feet from her, bending over George's table, worked in her with poisonous force. Suddenly she swept to the bell and rang it. A door opened down-stairs. She ran to the landing.

"Kenrick!"

"Yes, my lady." She heard a pause and the soft rustle of a dress.

"Tell Lady Maxwell, please,"—she struggled hard for the right, the dignified tone,—"*that if it is not too late for her to stay I am now able to see her.*"

She hurried back into the drawing-room and waited. *Would she come?* Letty's whole being was now throbbing with one mad desire. If Kenrick let her go!

But steps approached; the door was thrown open.

Marcella Maxwell came in timidly, very pale, her dark eyes shrinking from the sudden light of the drawing-room. She was bare-headed, and wore a long cloak of black lace over her white evening dress. Letty's flash of thought as she saw her was twofold: first, hatred of her beauty; then triumph in the evident nervousness with which her visitor approached her.

Without making the slightest change of position, the mistress of the house spoke first.

"Will you please tell me," she said, in her sharpest, thinnest voice, "to what I owe the honor of this visit?"

Marcella paused half-way toward her hostess.

"I read your letter to my husband," she said quietly, though her voice shook, "and I thought you would hardly refuse to let me speak to you about it."

"Then perhaps you will sit down," said Letty, in the same voice; and she seated herself.

If she had wished to heighten the effect of her reception by these small discourtesies she did not succeed; rather, Marcella's self-possession returned under them. She looked about simply for a chair, brought one forward within speaking distance of her companion, moving once more in her thin, tall

grace, with all that unconscious dignity which Letty had so often envied and admired from a distance.

But neither dignity nor grace made any bar to the emotion that filled her. She bent forward, clasping her hands on her knee.

«Your letter to my husband made me so unhappy—that I could not help coming,» she said in a tone that was all entreaty, all humbleness. «Not—of course—that it seemed to either of us a true or just account of what had happened,»—she drew herself up gently,—«but it made me realize—though, indeed, I had realized it before I read it—that in my friendship with your husband I had been forgetting—forgetting those things—one ought to remember most. You will let me put things, won't you, in my own way, as they seem to me? At Castle Luton Sir George attracted me very much. The pleasure of talking to him there first made me wish to try to alter some of his views—to bring him across my poor people—to introduce him to our friends. Then, somehow, a special bond grew up between him and me with regard to this particular struggle in which my husband and I»—she dropped her eyes that she might not see Letty's heated face—«have been so keenly interested. But what I ought to have felt—from the very first—was that there could be, there ought to have been, something else added. Married people»—she spoke hurriedly, her breath rising and falling—«are not two, but one; and my first step should have been to come—and—and ask you to let me know you too—to find out what your feelings were, whether you wished for a friendship—that—that I had perhaps no right to offer to Sir George alone. I have been looking into my own heart,»—her voice trembled again,—«and I see that fault, that great fault. To be excluded myself from any strong friendship my husband might make would be agony to me.» The frank, sudden passion of her lifted eyes sent a thrill even through Letty's fierce and hardly kept silence. «And that I wanted to say to you first of all. I wronged my own conception of what marriage should be, and you were quite, quite right to be angry.»

«Well, I think it's quite clear, is n't it, that you forgot from the beginning George had a wife?» cried Letty in her most insulting voice. «That certainly can't be denied. Anybody could see that at Castle Luton.»

Marcella looked at her in perplexity. What could suggest to her how to say the right word, touch the right chord? Would she be able to do more than satisfy her own conscience, and then go, leaving this strange

little fury to make what use she pleased of her visit and her avowals?

She shaded her eyes with her hand a moment, thinking. Then she said:

«Perhaps it is of no use for me to ask you to remember how full our minds—my husband's and mine—have been of one subject—one set of ideas. But, if I am not keeping you too long, I should like to give you an account, from my point of view, of the friendship between Sir George and myself. I think I can remember every talk of ours, from our first meeting in the hospital down to—down to this morning.»

«This morning!» cried Letty, springing up. «This morning! He went to you to-day?»

The little face, convulsed with passion, raised an intolerable distress in Marcella.

«Yes; he came to see me,» she said, her dark eyes, full of pain,—full, too, once more of entreaty,—fixed upon her interrogator. «But do let me tell you! I never saw any one in deeper trouble—trouble about you—trouble about himself.»

Letty burst into a wild laugh.

«Of course! No doubt he went to complain of me—that I flirted—that I ill-treated his mother—that I spent too much money—and a lot of other pleasant little things. Oh, I can imagine it perfectly! Besides that, I suppose he went to be thanked. Well, he deserved that. He has thrown away his career to please you; so if you did n't thank him you ought! Everybody says his position in Parliament now is n't worth a straw, that he must resign—which is delightful, of course, for his wife. And I saw it all from the beginning; I understood exactly what you *wanted* to do at Castle Luton; only I could n't believe then—I was only six weeks married—»

A wave of excitement and self-pity swept over her; she broke off with a sob.

Marcella's heart was wrung. She knew nothing of the real Letty Tressady. It was the wife as such, slighted and set aside, that appealed to the imagination, the remorse, of this happy, this beloved woman. She rose quickly, she held out her hands, looking down upon the venomous little creature who had been pouring these insults upon her.

«Don't—don't believe such things,» she said, with sobbing breath. «I never wronged you consciously for a moment. Can't you believe that Sir George and I became friends because we cared for the same kind of questions? because I—I was full of my husband's work and everything that concerned it? because I liked to talk about it to win him

friends? If it had ever entered my mind that such a thing could pain and hurt you—»

«Where have you sent him to-day?» cried Letty, peremptorily interrupting her, while she drew her handkerchief fiercely across her eyes.

Instantly Marcella was aware of the difficulty of explaining her own impulse and Maxwell's action.

«Sir George told me,» she said, faltering, «that he must go away from London immediately to think out some trouble that was oppressing him. Only a few minutes after he left our house we heard from Mrs. Allison that she was in great distress about her son. She came, in fact, to beg us to help her find him. I won't go into the story, of course; I am sure you know it. My husband and I talked it over. It occurred to us that if Maxwell went to him—to Sir George—and asked him to do us and her this great kindness of going to Ancoats and trying to bring him back to his mother, it would put everything on a different footing. Maxwell would get to know him as I had got to know him. One would find a way to silence the foolish, unjust things that have been said—I suppose—I don't know—»

She paused, confused by the difficulties in her path, her cheeks hot and flushed. But the heart knew its own innocence. She recovered herself; she came nearer:

«If only, at the same time, I could make you realize how truly, how bitterly, I had felt for any pain you might have suffered; if I could persuade you to look at it all—your husband's conduct and mine—in its true light, and to believe that he cares—he *must* care—for nothing in the world so much as his home—as you and your happiness!»

The nobleness of the speaker, the futility of the speech, were about equally balanced. Candor was impossible, if only for kindness' sake. And the story, so told, was not only unconvincing, it was hardly intelligible, even, to Letty. For the two personalities moved in different worlds, and what had seemed to the woman who was all delicate impulse and romance the right and natural course merely excited in Letty, and not without reason, fresh suspicion and offense. If words had been all, Marcella had gained nothing.

But a strange tumult was rising in Letty's breast. There was something in this mingling of self-abasement with an extraordinary moral richness and dignity, in these eyes, these hands that would have so gladly caught and clasped her own, which began almost to intimidate her. She broke out

again so as to hold her own bewilderment at bay:

«What right had you to send him away—to plan anything for *my* husband without my consent? Oh, of course you put it very finely; I dare say you know about all sorts of things I don't know about. I'm not clever; I don't talk politics. But I don't quite see the good of it, if it's only to take husbands away from their wives. All the same, I'm not a hypocrite, and I don't mean to pretend I'm a meek saint. Far from it. I've no doubt that George thinks he's been perfectly justified from the beginning, and that I have brought everything upon myself. Well, I don't care to argue about it. Don't imagine, please, that I have been playing the deserted wife all the time. If people injure me it's not my way to hold my tongue; and I imagine that, after all, I do understand my own husband in spite of Lord Maxwell's kind remarks.» She pointed scornfully to Maxwell's letter on the table. «But as soon as I saw that nothing I said mattered to George, and that his whole mind was taken up with your society, why, of course I took my own measures. There are other men in the world, and one of them happens to amuse me particularly at this moment. It's your doing and George's, you see, if he does n't like it.»

Marcella recoiled in sudden horror, staring at her companion with wide, startled eyes. Letty braved her defiantly, her dry lips drawn into a miserable smile. She stood, looking very small and elegant, beside her writing-table, her hand, blazing with rings, resting lightly upon it, the little hot, withered face alone betraying the nerve tension behind.

The situation lasted a few seconds; then, with a quick step, Marcella hurried to a chair on the farther side of the room, sank into it, and covered her face with her hands.

Letty's heart seemed to dip, as it were, into an abyss; but there was a frenzied triumph in the spectacle of Marcella's grief and tears.

Marcella Maxwell thus silenced, thus subdued! The famous name, with all that it had stood for in Letty's mind of things to be envied and desired, echoed in her ear, delighted her revenge. She struggled to maintain her attitude.

«I don't know why what I said should make you so unhappy,» she said coldly, after a pause.

Marcella did not reply. Presently Letty saw that she was resting her cheek on her hand and gazing before her into vacancy. At last she turned round, and Letty could satisfy herself that in truth her eyes were wet.

«Is there no one,» asked the full, tremulous

voice, "whom you care for, whom you would send for now to advise and help you?"

"Thank you," said Letty, calmly, leaning against the little writing-table, and beating the ground lightly with her foot. "I don't want anyone. And I don't know why you should trouble yourself about it."

But for the first time, and against its owner's will, the hard tone wavered.

Marcella rose impetuously again, and came toward her.

"When one thinks of all the long years of married life," she said, still trembling, "of the children that may come—"

Letty lifted her eyebrows.

"If one happened to wish for them. But I don't happen to wish for them—never did. I dare say it sounds horrid. Anyway, one need n't take that into consideration."

"And your husband—your husband, who must be miserable, whose great gifts will be all spoiled unless you will somehow give up your anger and make peace? And instead of that you are only thinking of revenging yourself, of making more ruin and pain. It breaks one's heart! And it would need such a *little* effort on your part—only a few words written or spoken—to bring him back, to end all this unhappiness!"

"Oh, George can take care of himself," said Letty, provokingly; "so can I. Besides, you have sent him away."

Marcella looked at her in despair. Then silently she turned away, and Letty saw that she was searching for the gloves and handkerchief she had been carrying in her hand when she came in.

Letty watched her take them up; then said suddenly, "Are you going away?"

"It is best, I think. I can do nothing."

"I wish I knew why you came to see me at all! They say, of course, you are very much in love with Lord Maxwell. Perhaps that made you sorry for me?"

Marcella's pride leaped at the mention by those lips of her own married life. Then she drove her pride down.

"You have put it better than I have been able to do all the time." Her mouth parted in a slight, sad smile. "Good night."

Letty took no notice. She sat down on the arm of a chair near her. Her eyes suddenly blazed, her face grew dead white.

"Well, if you want to know," she said,—"no, don't go; I don't mean to let you go just yet,—I *am* about the most miserable wretch going! There; you may take it or leave it; it's true. I don't suppose I cared much about George when I married him; plenty of girls

don't. But as soon as he began to care about *you*—just contrariness, I suppose—I began to feel that I could kill anybody that took him from me, and kill myself afterward! Oh, good gracious! there was plenty of reason for his getting tired of me. I'm not the sort of person to let any one get the whip-hand of me, and I *would* spend his money as I liked, and I *would* ask the persons I chose to the house; and, above all, I was n't going to be pestered with looking after and giving up to his *dreadful* mother, who made my life a burden to me. Oh! why do you look so white? Well, I dare say it does sound atrocious. I don't care. Perhaps you 'll be still more horrified when you know that they came round this afternoon, when I was out and George was gone, to tell me that Lady Tressady was frightfully ill—dying, I think my maid said. And I have n't given it another thought since—not one—till now"—she struck one hand against the other—"because directly afterward the butler told me of your visit this afternoon, and that you were coming again, and I was n't going to think of anything else in the world but you and George. No; don't look like that, don't come near me—I'm not mad. I assure you I'm not mad! But that's all by the way. What was I saying? Oh! that George had cause enough to stop caring about me. Of course he had; but if he's lost to me I shall give him a good deal more cause before we've done. That other man—you know him, Cathedine—gave me a kiss this afternoon when we were in a wood together"—the same involuntary shudder overtook her, while she still held her companion at arm's length. "Oh, he is a brute—a *brute*! But what do I care what happens to me? It's so strange I don't,—rather creditable, I think,—for, after all, I like parties, and being asked about. But now George hates me, and let you send him away from me, why, of course it's all simple enough! I—don't—don't come—I shall never, never forgive—it's just being tired—"

But Marcella sprang forward. Mercifully, there is a limit to nerve endurance, and Letty in her raving had overpassed it. She sank gasping on a sofa, still putting out her hand as though to protect herself. But Marcella knelt beside her, the tears running down her cheeks. She put her arms—arms formed for tenderness, for motherliness—round the girl's slight frame. "Don't—don't repulse me!" she said, with trembling lips, and suddenly Letty yielded. She found herself sobbing in Lady Maxwell's embrace, while all the healing, all the remorse, all the comfort that self-abandonment and pity can pour out on such a

plight as hers, descended upon her from Marcella's clinging touch, her hurried, fragmentary words. Assurances that all could be made right, entreaties for gentleness and patience, revelations of her own inmost heart as a wife far too sacred for the ears of Letty Tressady, little phrases and snatches of autobiography steeped in an exquisite experience—the nature Letty had rained her blows upon kept nothing back, gave her all its best. How irrelevant much of it was!—checkered throughout by those oblivions and optimisms and foolish hopes by which such a nature as Marcella's protects itself from the hard facts of the world. By the time she had ranged through every note of entreaty and consolation, Marcella had almost persuaded herself and Letty that George Tressady had never said a word to her beyond the commonplaces of an ordinary friendship; she had passionately determined that this blurred and spoiled marriage could and should be mended, and that it lay with her to do it; and in the spirit of her audacious youth she had taken upon herself the burden of Letty's character and fate, vowing herself to a moral mission, to a long patience. The quality of her own nature, perhaps, made her bear Letty's violences and frenzies more patiently than would have been possible to a woman of another type; generous remorse and regret, combined with her ignorance of Letty's history and the details of Letty's life, led her even to look upon these violences as the effects of love perverted, the anguish of a jealous heart. Imagination keen and loving drew the situation for her in rapid strokes, draped Letty in the subtleties and powers of her own heart, and made forbearance easy.

As for Letty, her whole being surrendered itself to a mere ebb and flow of sensations. That she had been able thus to break down the barriers of Marcella's stateliness filled her all through, in her passion as in her yielding, with a kind of exultation. A vision of a tall figure in a white-and-silver dress, sitting stiff and unapproachable beside her in the Castle Luton drawing-room, fled through her mind now and then, only to make the wonder of this pleading voice, these confidences, this pity, the more wonderful. But there was more than this and better than this. Strange upwellings of feelings long trampled on and suppressed; momentary awakenings of conscience, of repentance, of regret; sharp realizations of an envy that was no longer ignoble, but moral; softer thoughts of George; the suffocating, unwilling recognition of what love meant in another's woman's life—these

messengers and forerunners of diviner things passed and repassed through the spaces of Letty's soul as she lay white and passive under Marcella's yearning look. There was a marvelous relief, besides,—much of it a physical relief,—in this mere silence, this mere ceasing from angry railing and offense.

Marcella was still sitting beside her, holding her hands, and talking in the same low voice, when suddenly the loud sound of a bell clanged through the house. Letty sprang up, white and startled.

"What can it be? It's past ten o'clock. It can't be a telegram."

Then a guilty remembrance struck her. She hurried to the door as Kenrick entered.

"Lady Tressady's maid would like to see you, my lady. They want Sir George's address. The doctors think she will hardly live over to-morrow."

And behind Kenrick, Justine, the French maid, pushed her way in, weeping and exclaiming. Lady Tressady, it seemed, had been in frightful pain all the afternoon. She was now easier for the moment, though dangerously exhausted. But if the heart attacks returned during the next twenty-four hours nothing could save her. The probability was that they would return, and she was asking piteously for her son, who had seen her, Justine believed, the day before these seizures began, just before his departure for Paris, and had written. "*Et la pauvre âme!*" cried the Frenchwoman at last, not caring what she said to this amazing daughter-in-law. "*Elle est là toujours, quand les douleurs s'apaisent un peu, écoutant, espérant—et personne ne vient—personne! Voulez-vous bien, madame, me dire où on peut trouver Sir George?*"

"Poste restante, Trouville," said Letty, sullenly. "It is the only address that I know of."

But she stood there irresolute and frowning, while the French girl, hardly able to contain herself, stared at the disfigured face, demanding by her quick-breathing silence, by her whole attitude, something else, something more than Sir George's address.

Meanwhile Marcella waited in the background, obliged to hear what passed, and struck with amazement. It is, perhaps, truer of the moral world than of the social that one half of it never conceives how the other half lives. George Tressady's mother, alone, dying, in her son's absence, and Letty Tressady knew nothing of her illness till it had become a question of life and death, and had then actually refused to go—forgotten the summons even!

When Letty, feverish and bewildered, turned back to the companion whose heart had been poured out before her during this past hour of high emotion, she saw a new expression in Lady Maxwell's eyes from which she shrank.

«Ought I to go?» she said fretfully, almost like a peevish child, putting her hand to her brow.

«My carriage is down-stairs,» said Marcella, quickly. «I can take you there at once. Is there a nurse?» she asked, turning to the maid.

Oh, yes; there was an excellent nurse, just installed, or Justine could not have left her mistress; and the doctor close by could be got at a moment's notice. But the poor lady wanted her son, or at least some one of the family,—Justine bit her lip, and threw a nervous side-glance at Letty,—and it went to the heart to see her. The girl found relief in describing her mistress's state to this grave and friendly lady, and showed more feeling and sincerity in speaking of it than might have been expected from her affected dress and manner.

Meanwhile Letty seemed to be wandering aimlessly about the room. Marcella went up to her.

«Your hat is here on this chair. I have a shawl in the carriage. Won't you come at once, and leave word to your maid to bring after you what you want? Then I can go on, if you wish it, and send your telegram to Sir George.»

«But you wanted him to do something?» said Letty, looking at her uncertainly.

«Mothers come first, I think,» said Marcella, with a smile of wonder. «It is best to write it before we go. Will you tell me what to say?»

She went to the writing-table, and had to write the telegram with small help from Letty, who, in her dazed, miserable soul, was still fighting some demonic resistance or other to the step asked of her. Instinctively and gradually, however, Marcella took command of her. A few quiet words to Justine sent her to make arrangements with Grier. Then Letty found a cloak that had been sent for being drawn round her shoulders, and was coaxed to put on her hat. In another minute she was in the Maxwells' brougham, with her hand clasped in Marcella's.

«They will want me to sit up,» she said, dashing an irrelevant tear from her eyes, as they drove away. «I am so tired—and I hate illness!»

«Very likely they won't let you see her to-
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night. But you will be there if the illness comes on again. You would feel it terribly if—if she died all alone, with Sir George away.»

«Died!» Letty repeated half angrily. «But that would be so horrible; what could I do?»

Marcella looked at her with a strange smile.

«Only be kind, only forget everything but her!»

The softness of her voice had yet a severity beneath it that Letty felt, but had no spirit to resent. Rather it awakened an uneasy and painful sense that, after all, it was not she who had come off conqueror in this great encounter. The incidents of the last half-hour seemed in some curious way to have reversed their positions. Letty, smarting, felt that her relation to George's dying mother had revealed her to Lady Maxwell far more than any wild and half-sincere confessions could have done. Her vanity felt a deep, inner wound, yet of a new sort. At any rate, Marcella's self-abasement was over, and Letty instinctively realized that she would never see it again, while at the same time a new and clinging need had arisen in herself. The very neighborhood of the personality beside her had begun to thrill and subjugate her. She had been sufficiently aware before—enviably, hatefully aware—of all the attributes and possessions that made Maxwell's wife a great person in the world of London. What was stealing upon her now was glamour and rank and influence of another kind, not unmixed, no doubt, with more mundane thoughts. No ordinary preacher, no middle-class eloquence, perhaps, would have sufficed—nothing less dramatic and distinguished than the scene which had actually passed, than a Marcella at her feet. Well, there are many modes and grades of conversion. Whether by what was worst in her or what was best; whether the same weaknesses of character that had originally inflamed her had now helped to subdue her or no, what matter? So much stood—that one short hour had been enough to draw this vain, selfish nature within a moral grasp she was never again to shake off.

Meanwhile, as they drove toward Warwick Square, Marcella's only thought was how to hand her over safe to her husband. A sense of agonized responsibility awoke in the elder woman at the thought of Cathedine; but no more emotion, only common sense and gentleness.

As they neared Warwick Square Letty withdrew her hand.

«I don't suppose you will ever want to see

me again," she said huskily, turning her head away.

"Do you think that very possible between two people who have gone through such a time as you and I have?" said Marcella, pale but smiling. "When may I come to see you to-morrow? I shall send to inquire, of course, very early."

Some thought made Letty's breath come quickly. "Will you come in the afternoon—about four?" she said hastily. "I suppose I shall be here." They were just stopping at the door in Warwick Square. "You said you would tell me—"

"I have a great deal to tell you. I will come, then, and see if you can be spared. Good night. I trust she will be better. I will go on and send the telegram."

Letty felt her hand gravely pressed, the footman helped her out, and in another minute she was mounting the stairs leading to Lady Tressady's room, having sent a servant on before her to warn the nurse of her arrival.

THE nurse came out, finger on lip. She was very glad to see Lady Tressady, but the doctor had left word that nothing whatever was to be allowed to disturb or excite his patient. Of course if the attack returned—but just now there was hope. Only it was so difficult to keep her quiet. Instead of trying to sleep, she was now asking for Justine, declaring that Justine must read French novels aloud to her, and bring out two of her evening dresses that she might decide on some alteration in the trimmings. "I dare n't fight with her," said the nurse, evidently in much perplexity. "But if she only raises herself in bed she may kill herself."

She hurried back to her patient, promising to inform the daughter-in-law at once if there was a change for the worse; and Letty, in-

finitely relieved, made her way to the spare room of the house, where Grier was already unpacking for her.

After a hasty undressing she threw herself into bed, longing for sleep; but from a short nightmare dream she woke up with a start. Where was she? In her mother-in-law's house,—she could actually hear the shrill, affected voice laughing and talking in the room next door,—and brought there by Marcella Maxwell! The strangeness of these two facts kept her tossing restlessly from side to side. And where was George? Just arrived at Paris, perhaps. She thought of the glare and noise of the Gare du Nord; she heard his cab rattling over the long, stone-paved street outside. In the darkness she felt a miserable sinking of heart at the thought of his going with every minute farther, farther away from her. Would he ever forgive her that letter to Lord Maxwell when he knew of it? Did she want him to forgive her?

A mood that was at once soft and desolate stole upon her and made her cry a little. It sprang, perhaps, from a sense of the many barriers she had heaped up between herself and happiness. The waves of feeling, half self-assertive, half repentant, ebbed and flowed. One moment she yearned for the hour when Marcella was to come to her; the next she hated the notion of it. So between dream and misery, amid a maze of thought without a clue, Letty's night passed away. By the time the morning dawned the sharp conviction had shaped itself within her that she had grown older, that life had passed into another stage, and could never again be as it had been the day before. Two emotions, at least, or excitements, had emerged from all the rest and filled her mind—the memory of the scene with Marcella, and the thought of George's return.

Mary A. Ward.

(To be continued.)



THE VIOLIN.

QUIVERING strings, wherefrom the bow
Draws forth such heavenly sounds, I know
Your pain. Thus human hearts are strung,
And from their tense chords music wrung.

Julie M. Lippmann.

THE CRUEL THOUSAND YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."



WHEN the grim ancestral joss of the Hoos led the family in an exit to a different domicile, the years of the Infant Hoo Chee were yet five. It was true that now he had the pride of silken strings to lengthen out his cue; but since the time when he had toddled away in pursuit of a lovely American girl, with whom he had wished to dwell forever in her home, which he called the House of Glittering Things, and since the moment when Hoo King had torn him from her whom the Infant called the Lady of Cakes and Tea, Hoo Chee had been more circumscribed than ever. Many a vision of that house and of that lady had been his as he seemed to be wistfully watching the humming world from the lofty flower-pot balcony. And no one but his meditative cat One-Two was in the Infant's confidence or knew the weight of his woe.

But on that day when the joss came down from the wall the few old smoky rooms were left as memories, and the father Hoo King and the mother and the amah walked away in the clear air, with Hoo Chee bearing the doubtful One-Two in his arms. Soon the Infant found himself in a second story, whence he looked upon a yard impossibly great, he thought—a yard as long as a cloud. It dissolved in the gloaming as he gazed in awe, with his chin just over the window-sill, and he waked in the morning denying it. But when he found it true he rushed shouting down the stairs, one step at a time, and shouting into its vast freedom, where One-Two scampered in giddy circles, with his tail in mirthful curves. Here was a roaming ground for all duration, and earth to dig, and straggling weeds, and sticks and stones! It mattered not what castles lay beyond; here was a park that equaled the House of Glittering Things.

There was one restriction: he must never have aught to do with the women who lived on the other side of the fence, commanded Hoo King, for reasons of his own. They were Sum Chow's women—Sum Chow, who had the curio shop, and opposed the traffic in women slaves by the Tong which Hoo King ruled.

But women whom the Infant neither feared nor loved did not concern him in his hours in the yard. The marvel of his liberty filled his mind; it lost him his appetite and some of his sleep for quite two days, whereafter he ate like a knight returned, and slept as hard as a horse can gallop, to be up and out, with One-Two at his heels, catching the dew and the dawn. In the other place, on the balcony, never a smallest finger might be laid on the stalk of a lily, nor a feather be drawn across one smooth green leaf, without discovery; here, first of all, he pulled up a tuft of grass, and saw its little white legs that walked in the soil; and this was a secret in his bosom. Then behind the shed, which he called the Gruesome Go-down, after the place where the doughty little Quong Sam, of a story he knew, had been impounded by a Sarcastic Turtle that stood between Quong Sam and the House of Glittering Things—behind the Gruesome Go-down was a spot where One-Two suggested by scratches that they dig, which they did. The Infant made mountains and valleys with an iron spoon, so clever was he, and he threw a pasteboard bridge across a river-bed, and by it built an Important Town, where the avenues were shaded by cabbage-leaf trees, and where One-Two drilled wilful worms and rebellious bugs as citizens.

From a window in Sum Chow's the learned Dr. Wing Shee, that soothsayer whom all Chinatown respected, occasionally observed the Infant's serious labors, and grew to like Hoo Chee. The industry which now was seen to thrive near the Important Town was mining—in a pile of débris as high as the Infant's self; and surely, in all the vast precincts of the House of Glittering Things, no more absorbing, dignifying occupation might be found. With One-Two's artful nasal divination they brought forth varied bits of crockery that, when polished with One-Two's ear, became as brilliant as other gems; and they drew out many an odd fabric and buried relic that told of bygone times and the domestic economies of extinct houses. The Infant could not stuff them all in the pocket that ran across the chest of his bib. The choicest was a big green ring, like those the grown folks wore, which the Infant squeezed as a love token over

the unwilling head of One-Two, who thereafter sat apart, outwardly magnificent, but filled with superstitious brooding. One-Two's splendor paraded the Infant's dreamland, and when in the morning he found that the mother had seized the bangle for her own bedizenment, a first black shadow fell across his shining new world. This was not like the House of Glittering Things. There the Lady of Cakes and Tea made peace and security for every one. He wished they would give him back his big green ring—just to play with; but they never, never would. He went and sat silently on his Important Town, with the corners of his mouth drawn down very far.

It was not like the House of Glittering Things, because here the days often promised happiness when they meant to end in sorrow. Once, while he played Bad Old Man with One-Two, there came a shower, and One-Two ran to shelter, shaking moist paws, to stand astounded at the antics of Hoo Chee. The Infant pranced with open mouth, delighting in the smart drops on his cheeks. It was super-fine! And it was a headlong pitch from bliss to find himself pushed rudely into the house by his father. Up the stairs Hoo Chee must hurry, and Hoo Chee must stay to dry by the rice-pan-coals, while the rain made merry music, glistening and beating on the panes as if to ask why this little boy would not come out to play. And he wondered if the rain knew the Lovely Lady who had a deep, warm porcelain pond, and even urged people into it. Then the calm of another morning brought him the joy of a rusty pan-a-brim with water, which must at once be made a lake for his Important Town; for the pan needed only a little fish to be perfect. But the little fish that after a whole day's strategy he managed to borrow from the amah's basket would not wag its tail and swim in the pan, and though he hid behind a corner and peeped ever so quickly out at it, still it floated disgracefully stiff on its side with its mouth stark wide. This would have been another bootless day; but the learned Dr. Wing Shee, who read your heart from your face as surely as he read the future from the stars, observed the Infant's listlessness, and came with a kindly smile to the fence. They talked of the wind and the sky, and the doctor promised to tell Hoo Chee some day the story of how the «Wretched Dragon Made the Sun Wobble.»

«And I'll tell you about the Sarcastic Turtle,» said the Infant.

It was not wrong to talk to a man, and the women Hoo Chee had not seen. The women were Sum Fay—Sum Chow's wife and their

daughter, Sum Oo, whom a beautiful American patron had once addressed as Miss Oo, which had become Sum Oo's pet appellation.

THERE came love's month of May. The rains had ceased, and the skies were passing fair. The city lawns shone everywhere with summer plants; but Hoo King's yard was barren save of weeds. The learned Dr. Wing Shee, once looking over into the desolate space, threw a handful of seeds among the hills and valleys by the Important Town, where the cabbage-leaf trees lay pelted into the earth. Out of the doctor's benefaction grew a garden for a child. The sun touched the place with magic, and the Infant saw with amazement his territory transformed. A morning-glory shot out of the ground, and ran hand over hand up a broomstick, shaking out its tender blooms like banners. A beautiful yellow nasturtium raced up, following, and its blossom bobbed in the breeze to One-Two and Hoo Chee, as they stood and wondered at it. The Infant must march with exaggerated steps, singing:

Peely mow-wow-pilly willy wop! Peely mow-wow-pilly willy wop!

which were words of his own invention. In such luxury of two kinds of flowers one imagined oneself in a bower of the House of Glittering Things, with the Lady of Cakes and Tea within call.

And the warm day arrived when the Infant, sitting on the ground in speculation as to whether a Wretched Dragon was as big as a cloud, heard a new sound. It was a delicious sound. It was not a bird. It came from the other side of the fence,—tones unlike any he had heard,—and it kept saying, joyously and gurglingly and fascinatingly, «Yai-yai-yah! Yai-yai-yah!» which was clearly an expression of delight with all the world. The Infant hastened to the fence. The merry «yai-yai-yah» kept on with a relish of life in it impossible except for one whose title to her big green ring endured unthreatened. The Infant forgot about whether a Wretched Dragon was as large as a cloud or only as large as some land, and he stood with his hands on the fence, looking up at the tall boards that shut the sweet sounds away. The tiny voice sang to itself and talked to an older voice near by, all in the same pleased syllables. At length it subsided to a contented coo, and then it was still, and it did not come again. But it lingered in the Infant's ears like strange new music. At dusk he paused solemnly at the doorstep; he wished they might know that over here there was a little Hoo Chee and

his cat. But they were gone, and they would never know. Then, to his own astonishment, he dared to shout, «Yai-yai-yah!» whereupon he hastened up the stairs, frightened at his boldness.

He dreamed that the Sarcastic Turtle came and promised to let him stand on it to see over the fence. And the Turtle crawled and crawled with the ever-expectant Hoo Chee on its back, but the fence was always just so far away. And the Turtle kept laughing and laughing, and bidding him rise on tiptoe, till the Infant awoke frowning, with his toes in tight bunches.

In the morning he and One-Two ran speedily into the yard; but it was too early for the little voice. All the brilliant forenoon he listened for it, as he pulled the shed hairs from One-Two's coat, and laid them one by one away in a little box; some one had said that the cat would need its hair again when the cold rains came. He would keep the box in the ginger-jar, where he hid his treasures now, and the ginger-jar should go in a secret place inside the Gruesome Go-down. Then, in the afternoon, and none too soon, he made a grand discovery. It was a knot-hole in the dividing fence.

He looked upon a place where many flowers were, and the grass grew all of one height, like soldiers. And presently came out Sum Chow's young wife bearing a mat. Behind her trotted a little dame of scarce three summers, carrying a fat cloth cat. It was Miss Oo, and the Infant knew she was a girl, because she wore her tiny braids in two little horns that were part of her spangled cap. The Infant saw the mother leave Miss Oo to play alone upon the mat that lay on the grass. These, then, were the women of Sum Chow, who were to be avoided.

Miss Oo sat down, and made remarks in her own peculiar language to the fat cloth cat, and emphasized them by shaking it up and down by the tail. Then she rolled over and kicked her infinitesimal feet in the air, and murmured demurely:

«Yai-yai!»

Her eyes traveled along the clear sky until they met the sun. They looked without winking straight into the glittering ball, in solemn satisfaction that it should be there, and for a long time there was no movement in her contented body but the occasional wiggle of a raised and bangled foot cased in a silver-trimmed slipper as big as an ear. The Infant stood tight to the fence, fascinated beyond measure. In all the adventures of little Quong Sam, from the beginning to the

hero's arrival at the House of Glittering Things, there was nothing so delectable as this. Now it was occurring to Miss Oo that the sun made her warm and happy, and that it was a good sun. A smile began at her coal-black eyes, and ran down and tugged at the curling corners of her ample mouth, until her brown face was all aglee; and she kicked and laughed and shook the fat cloth cat and shouted:

«Yai-yai-yah! Yai-yai-yah!»

Then she turned on her side, and in a few moments she had gone asleep with her thumb in her mouth, and the memory of the smile remaining on her round cheeks, while Hoo Chee and the cloth cat stared and stared and stared.

All the next day the Infant sought the fence at the slightest sound; but there were clouds, and Miss Oo came only when the sun invited. The clouds made him sad, and the day dragged like a faint headache. His night's slumber was invaded by a tiny maid carried in a splendid car, with all the background a gorgeous yellow blur of priests and gods. And the tiny maid shook a fat cat at Hoo Chee, and said, «Yai-yai-yah!» whereupon Hoo Chee stepped into the car with her. But just as they began to play Bad Old Man the car changed into tissue paper, and they fell through it and slid terrifically down the clouds, and the wee maid disappeared. And another night, just as a red toy-balloon was floating him over the fence, a Wretched Dragon, that was bigger than some land, gleefully gulped the balloon; and Hoo Chee and the tiny maid tugged and tugged at the string that hung from the Wretched Dragon's mouth until it had a fit, and writhed and wriggled and shrieked so that the sun wobbled in the sky, whereupon the string broke, and Hoo Chee and the tiny maid sat down together very hard with the string in their hands, and he awoke to find her gone.

But the next day the clouds dissolved, and the sun sailed on as if nothing had occurred, and after he had tarried for hours by the fence he saw the procession of the mother and the mat and Miss Oo and the fat cloth cat. The Infant watched Miss Oo playing, and cooing, and rolling in the sun, till he wondered how it was that little Quong Sam had succeeded in crawling through the bamboo pole when he wished to get on the other side of the wall, and Hoo Chee made a little sound with a stick on the fence. Miss Oo turned to listen, and when he knocked again she discovered the knot-hole. The Infant's heart gave a funny jump; she had stood up, and was coming to examine the fence.

"Little eye!" she said.

Whereupon Hoo Chee felt a hand upon him, and was whirled away from her sight.

"Go into the house, fool offspring!" exclaimed his father. "If you gossip with that girl again I'll keep you out of this yard for a thousand years!"

Hoo King pushed the stick through the knot-hole, and Miss Oo grasped it, unaware of the tragedy just enacted on the other side. When he drove it hard through, that it might not be withdrawn, a splinter caught in the small maid's finger. It did not hurt much, but she felt that something was wrong, and with her finger held up she trotted off to find her mother. Hoo Chee had gone with little steps into the house, with the corners of his mouth drawn down very far, hurrying as if something pursued him. A thousand years! The penalty was fearful even to think of, and it hovered about him for hours, like an oppressing spirit bound at last to drag him to despair. In a thousand years the Important Town would go to ruin, and lie at the mercy of the Monstrous Rat that lived in the Gruesome Go-down; in a thousand years One-Two would tire of staying indoors, and would go away and seek the sun and the fresh air and the fat cloth cat. And Hoo Chee would gaze out of the window and see Miss Oo and the two cats playing and playing and playing, and only once perhaps in a hundred years would they remember and look for Hoo Chee's mournful face behind the pane. It was true that all this was only a threat, but he felt it closing upon him as if it was real. He wished he knew how to find the Lady of Cakes and Tea.

He thought of it the next morning as he rummaged in the Go-down, which first had stood so high in the attractions of the yard, because it was doubtless owned by the Monstrous Rat, with whom he had expected many a sanguinary joust before he conquered it. But now he had forgotten about the Rat. The dim interior, piled with dusty crates and packing-boxes long disused, was suited to his mood. Among the empty boxes he had discovered a light one which he could handle, and back of it he had found another, much larger, into which by crawling a distance one could squeeze and be quite out of the world. A loosened board on the side of the Go-down that fronted on a strange yard let a shaft of sunlight into this retreat, and as he sat there he meditated breaking off relations with his family, and abiding there permanently, to sally forth only at night. But a few minutes of such life told him of its loneliness. He

emerged, and for want of occupation trundled the lighter box into the yard.

How this box would have been used if it had not been for the awful threat, the Infant knew. Its awkward dimensions would have been struggled with until it was finally mastered and made to stand against the fence—so! And then it would have been easy to bring that little fruit-crate and hoist it on top—so! After that it was baby's play to fetch these flower-pots and fit them—so and so and so—one over the other, till, boxes and all, they made a tower half as high as the fence! It was an imposing structure, hidden behind the Gruesome Go-down, and he longed to show himself how he would have climbed up on it—if it had not been for the thousand years. All you had to do, you see, was to step on the big box—so! Then it was easy enough to reach the small box, and you caught hold, like this, of the bit of frayed rope nailed to the fence, and simply pulled yourself up to the fence-top—like that; and—oh, dear—there she was!

He stood breathless. Miss Oo lay asleep with her thumb in her mouth, and the fat cloth cat lay in the sitting attitude confirmed of fat cloth cats. A tall calla bent and nodded its benison upon Miss Oo, and her parted lips showed peeping teeth like rows of little novices.

Suddenly she startled the Infant by opening her eyes directly upon him. For an instant she caught his full stare; but his glance fell away, and his tongue searched the corners of his mouth. He dared not look at her. Miss Oo began to smile.

"Little eye!" she said.

And the Infant twisted himself in such confusion that he was in danger of falling from the flower-pots into an ignominious heap in the middle of the Important Town. Miss Oo kept looking straight at him, and he would not meet her eyes, but looked quite over her and beyond, at space. She crawled some way, then rose, and came toward the fence.

"Little boy?" she inquired.

Which so embarrassed the Infant that he sank down out of view, leaving nothing visible to Miss Oo but eight small grimy fingertips on the fence-top. Womanlike, she made no effort to get him back, but waited in silence until the Infant began to wonder if she had gone, and he found courage to pull himself up to see. She was there, sitting on the grass, absorbed in the finger-tips. At sight of him the big smile came again.

"Miss Oo?" she said.

Which frightened him so that he sank down

once more. But as he sat in cover, and heard nothing from Miss Oo, he was at length moved to say, but little above a whisper:

«Yai-yai!»

Whereupon Miss Oo responded with a giggle in her small voice, «Yai-yai-yah!» and the Infant could not refrain from calling back in louder tones, «Yai-yai-yah!» which Miss Oo repeated each time louder than the Infant, so that soon the merry contest of their voices had risen to such screams that it reached the ears of Hoo King. Hoo Chee's diffidence departed, and Miss Oo seemed charmed. When they were tired of shouting she searched her small collection of words. When Miss Oo liked people she talked to them.

«Rice cake?» she said, after a moment.

The Infant bethought him of the pocket of his bib, and found therein a bean-meal cooky, which he promptly dropped into her lap. Miss Oo immediately began to devour it while Hoo Chee waited.

«Little girl?» he inquired at length in her own manner.

But she was too busy to answer. She looked at him over the cooky with two grave eyes, while the particles of bean-meal collected about her mouth. The Infant yearned for more conversation. He smiled engagingly, and shouted, «Yai-yai-yah!» and kicked the boards for her attention. But when Miss Oo looked up again she saw not even the eight grimy fingers. The flower-pots had given away, and the entire edifice of his love had fallen, bringing him to the ground in a mixture of boxes and broken clay. He had bumped his head, too, and his eyes filled with tears. Oh, if the Lovely Lady had been there he would have run to her and cried in the folds of her gown, and she would have comforted him, and taken him up in her arms! But instead he heard the voice of his father. He must not weep; he would need his tears. The thousand years were coming. He should never see the fence again, and there would n't be even a flower-pot balcony for him to come out on. His heart thumped against his ribs, and his pallor was evident even to his father.

But Hoo King did not suspect the gravity of the offense, and the penalty was merely that the boxes and the fragments all must be removed to the shed whence Hoo Chee had fetched them. The labor which had been lightened by novelty, and by a magnetic attraction that had governed his will without a protest, now became an endless evil toil, and when it was finished Hoo Chee was well nigh exhausted. Miss Oo had long ago been taken into the house, explaining the crumbs of bean-

meal on her face with the words, «Little boy.» The Infant went to sleep without a thought of supper, dreaming that he was an executioner, and must keep chopping off a head that forever flew up in the air and flew back, tight to its body.

When he came into the yard once more he was in no frame of mind to play Bad Old Man with One-Two. How gloomy the yard was, anyway, thought the Infant. It was a prison, where one might never do what one liked most. Oh, if the Lady of Cakes and Tea would but come and take him to the house where all was light and freedom and peace! He went off in a reverie of her, and of the wonderful porcelain pond where, if one was not too frightened to search, there were probably funny little wiggly fishes and hoppity frogs. He was interrupted by the man who peddled the flesh of the abalone, and who came through the gate to interview Hoo King, whose wrath at being disturbed sent the abalone man away, leaving the gate ajar for revenge. The Infant saw the forbidden street, and turned his back, for it invited him to run away. With a weary spirit, he absently made pictures of rice-cakes with a stick in the main street of his Important Town.

The abalone man had gone to Sum Chow's, and seemed to be doing business there. The steps which the Infant heard outside were not the abalone man's; they were too light. It was some one coming into Hoo Chee's yard—a woman, probably—some woman humming to herself in a quiet way. The Infant scratched out the rice-cakes, and tried to make a picture of the golden fruit the Lady had given him. One-Two had gone to the gate. The small hum stopped, and the Infant heard a little voice:

«Yai-yai?»

His heart beat in his throat. There she was. She stood, with a bright smile, well inside the gate, bearing the fat cloth cat. One-Two was sniffing the extraordinarily phlegmatic creature with the stuffed tail, and Miss Oo was pausing for welcome. The Infant sat, rooted with fear, giving no sign. Miss Oo waited but a moment; then she came and laid her hand upon his cheek.

«Miss Oo?» she said.

The wee fingers were very soft, and the big black eyes looked straight at him in frankest liking. But the abalone man was coming, with his noisy cry. The father might think to have a glance at the yard—and it would mean a thousand years! The Infant did not know how to make her go away. In his heart he wished her to stay. The impulse to hide away with her came upon him like an instinct, and he

took her hand and led her into the Gruesome Go-down.

He would crawl and show her into the packing-box, she had followed him so trustfully. He picked his way over the flower-pots and behind the boxes to where he squeezed through the long and well-concealed passage to his cubbyhole, and Miss Oo, holding the fat cloth cat, followed at his heels as a matter of course. She crawled into the big box and arranged herself close beside him, while he eyed her with half-prevailing pleasure. One-Two sat before them gazing contemptuously at the fat cloth cat. Miss Oo looked about her and was deeply pleased.

"Little house?" she said sweetly.

Hoo King was outside. He went to the gate, then came back and looked for a moment into the shed, then went again to the gate. He called sternly to the abalone man across the street. Then Hoo King hammered at Sum Chow's open gate, and there was presently a hurried conversation half audible to the two in the cubbyhole. With one accord Miss Oo and the Infant remained silent, and in a short while the voices subsided and were forgotten.

The Infant found his precious ginger-jar, and he began to show his treasures—the many bits of colored crockery, and pins and buttons and scraps of cloth, and every odd and end from the débris pile that had a brilliant hue or shape unusual. The small girl cooed, and reached for them as he silently handed them over one by one. Then he put them all back in the jar, where the box of One-Two's fur lay securely tied, and Miss Oo took the jar and rattled its contents, and threw it down, laughing at Hoo Chee's efforts not to lose the treasures when they scattered about the floor. Each time the good-natured Infant laboriously collected them all, the box of hair first, and each time the maiden rattled the jar and threw it down again. Miss Oo's attention was drawn from it only by a big cooky that dropped from Hoo Chee's bib.

"Little cake?" she said, holding out her hand.

He gave it to her, and received the ginger-jar in return. She insisted that he take a bite with each of hers, and Hoo Chee, though he was not hungry, must accept when she stared at him, and thrust the cooky under his nose. For him the cooky was not a success; it was almost like medicine. Conflicting emotions greatly disturbed him within for all his pleasure in this lovely comrade. Now Miss Oo was busying herself with baring her feet of her tiny shoes, an act forbidden by her mother. Her glee at this quite drowned the Infant's

trouble for a while. Hoo Chee must take his shoes off, too; and it was hilarious fun to put them on Miss Oo's smaller feet, and see her giggle and kick them off against the ceiling of their little house. She became interested in her big toe, and brought it up to look at it. She began to frown: she could not remember its name.

"Little thumb?" she inquired doubtfully, staring at the wonderful member. But that did not seem right. In her perplexity she turned to Hoo Chee.

"Little nose?" she ventured.

"That's your little big toe," said Hoo Chee; whereupon Miss Oo repeated the words after him, and went off into an ecstasy of laughter over her new knowledge. She shook the fat cloth cat by the tail, just as she had when he had seen her flirting with the sun. And Hoo Chee was so enchanted that he tried to shake One-Two by the tail. The young persons were severely startled by One-Two's instantaneous denial of this privilege. One-Two turned a somersault in the air, and sputtered and spun, and made expressions of most painful character, and disappeared in a rage that was really half jealousy. Then, in the narrowness of their little house, they began to lack new things to play with, and Miss Oo stared at Hoo Chee in expectancy.

"I'll tell you about the Sarcastic Turtle," said the Infant, finally, in an inspiration. "There was a man lost his head, and could n't find it anywhere—and was n't it too bad about the poor man? So he took some crutches and went to hunt it—so far that he wished he was home again. But the Sarcastic Turtle said, 'I'll take you across.' And when they got out in the middle the Sarcastic Turtle said: 'You must promise never to tell my secret when you get home. If you do I'll drown you right now!' And the man said, 'What is your secret?' And the Sarcastic Turtle said, 'Well, all the other turtles can say Yang-tse-kiang, but I can't!' And the man said—but I'll tell you about a Little Boy," said the Infant, observing signs of failing interest in Miss Oo. She was sitting propped up in the corner, with her eyes half closed. She could n't follow the story; but it was pleasant to hear some one talk in a steady voice, when she felt as she did now.

"A Little Boy went out one day," said Hoo Chee, thoughtfully, "and followed her up the street. And she let him in, and it was the House of Glittering Things! It was all white inside, and there were plenty of cakes," said the Infant, whereupon Miss Oo opened her eyes suspiciously, "and it was lighted with

stars and a dog and everything. And a man named Gee hated him, and went and told his father, and then he came and took me away from her; and I'll have his head cut off, and put it up the chimney, and then he won't hate me any more. *She'll cut it off for me.* And then I'll stay in the house—and find little Quong Sam—for a thousand years," finished the Infant, abstractedly.

Miss Oo had gone to sleep. The Infant saw her head rising and falling a tiny distance on her chubby chest; but lovely as she was, he wished she would go home. He could not run to the house and leave her, for the Monstrous Rat might come. It was wretchedly uncomfortable, for his father would surely be seeking him. There she sat, with her hands hanging at her sides like a Japanese doll's. He wished the Lady of Cakes and Tea would appear, and take them both away forever on a cloud that would float so high that no one could reach it. He thought of the thousand years, and he was nearly ready to cry.

It was really a long time since they had entered the Go-down. The learned Dr. Wing, pacing in Sum Chow's yard, trying to reason out the disappearance of two small children, became aware of faint sounds coming from the direction of the Go-down, and after listening carefully for a while to the story of a little boy laughed softly to himself and departed. There were now people in the yard, the Infant knew—several of them; and one was a man speaking Chinese in a foreign accent. Then some one in a wonderfully lovely voice spoke—a voice the clear, soft tones of which penetrated the Go-down. Surely Hoo Chee had heard that voice before! He grasped the ginger-jar, and crawled excitedly over Miss Oo's feet, and put his head out to listen. Oh, joy! and oh, most marvelous surprise! It was the Lady of Cakes and Tea! He wriggled out as fast as his hands and knees would carry him, jostling the small maid, who murmured sleepily, "Miss Oo?" and awoke to see his disappearing heels.

Near the door of the Go-down the Infant paused, and peeped through a crack from behind a barrel. He heard his angry father, who spoke but little English, hotly declaring in Chinese that when Hoo Chee should be found he would be tied indoors—for a thousand years.

"The fellow's a brute!" said the gentleman who had come with Miss Bayley Arenam, in English. "He still pretends to believe that you stole his boy, and he threatens the child with torture—in the same breath. If he is n't careful I'll have the boy removed to the mission."

"He is so dear!" said Miss Arenam. "You don't think his father would hurt him, do you? I do hope that some day I may do something to make Hoo Chee happier!"

"I will teach him mission-school," Hoo King was threatening, while the Infant trembled and paled, and scarcely felt Miss Oo behind him. "If he does n't come home I will bring police to your house. And there is one who can help me," said Hoo King, pointing to Sum Oo's father, who had just come hopefully into the yard, after a long search through the quarter.

"Oh," said Miss Arenam, recognizing Sum Chow; "is it your little girl who is missing—Miss Oo? Surely no one would harm them! Do you think so?"

"Gone child," said the learned Dr. Wing Shee, appearing behind Chow. "Omens says shall be find; shall come from east," said the doctor, pointing toward the Go-down. "Omens say good times come for that poy, by by."

"She is good little girl," said Sum Chow, trying to smile. "She is too much—and the mother is too much sad. But we do not think you—"

"Why don't the foreign devils go?" said Hoo King. "Why do they loiter on my premises? Do they want to steal me?"

The Infant shivered. He saw the Lovely Lady about to depart. She would disappear again—forever—and he would be left alone with his father. Ah, no, no! He rushed wildly out of the Go-down and after her, calling loudly:

"Ha-o, Pay-lee! Pay-lee!"

"Why, you darling!" cried Bayley Arenam, joyfully. "You were hiding?"

The Lady took the dusty young person up, and kissed him, and, as fast as she could, came trotting after him the barefooted Miss Oo, who ran to the Lovely Lady, and said demurely:

"Miss Oo?"

And when the Lady put him down, to look at the Infant and Miss Oo as they stood side by side, the Infant took hold of the Lady's gown, and turned his head back so that he could look beseechingly up into her eyes.

"We want to go home with you," he entreated, with frightened breath. "We want to go to the House of Glittering Things. We want to," he begged, with a pain of suspense. "She'll be good, and I'll be good. We don't want to stay here. We want to go home with you."

And Miss Oo, hearing the Infant talk of going somewhere, decided that he should not suddenly forsake her again. She tightly

grasped the tip of Hoo Chee's cue, and looked earnestly into the face of the Lovely Lady.

"The darling things! What does he say?" asked Miss Arenam.

"He says they want to go and live with you," translated Mr. Arrowway.

"You angel!" cried the Lady of Cakes and Tea, kissing him again. "I *do* wish I could take you!"

The Infant laughed aloud. It was all right, then. One could tell from the kiss and the tone, no matter if one knew not a word of what she said. He would go with her to the house, and the thousand years would be left behind. Hoo King was glaring at his son in a rage, but the presence of the gentleman who spoke Chinese restrained what the father might have said.

"Good-by," said Hoo Chee, radiantly turning his head to his father, but still holding tight to the Lady. "I go to the House of Glittering Things. I shall be always happy."

"Ah!" cried Hoo King, beside himself. "Fool offspring! Fool! Come here; they have filled your impious body with devils!"

Hoo King made a dash for his son.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Hoo Chee, fearfully, running behind Miss Arenam, with the troubled Miss Oo following after and holding to his pigtail. "No, no, no! Pay-lee! Pay-lee!"

But Mr. Arrowway caught him.

"You belong to your father, little boy," he said tenderly in Chinese, while Hoo Chee struggled and wept and hated him. "You

must stay with him. I am sorry; but the Lady will come again some day—surely!"

Hoo King strode forward and snatched the Infant's hand, tearing his hold roughly from the Lady's skirt; and Sum Chow took the hand of his daughter. But Miss Oo began to sniffle too, resisting with all her tiny strength the loosening of her grasp of Hoo Chee's pigtail. When it was accomplished she broke into a wail. "Miss Oo! Miss Oo!" she cried woefully. Hoo Chee was dragged by his frowning sire toward the house, but the Infant wept no longer. His breath caught and caught, as if his bursting heart was forcing it all from his body; his brain was whirling in a panic. The sun was to be taken from the sky for a thousand bitter years.

LONG after the yard was deserted there appeared at the window, just above the sill, a little round face with two red eyes and a mouth drawn very far down at the corners. A wind was sending in a swirling fog. The little red eyes overlooked the Important Town and the waving posies and the ginger-jar with the scattered treasures, and they saw into the empty Go-down. But those whose forms stayed pictured in his memory—Dr. Wing and Miss Oo and the Lovely Lady—they were gone, all gone, forever. They were the only ones he loved, but he should never see them again. The wind slammed the gate and latched it. The little eyes blinked and blinked and filled till they could not see, and the small head bowed on the window-sill.

Chester Bailey Fernald.

THE DREAMER.

THE dreamer cried, "Oh, that it once were mine
To build a song that should defy the years—
One that should lift with hope those bowed in tears,
And touch the wavering with a strength divine;
An all-puissant lay, whose every line
Should front some wrong as with a thousand spears,
Or strike to mist the horde of lurking Fears
That guard the keep where Truth immured doth pine!"
The while earth's children, worn with care and pale,
Grieved for the light lost here for evermore,
Each day went by him, wandering in despair;
The blind unnoted passed him, and the frail;
Sin dwelt unchallenged near his very door,
And Error, mailed in guile, was castled there.

Henry Jerome Stockard.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.

POLITICS AND STRATEGY—THE END OF THE GRAND ARMY—THE FRANKFORT PROPOSALS—THE INVASION OF FRANCE—NAPOLEON'S SUPREME EFFORT—THE GREAT CAPTAIN AT BAY.



THE GRAY OVERCOAT.

POLITICS AND STRATEGY.

THROUGHOUT the night, after his victory at Dresden, Napoleon believed that the enemy would return again to battle on the morrow. Indeed, the council of the disheartened allies debated far into the small hours whether an advantageous stand could not still be made on the heights of Dippoldiswalde. But the coalition army was sadly shattered, having lost a third of its

numbers. Crippled on its left, and threatened on its rear, it began next morning to retreat in fair order toward the Erzgebirge, or Ore Mountains, and so continued until it became known that Vandamme was directly in the path, when a large proportion of the troops literally took to the hills, and retreat became flight. Then first, at four in the afternoon, Napoleon, having ridden almost to Pirna, issued orders for the single corps of Vandamme, slightly reinforced, to begin the pursuit! Thereupon, leaving orders for Mortier to hold Pirna, he entered a carriage, and drove quietly back to Dresden! These are the almost incredible facts: no terrific onslaught after the first night, no well-ordered pursuit after the second, a mere pretense of seizing the advantage on the third day! In fact, Napoleon, having set his plan in operation, sank at once, to all outward appearances, into a state of lassitude, the only sign of interest he displayed throughout the battle being shown when he was told of Moreau's mortal wound. The cause may have been physical or it may have been moral, but it was probably a political miscalculation. If we may believe Captain Coignet, the talk of the staff on the night of

the 27th revealed a perfect knowledge of the enemy's rout; yet the burden of their conversation was execration of the Emperor. «He's a ———, who will ruin us all,» was the repeated malediction. If we may believe Napoleon himself, he had a violent attack of vomiting near Pirna, and was compelled to leave everything on that fateful day to others. The sequel goes to show that neither his own sickness nor the bad temper of the army sufficiently accounts for Napoleon's unmilitary conduct; it appears as if he wilfully refrained from annihilating the Austrian army in order to reknit the Austrian alliance and destroy the coalition.

Had Oudinot and Macdonald succeeded in their offensive operations against Berlin, and had Napoleon himself done nothing more than hold Dresden, which from the outset he considered as a defensive point, it would have sufficed, in order to obtain the most favorable terms of peace, to throw back the main army of the coalition, humiliated and dispirited, through Bohemia to Prague. But long service under the Empire had destroyed all initiative in the French marshals: in Spain, one mighty general after another had been brought low; those who were serving in Germany seemed stricken with the same palsy. It is true that in the days of their greatness they had commanded choice troops, and that now the flower of the army was reserved for the Emperor; but it is likewise true that then they had fought for wealth, advancement, and power. Now they yearned to enjoy their gains, and were embittered because Napoleon had not accepted Austria's terms of mediation until it was too late. Moreover, Bernadotte, one of their opponents, had been trained in their own school, and was fighting for a crown. To Blücher, untamed and untrustworthy in temper, had been given in the person of Gneisenau an efficient check on his headlong impulses, and Bülow was a commander far above mediocrity. Such considerations go far to account for the disasters of Grossbeeren, Katzbach, and Kulm, which made it insufficient for Napoleon to hold Dresden and throw back the main army of the

allies, and which thwarted all his strategy, military and political.

The first of these affairs was scarcely a defeat. Oudinot, advancing, with 70,000 men, by Wittenberg to seize Berlin, found himself confronted by Bernadotte with 80,000. The latter, having fixed his eye on the crown of France, feared to defeat a French army, and had suggested abandoning the Prussian capital. But the Prussians were outraged, and a show of resistance was imperative. On August 22 a few skirmishes occurred, and the next day Bülow, disobeying his orders, brought on a pitched battle at Grossbeeren, which was waged, with varying success, until nightfall left the village in French hands. Oudinot, however, lost heart, and retreated to Wittenberg, pursued as far as Treuenbrietzen by the enemy. On August 21, Blücher, aware of the circumstances which kept Napoleon at Dresden, determined to attack Macdonald. The French marshal, by a strange coincidence, almost simultaneously abandoned the defensive position he had been ordered to hold, and advanced to give battle. On the 25th the two armies came together, amid rain and fog, on the Katzbach. After a bitter struggle, the French were routed with frightful loss. A terrific rain-storm set in, and the whole country was turned into a marsh. For five days Blücher continued the pursuit, until he reached Naumburg, on the right bank of the Queiss, where he halted, having captured 18,000 prisoners and 103 guns. To these disasters the affair at Kulm was a fitting climax. No worse leader for a delicate movement could have been selected than the reckless Vandamme. "If there were two Vandammes in my army," Napoleon once said, "nothing could be done until one had killed the other." As might have been expected, the headlong general far outstripped the columns of Marmont, Saint-Cyr, and Murat, which had been tardily sent to support him. Descending without circumspection into the plain of Kulm, he found himself, on the 29th, confronted by the Russian guard, and next morning, when attacked by superior force, he was compelled to retreat through a mountain defile toward Peterswalde, whence he had come. At the mouth of the gorge he was unexpectedly met by the Prussian corps of Kleist. Both sides were surprised, and rushed one upon the other in desperation. The Russians soon came up, and Vandamme, with 7000 men, was captured, the loss in slain and wounded being about 5000. Saint-Cyr, Marmont, and Murat halted and held the mountain passes.

This was the climax of disaster in Napo-

leon's great strategic plan. In no way responsible for Grossbeeren, or for Macdonald's defeat on the Katzbach, he was culpable both for the selection of Vandamme, and for failure to support him in the pursuit of Schwarzenberg. At St. Helena, Napoleon strove to account for the crash under which he was buried after Dresden by the sickness which made him unable to give attention to the situation, by the inundation which rendered Macdonald helpless at the crossing of the Bober, and by the notification from the King of Bavaria that, after a certain date, he too would join the coalition. This was not history, but an appeal to public sentiment, carefully calculated for untrained readers. The fact was that at Dresden the gradual transformation of the strategist into the politician, which had long been going on, was complete. This is proved by his next step. Hitherto his basal principle had been to mass all his force for a determinative blow, his combinations all turning about hostile armies and their annihilation, or at least about the production of a situation making annihilation possible. Now he was concerned, not with armies, but with capital cities. Claiming that to extend his line toward Prague would weaken it, in order to resume a strong defensive he chose the old plan of an advance to Berlin; and Ney was sent to supersede Oudinot, Schwarzenberg being left to recuperate unmolested. The inchoate idea of political victory which turned him back from Pirna was fully developed; by a blow at Berlin he could alarm Prussia, separate her army from that of the other allies, and then plead with Austria his consideration in not invading her territories. In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, there was some strength in this idea, unworthy as it was of the author's strategic ability. Ney was to advance immediately, while he himself pressed on to Hoyerswerda, where he hoped to establish connections for a common advance.

This would have been possible if for a fortnight Macdonald had been able to hold Blücher, and Murat to check Schwarzenberg. But the news of Macdonald's plight compelled Napoleon to march first toward Bautzen, in order to prevent Blücher from annihilating the army in Silesia. Exasperated by this unexpected diversion, the Emperor started in a reckless, embittered temper. On September 5 it became evident that Blücher would not stand, and Napoleon prepared to wheel in the direction of Berlin; but the orders were almost immediately recalled, for news arrived that Schwarzenberg was under way to Dres-

den. At once Napoleon returned to the Saxon capital. By September 10 he had drawn in his forces, ready for a second defense of the city; but learning that 60,000 Austrians had been sent over the Elbe to take on its flank any French army sent after Blücher, he ordered the young guard to Bautzen for the reinforcement of Macdonald. Thereupon Schwarzenberg, on the 14th, made a feint to advance. On the 15th Napoleon replied by a countermove on Pirna, where pontoons were thrown over the river to establish connection with Macdonald. On the 16th Napoleon reconnoitered, on the 17th there was a skirmish, and on the 18th there was again a push and counterpush. These movements convinced Napoleon that Schwarzenberg was really on the defensive, and he returned to Dresden, determined to let feint and counterfeint, the "system of hither and thither," as he called it, go on until the golden opportunity for a crushing blow should be offered. Blücher meantime had turned again on Macdonald, who was now on the heights of Fischbach, with Poniatowski on his right. Mortier was again at Pirna; Victor, Saint-Cyr, and Lobau were guarding the passes from Bohemia.

This was virtually the situation of a month previous, before the battle. Schwarzenberg might feel that he had prevented the invasion of Austria, Napoleon that he had regained his strong defensive. While the victory of Dresden had gone for nothing, yet this situation was nevertheless a double triumph for Napoleon. Ney had advanced on the 5th, in obedience to orders. Bernadotte lay at Jüterbog, his right being westerly at Dennewitz, under Tauenzien. Bertrand was to make a demonstration on the 6th against the latter, so that behind this movement the rest of the army should pass by unnoticed. But Ney started three hours late, so that the skirmish between Tauenzien and Bertrand lasted long enough to give the alarm to Bülow, who hurried in and turned the affair into a general engagement. At first the advantage was with the Prussians; then Ney, at an opportune moment, began to throw in Oudinot's corps, a move which seemed likely to decide the struggle in favor of the French. But Borstell, who had been Bülow's lieutenant at Grossbeeren, brought up his men in disobedience to Bernadotte's orders, and threw them into the thickest of the conflict. Hitherto the Saxons had been fighting gallantly on the French side; soon they began to waver, and now, falling back, they took up many of Oudinot's men in their flight. The Prussians poured into the gap left by the Saxons,

and when Bernadotte came up with his Swedes and Russians the battle was over. Ney was driven into Torgau, with a loss of 15,000 men, besides 80 guns and 400 train-wagons. The Prussians lost about 9,000 killed and wounded.

This affair concentrated into one movement the moral effects of all the minor defeats, an influence which far outweighed the importance of Dresden. The French still fought superbly in Napoleon's presence, but only then, for they were heartily sick of the war. The Prussians, seeing the great French generals successively defeated, and that largely by their own efforts, were animated to fresh exertions; even the reserves and home guard displayed the heroism of veterans. On September 7, Ney advised Napoleon to withdraw behind the Saale, and his opinion was that of all the division commanders. Throughout the country partisans were seizing the supply-trains; Davout had found his Dutch and Flemings to be mediocre soldiers, unfit at crucial moments to take the offensive; the army had shrunk to about 250,000 men all told; straggling was increasing, and the country was virtually devastated. To this last fact the plain people were, in their larger patriotism, amazingly indifferent; the "hither and thither" system tickled their fancy, and they dubbed Napoleon the "Bautzen Boy." Uneasiness pervaded every French encampment; on the other side, timidity was replaced by courage, dissension by unity. This social transformation seemed further to entangle the political threads which had already debased the quality of Napoleon's strategy. Technically no fault can be found with his prompt changes of plan to meet emergencies, or with the details of movements which led to his prolonged inaction. Yet, largely considered, the result was disastrous. The great medical specialist refrains from the immediate treatment of a sickly organ until the general health is sufficiently recuperated to assure success; the medicaster makes a direct attack on evident disease. Napoleon conceived a great plan for concentrating about Dresden to recuperate his forces, but when Blücher prepared to advance he ordered Macdonald to make a grand dash. Driving in the hostile outposts to Förstgen, he then spent a whole day hesitating whether to go on, or to turn westward and disperse another detachment of his ubiquitous foe, which, as he heard from Ney, had bridged the Elbe at the mouth of the Black Elster. It was the 23d before he turned back to do neither, but to secure needed rest on the left bank of the Elbe. But if Napo-

leon's own definition of a truly great man be accurate,—namely, one who can command the situations he creates,—he was himself no longer such. The enemy not only had bridges over the Elbe at the mouth of the Elster, but at Acken and Rosslau. The left bank was as untenable for the French as the right, and it was of stern necessity that the various detachments of the army were called in to hold a line far westward, to the north of Leipsic. Oudinot, restored to partial favor, was left to keep the rear at Dresden with part of the young guard. On October 1 it was learned that Schwarzenberg was manœuvring on the left to surround the invaders if possible by the south, and that Blücher, with like aim, was moving to the north. It was evident that the allies had formed a great resolution, and Napoleon confessed to Marmont that his "game of chess was becoming confused."

The fact was, the emperor's diplomacy had far outstripped the general's strategy. It was blazoned abroad that, on September 27, 160,000 new conscripts from the class of 1815, with 120,000 from the arrears of the seven previous classes, would be assembled at the military depots in France. Boys like these had won Lützen, Bautzen, and Dresden, and a large minority would be able-bodied men, late in maturing, perhaps, but strong. With this preliminary blare of trumpets, a letter was sent to General Bubna for the Emperor Francis, asking a hearing. It was too late; already, on September 9, the three powers had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance for the purpose of liberating the Rhenish princes, and of restoring both Prussia and Austria to their limits of 1805. This was the treaty which beguiled Bavaria from the French alliance, and made the German contingents in the French armies, the Saxons among the rest, wild for emancipation from a hated service. It explained the notification previously received from the King of Bavaria, who, on October 8, formally joined the coalition, with an army of 36,000, in return for the recognition of his complete autonomy. These were the circumstances which sent back Napoleon's flag of truce with his message undelivered. On October 3, Blücher, having accomplished a superb strategic march, drove Bertrand to Bitterfeld, and stood before Kemberg, west of the Elbe, with 64,000 men; Bernadotte, with 80,000, was crossing at Acken and Rosslau, and Schwarzenberg, with 170,000, was already south of Leipsic; Bennigsen, with 50,000 reserves, had reached Teplitz. The enemy would clearly concentrate at Leipsic and cut off Napoleon's base

unless he retreated. On October 5 his resolution so to do was taken under compulsion, and Murat was sent, with three infantry corps and one of cavalry, to hold Schwarzenberg until the necessary manœuvres could be completed.

THE END OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BUT how should the retreat be conducted? In Napoleon's painstaking notes (his habit of reducing his thoughts to writing for the sake of clearness remaining strong upon him to the last) he outlined two alternatives: to garrison Dresden with two corps, send three to reconnoiter about Chemnitz, and then march, with five and the guard, to attack Schwarzenberg; or else to strengthen Murat, place him between Schwarzenberg and Leipsic, and then advance to drive Bernadotte and Blücher behind the Elbe. But in winter the frozen Elbe with its flat shores would be no rampart. Both plans were abandoned, and on the 7th orders were issued for a retreat behind the Saale, the precipitous banks of which were a natural fortification. Dresden must, he concluded, be evacuated. This would deprive the allies of their easy refuge behind the Saxon and Bohemian mountains, but it might leave them complete masters of Saxony unless he should halt behind the Mulde for one blow at the armies of the north and of Silesia, or join Murat for a decisive battle with the Austrian general, or else concentrate at Leipsic, and meet the onset of the united allies, now much stronger than he. The night of the 7th was spent in indecision as to any one or all of these ideas, but in active preparation for the retreat; any contingency might be met or a resolve taken when the necessity arose. During that night the Emperor took two warm baths. The habit of drinking strong coffee to prevent drowsiness had induced attacks of nervousness, and these were not diminished by his load of care. To allay these and other ailments, he had had recourse for some time to frequent tepid baths. Much has been written about a mysterious malady which had been steadily increasing, but the burden of testimony from the Emperor's closest associates at this time indicates that in the main he had enjoyed excellent health throughout the second Saxon campaign. There were certainly intervals of self-indulgence and of lassitude, of excessive emotion and depressing self-examination, which seemed to require the offset of a physical stimulus; but on the whole, natural causes, complex but not inexplicable, sufficiently account for the subsequent disasters.

For instance, considerations of personal friendship having in earlier days often led him to unwise decisions, a like cause may be said to have brought on his coming disaster. It was the affection of the Saxon king for his beautiful capital which at the very last instant, on October 8, induced Napoleon to cast all his well-weighed scheme to the winds, and—fatal decision—leave Saint-Cyr and Lobau, with three corps, in Dresden. A decisive battle was imminent; every division would not be under the colors. But with or without his full force, the master-strategist was outwitted: the expected meeting did not take place as he finally reckoned. On the 10th his headquarters were at Düben, and his divisions well forward on the Elbe, ready for Bernadotte and Blücher; but there was no foe. Both these generals had been disconcerted by the unexpected swiftness of the French movements; the former actually contemplated recrossing the river to avoid a pitched battle with those whom he hoped before long to secure as his subjects. But the enthusiastic old Prussian shamed his ally into action, persuading him at least to march south from Acken, effect a junction with the army of Silesia, and cross the Saale to threaten Napoleon from the rear. Both might possibly unite with Schwarzenberg; but even if unsuccessful in that, they would at least reproduce the situation in Silesia, and reduce the French to the old «hither and thither» system. Napoleon spent a weary day of waiting in Düben, yawning and scribbling, but keeping his geographer and secretary in readiness. When rumors of Bernadotte's movements began to arrive, he dismissed the idea suggested by them as preposterous; when finally, on the 12th, he heard that Blücher was advancing to Halle, and no doubt remained, he gave instant orders for a march on Leipsic. Critics have suggested that again delay had been his ruin, but this is not true. An advance over the Elbe toward Berlin in search of the enemy would merely have enabled Blücher and Bernadotte to join forces sooner, and have rendered their union with Schwarzenberg easier. No stricture is just but one: that Napoleon, knowing how impossible it was to obtain such exact information as he seemed determined to have, should have divined the enemy's plan, and have acted sooner. Some allowance may be made if he lingered before rushing into the «tube of a funnel», as Marmont expressed it. On the morning of the 13th, while the final arrangements for marching to Leipsic were making, came the news of Bavaria's defection. It spread throughout the army like wild-fire, but its ef-

fect was less than might be imagined, and it served for the priming of a bulletin, issued on the 15th, announcing the approaching battle.

On the 14th, Murat, who had been steadily withdrawing before the allied army of the south, was overtaken at Wachau by Schwarzenberg's advance. He fought all day with magnificent courage, and successfully, hurling the hostile cavalry skirmishers back on the main column. Within sound of his guns, Napoleon was reconnoitering his chosen battle-field in and about Leipsic. That night the brothers-in-law met. Napoleon seemed calm; by a touch of his old energy he had concentrated more swiftly than his foe, having 170,000 men in array. Reynier, with 14,000 men, was near; if Saint-Cyr and Lobau, with their 30,000, had been present instead of sitting idly in Dresden, the French would actually have outnumbered any army the coalition could have assembled for battle. The allies could hope at best to produce 200,000 men; Bernadotte was still near Merseburg; Blücher, though coming in from Halle, was not within striking distance. In spite of his vacillation and final failure to evacuate Dresden, Napoleon had an excellent fighting chance. The city of Leipsic, engirdled by numerous villages, lies in a low plain watered by the Parthe, Pleisse, and Elster, the last of which to the westward has several arms, with swampy banks. Across these runs the highway to Frankfort, elevated on a dike, and spanning the deep, central stream of the Elster by a single bridge. Eastward by Connewitz the land is higher, there being considerable swells, and even hills, to the south and southeast. This rolling country was that chosen by Napoleon for the main battle against Schwarzenberg; Marmont was stationed north of the city, near Möckern, to observe Blücher; Bernadotte, the cautious, was still at Oppin with his Swedes. On the evening of the 15th, his dispositions being complete, Napoleon made the tour of all his posts. At dusk three white rockets were seen to rise in the southern sky; they were promptly answered by four red ones in the north. These were probably signals between Schwarzenberg and Blücher. Napoleon's watch-fire was kindled behind the old guard, between Reudnitz and Crottendorf.

The battle began early next morning. Napoleon waited until nine, and then advanced at the head of his guards to Liebertwolkwitz, near Wachau, on the right bank of the Pleisse, where the decisive struggle was sure to occur, since the mass of the enemy, under Barclay, with Wittgenstein as second in command, had attacked in four columns at that

point. Between the Pleisse and the Elster, near Connowitz, stood Poniatowski, opposed to Schwarzenberg and Meerveldt; westward of the Elster, near Lindenau, stood Bertrand, covering the single line of retreat, the Frankfort highway, and his antagonist was Gyulay. Thus there were four divisions in the mighty conflict, which began by an onset of the allies along the entire front. The main engagement was stubborn and bloody, the allies attacking with little skill, but great bravery. Until near midday Napoleon more than held his own. Victor at Wachau, and Lauriston at Liebert-wolkwitz, had each successfully resisted six desperate assaults; between them were massed the artillery, 150 guns, and behind, the powerful cavalry, ready, with an awful shock and swift pursuit, to break through the enemy's center at Guldengossa and surround his right. Schwarzenberg, having attempted to outflank the French, was floundering to no avail in the swampy meadows between the Pleisse and the Elster, and was no longer a factor in the contest. When, at midday, all was in readiness and the order was given, the artillery fire was so rapid that the succeeding shots were heard, not separately, but in a long, sullen note. By two, Victor and Oudinot on the right, with Mortier and Macdonald on the left, were well forward of Guldengossa, but the place itself still held out. At three the cavalry, under Murat, Latour-Maubourg, and Kellermann, were sped direct upon it. With awful effort they broke through, and the bells of Leipsic began to ring in triumph—prematurely. The Czar had peremptorily summoned from Schwarzenberg's command the Austro-Russian reserve, and at four these, with the Cossack guard, charged the French cavalry, hurling them back to Markkleeberg. Nightfall found Victor again at Wachau, and Macdonald holding Liebert-wolkwitz. Simultaneously with the great charge of the allies Meerveldt had dashed out from Connowitz toward Dölitz, but his force was nearly annihilated, and he himself was captured. At Möckern, Marmont, after gallant work with inferior numbers, had been beaten on his left, and then compelled for safety to draw in his right. While he still held Gohlis and Eutritzsch, the mass of his army had been thrown back into Leipsic. At nightfall three blank shots announced the cessation of hostilities all around.

In the face of superior numbers, the French had not lost a single important position, and whatever military science had been displayed was all theirs; Blücher made the solitary advance move of the allies, the seizure of Möckern by York's corps. Yet Napoleon knew that

he was lost unless he could retreat. Clearly he had expected a triumph, for in the city nothing was ready, and over the Elster was but one crossing, the solitary bridge on the Frankfort road. The 17th was Sunday; both sides were exhausted, and the Emperor of the French felt that at all hazards he must gain time. During the night long consultations had been held, and the French divisions to the south had been slightly compacted. In the morning the captured Austrian general was paroled, and sent into his own lines to ask an armistice, together with the intervention of Francis on the terms of Prague: renunciation of Poland and Illyria by Napoleon, the absolute independence of Holland, of the Hanse towns, of Spain, and of a united Italy. When we remember that England was paymaster to the coalition, and was fighting for her influence in Holland, and that Austria's ambition was for predominance in a disunited Italy, we must see that Napoleon wanted time rather than hoped for a successful plea to his father-in-law. The day passed without further incident except a momentary attack by Marmont, and the arrival of Bernadotte, who had been spurred to movement by a hint from Gneisenau concerning the terms on which Great Britain was to pay her subsidies. It was asserted at the time that Napoleon gave orders early in the day for building numerous bridges over the western streams. If so, they were not executed, only a single flimsy structure being built, and that on the road leading from the town, not on the lines westward from his positions in the suburbs. His subordinates should have acted in so serious a matter even without orders; but like the drivers of trains which run at lightning speed, they had lost their nerve. Marmont asserts that even Napoleon was nerveless. Perhaps he hoped against hope for the success of his mission; perhaps he was stunned by calamity. No answer from Francis was received; the allies agreed so to act, and not to cease fighting till the last French soldier was over the Rhine. It was midnight when Napoleon finally drew in his posts and gave preliminary orders to dispose his troops in readiness either to fight or to retreat.

When day dawned on October 18 the French army occupied its new position, the right wing, under Murat, between Connowitz and Dölitz, the center at Probstheida in a salient angle, the left, under Ney, with front toward the north between Paunsdorf and Gohlis. Within this arc, and close about the city, stood all the well-tried corps, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, under their various leaders of renown, Poniatowski, Angereau, Victor, Drouot,



FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE COLLECTION OF PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

JOZEF ANTON, PRINCE PONIATOWSKI.

Kellermann, Oudinot, Latour-Maubourg, MacDonald, Marmont, Reynier, and Souham; Napoleon was on a hillock at Thonberg, with the old guard in reserve. His chief concern was the line of retreat, which was still open when, at seven, the fighting began. Schwarzenberg, with the left, could get no farther than Connewitz; Bennigsen, with the right, started to feel Bernadotte and complete the investment. Neither was entirely successful, but Marmont withdrew from before Blücher, and Ney from

before Bernadotte and Bennigsen, in order to avoid being surrounded; so that the two French armies were united before nightfall on the western outskirts of the town, where Bertrand had routed Gyulay, and had kept open the all-important line of retreat, over which, since noon, trains of wagons had been passing. But magnificent as was the work of all these doughty champions on both sides, it was far surpassed in the center, where the entire day, under Napoleon's eye, advance and

resistance had been desperate. Men fell like grass before the scythe, and surging lines of their comrades moved on from behind. At Victor's stand, near Probstheida, the fighting was fiercer than the fiercest. The allied troops charged with fixed bayonets, rank after rank, column following on column; cannon roared while grape and shrapnel sped to meet the assailants; men said the air was full of human limbs; ten times Russians and Prussians came on, only to be driven ten times back. It was the same at Stötteritz, until at last there was scarcely a semblance of order; in hand-to-hand conflict men shouted, struggled, wrestled, thrust, advanced, and withdrew, and in neither combatants nor onlookers was there any sense of reality. By dusk the heated cannon were almost useless, the muskets entirely so, and, as darkness came down, the survivors fell asleep where they stood, riders in their saddles, horses in their tracks. Napoleon learned that 35,000 Saxons on the left had gone over to the enemy, and some one of his staff handing him a wooden chair, he dropped into it and sank into a stupor almost as he touched it. For half an hour he sat in oblivion, while in the thickening darkness the marshals and generals gathered about the watch-fires, and stood with sullen mien to abide his awakening. The moon came slowly up, Napoleon awoke, orders were given to complete the dispositions for retreat already taken, and, there being nothing left to do, the Emperor, with inscrutable emotions, passed inside the walls of Leipsic to take shelter in an inn on the creaking sign-board of which were depicted the arms of Prussia.

Throughout the night French troops streamed over the stone bridge across the Elster; in the early morning the enemy began to advance, and ever-increasing numbers hurried away to gain the single avenue of retreat. All morning Napoleon wandered aimlessly about the inner town, giving unimportant commands to stem the ever-growing confusion and disorder. Haggard, and with his clothing in disarray, he was not recognized by his own men, being sometimes rudely jostled. After an affecting farewell to the King of Saxony, in which his unhappy ally was instructed to make the best terms he could for himself, the Emperor finally fell into the throng and moved with it toward Lindenau. Halting near the Elster, a French general began to seek information from the roughly clad onlooker, who, without a suite, stood apparently indifferent, softly whistling "*Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre.*" Of course

the officer started as he recognized the Emperor, but the conquered sovereign took no notice. Bystanders thought his heart was turned to stone. Still the rush of retreat went on, successfully also, in spite of some confusion, until at two some one blundered. By the incredible mistake of a French under-officer, as is now believed, the permanent Elster bridge was blown up, and the temporary one had long since fallen. Almost simultaneously with this irreparable disaster the allies had stormed the city, and the French rear-guard came thundering on, hoping to find safety in flight. Plunging into the deep stream, many, like Poniatowski, were drowned; some, like the wounded Macdonald, swam safely over. The scene was heartrending, as horses, riders, and footmen rolled senseless in the dark flood, while others scrambled over their writhing forms in mad despair. Reynier and Lauriston, with 20,000 men, were captured, the King of Saxony was sent a prisoner to Berlin, and Stein ruled his domains by commission from the allies. By ten in the evening Bertrand was in possession of Weissenfels, and Oudinot wheeled at Lindenau, and held the unready pursuers in check.

Next morning, the 20th, Napoleon was alert and active. He had still about 120,000 men under his standards; as many more, and those his finest veterans, were besieged and held in the fortresses of the Elbe, Oder, and Vistula by local militia. These places would no longer be tenable; in fact, they began to surrender almost immediately, and the survivors of Leipsic were in a desperate plight from hunger and fatigue. Yet the commander gave no sign of sensibility. "*T was thus he left Russia,*" said the surly men in the ranks. Hunger-typhus appeared, and spread with awful rapidity; the country swarmed with partizans, the columns of the allies were behind and on each flank, 56,000 fresh Bavarians were approaching from Ansbach, under Wrede; at Erfurt all the remaining Saxons and Bavarians under the eagles marched away. The retreat from Germany was indeed perilous, but it was marked by splendid courage and unsurpassed skill. At Kösen and at Eisenach the allies were outwitted, and at Hana, on the 29th, the Bavarians were annihilated in a pitched fight by an exhibition of personal pluck and calmness on Napoleon's part, paralleled only by his similar conduct at Krasnoi in the previous year. Only 70,000 men of the imperial army crossed the Rhine to Mainz. Soon the houses of that city were packed, and the streets were strewn with victims of the terrible hunger-typhus. They



FROM THE PAINTING BY ANTOINE-JEAN GROS, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY H. HAIDER.

JÉRÔME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA.

died by hundreds, and corpses lay for days unburied; before the plague was stayed thousands found an inglorious grave.

THE FRANKFORT PROPOSALS.

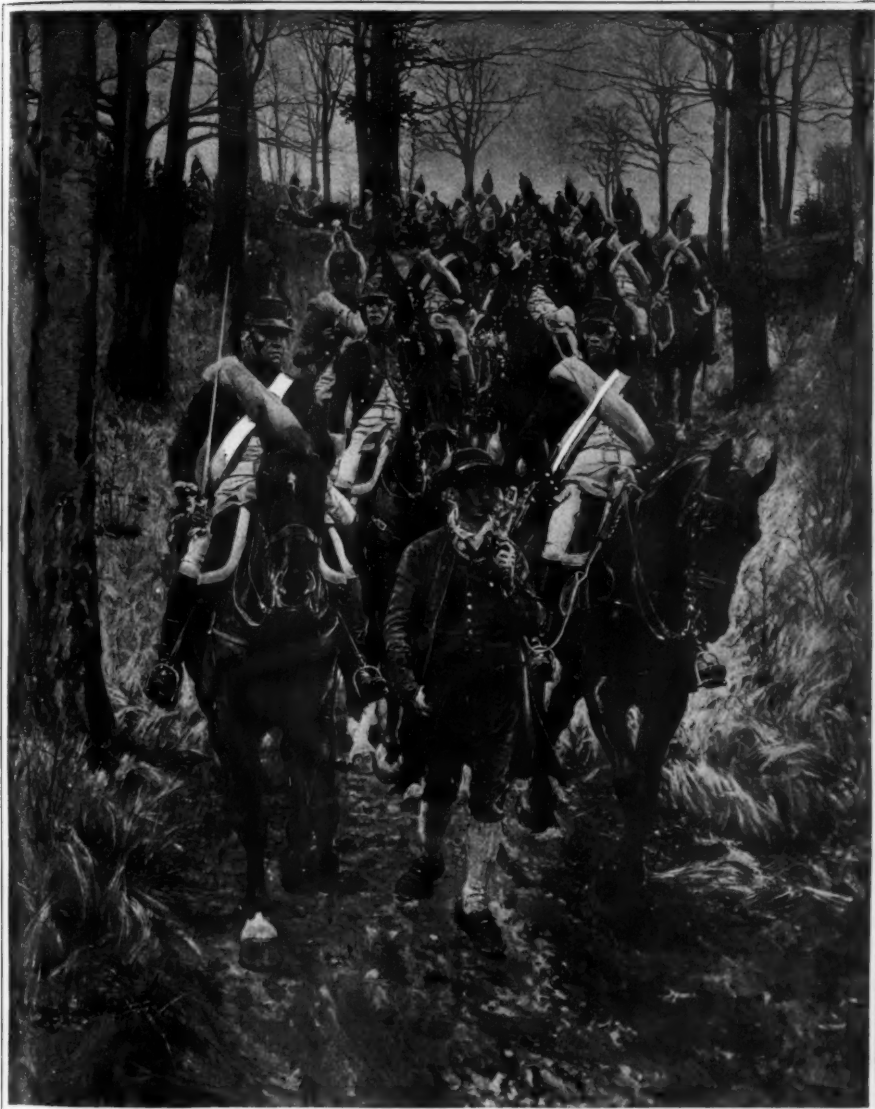
THE battle of Leipsic is one of the most important in general history, for it gave the hegemony of continental Europe to Prussia. French imperialism in its death-throes wiped out the score of royal France against the Hapsburgs; Austria was not yet banished to the lower courses of the Danube, but Prussia was launched upon her career of military ag-

grandizement. Three dynasties seemed in that battle to have celebrated a joint triumph; in reality the free national spirit of Germany, in danger of being smothered by Napoleonic imperialism, had chosen a national dynasty as its refuge. It is well designated by German historians as «the battle of the nations.» France was destined to become again the sport of an antiquated dynastic system. The liberties which men of English blood had been painfully developing for a century she sought to seize in an instant; she was to see them elude her grasp for sixty years still, until her

democratic life, having assumed consistency, should find expression in institutions essentially and peculiarly her own. Though the conquering monarchs believed that revolutionary liberalism had been quenched at Leipsic, its ultimate triumph was really assured, since it was consigned to its natural guardianship, that of national commonwealths. The imperial conglomeration of races and nationalities was altogether amorphous; that concept disappeared at Leipsic, while another, that of constitutional organic nationalities, was made operative. The successive stages of advance are marked by 1813, 1848, and 1870.

The Saxon campaigns display the completion of the process in which the great strategist, stifled by political anxieties, became the creature of circumstances both as general and statesman. The Russian campaign was nicely calculated, but its proportions and aim were those of the Oriental theocrat, not of the prosaic European soldier. With the aid of the railroad and the electric telegraph, they might have been wrought into a workable problem, but that does not excuse the errors of premature and misplaced ambition. The Saxon campaigns, again, are marked by a boldness of design and a skill in combination characteristic of the best strategy, but again the proportions are monstrous, and, what is worse, the execution is intermittent and feeble. As in Russia, the war organism is insufficient for the numbers and distances involved, while the subordinates of every grade, though supplied with instruments, seem mercenary, self-seeking, and destitute of devotion. Bonaparte had ruled men's hearts by his use of a cause, securing devotion by rude bonhomie, by success, and by sufficient rewards; Napoleon quenched devotion by a lavishness which sated the greediest, losing the affections of his associates by the demands of his gigantic plans. As he felt the foundations of his greatness shivering, he became more and more human. Early in 1813 he said: "I have a sympathetic heart, like another, but since earliest childhood I have accustomed myself to keep that string silent, and now it is altogether dumb." He was mistaken: throughout that season he was profoundly moved by the horrors of war; his purse was ever open for the suffering; the King of Saxony was released from his entangling engagements; in spite of his hard-set expression on the retreat from Leipsic, he forbade his men to fire the suburbs of the city in order to retard the pursuit of their foes, and before he left Mainz for St. Cloud he showed the deepest concern, and put forth the strongest effort, in behalf of the dying soldiery.

The immediate effects of Leipsic were the full display of that national spirit which had been refined, if not created, in the fires of Napoleon's imperious career. An Austrian army drove Eugène over the Adige, and Italy, turning on her imperial king in bitter hate and yearning to emulate northern Europe, relapsed into the direst confusion. The Confederation of the Rhine was resolved into its elements; the Mecklenburgs reasserted their independence; King Jerome fled to France; Würtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden followed Bavaria's example; and Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and Oldenberg were craftily restored to their former rulers before Stein's bureau could establish an administration. Holland recalled the Prince of Orange, Spain rose to support Wellington, and Soult was not merely driven over the Pyrenees—he was defeated on French soil, and shut up in Bayonne. Even the three monarchs, as they sedately moved across Germany with their exhausted and battered armies, were aware of nationality as a controlling force in their future. In a direct movement on Paris they could, as Ney said, "have marked out their days in advance," but they halted at Frankfort. The coalition had accomplished its task and earned its pay; not a Frenchman, except real or virtual prisoners, was left east of the Rhine. From that point the interests of the three monarchs were divergent. As Gentz, the Austrian statesman, said, "The war for the emancipation of states bids fair to become one for the emancipation of the people." The three sovereigns were all anxious for the future of absolutism, but otherwise there was mutual distrust. Austria was suspicious of Russia, and desired immediate peace. Russia saw in the restoration of Holland under English auspices the perpetuation of British maritime and commercial supremacy, to the disadvantage of her Oriental aspirations, and the old Russian party also demanded peace. On the other hand, Alexander wished to avenge Napoleon's march to Moscow by an advance to Paris; and though Frederick William distrusted what he called the Czar's Jacobinism, his soldiers, thirsty for further revenge, also desired to prosecute the war; even the most enlightened Prussian statesmen believed that nothing short of a complete cataclysm in France could shake Napoleon's hold on that people and destroy his power. Offsetting these conflicting tendencies against one another, Metternich was able to secure military inaction for a time, while the coalition formulated a series of proposals calculated to woo the French people, and thus to bring Napoleon at once to terms.



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

THE GUIDE.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

Ostensibly the Frankfort proposals, adopted on November 9, were only a slight advance on the ultimatum of Prague; Austria was to have enough Italian territory to secure her preponderance in that peninsula, France was to keep Savoy, with Nice; the rest of Italy was to be independent. Holland and Spain liberated, France was to have her «natural» boundaries, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the ocean, and the Rhine. Napoleon was to retain a slight preponderance in Germany, and the hope

was held out that in a congress to settle details for a general pacification, Great Britain, content with the «maritime rights» which had caused the war, would hand back the captured French colonies. The various ministers present at Frankfort assented to these proposals for Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia respectively; but Alexander and Frederick William were dissatisfied with them, and when Castlereagh heard them, he was as furious as his cold blood would permit at the thought

of France retaining control of the Netherlands, Antwerp being the commercial key to central Europe. Such a humor in three of the high contracting parties makes it doubtful whether the Frankfort proposals had any reality, and this doubt is further increased by the facts that the propositions were informally made, and that hostilities were to proceed during negotiation. It is turned into assurance by Metternich's admission in his memoirs that these propositions were intended to divorce Napoleon from the French nation, and in particular to work on the feelings of the army. He says that neither Alexander nor Frederick William would have assented to them had they not been convinced that Napoleon would "never in the world of his own accord" resolve to accept them. Yet the world has long believed that Napoleon, as he himself expressed it, lost his crown for Antwerp; that had he believed the honeyed words of the Austrian minister, and opened negotiations on an indefinite basis without delay, he might have kept France with its revolutionary boundaries intact for himself and his dynasty, and by the sacrifice of his imperial ambitions have retained for her, if not preponderance, at least importance, in the councils of Europe.

Neither Napoleon nor the French nation was deceived; a peace made under such circumstances could result only in a dishonorable tutelage to the allied sovereigns. France abhorred the dynasties and all their works, believing that dynastic rule could never mean anything except absolutism and feudalism. The experiment of popular sovereignty wielded by a democracy had been a failure; but the liberal French, like men of the same intelligence throughout Europe, did not, for all that, lose faith in popular sovereignty; they knew there must be some channel for its exercise. Outside of France, as in it, the most enlightened opinion of the time regarded Napoleon as the savior of society. The Queen of Saxony bitterly reproached Metternich for having deserted Napoleon's "sacred cause." This was because the Emperor of the French seemed to have used the people's power for the people's good. His giant arm alone could wield the popular majesty. It is said that on hearing of the Frankfort proposals, Frenchmen groaned and laughed by turns at the thought of Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, or Hohenzollerns, the very incarnations of German feudality, as leaders of the new Europe. It seemed the irony of fate that civil and political rights on the basis, not of privilege, but of manhood, the prize for which

the world had been turned upside down, should be intrusted to such keepers. Welded into a homogeneous nationality themselves, they could not understand that the inchoate nationalities in other states had as yet nothing but dynastic forms of expression, or foreseen that during a century to come the old dynasties would find safety only in adapting royalty to national needs.

Napoleon seems to have been fully aware of French sentiment. In addition, he understood that not merely for this sufficient reason could he never be king of France in name or fact, but also that, having elsewhere harried and humiliated both peoples and dynasties in the name of revolutionary ideals, the masses had found him out, and were as much embittered as their rulers, believing him to be a charlatan using dazzling principles as a cloak for personal ambition. In May, 1813, the Emperor Francis, anxious to salve the lacerated pride of the Hapsburgs, produced a bundle of papers purporting to prove that the Bonapartes had once been ruling princes at Treviso. "My nobility," was Napoleon's stinging reply, "dates only from Marengo." He well knew that when the battle should be fought that would undo Marengo, his nobility would end. In other words, without solid French support he was nothing, and that support he was fully aware he could never have as king of France. If the influence of what France improperly believed to be solely the French revolution were to be confined to her boundaries, revolutionary or otherwise, Napoleon's prestige was gone along with French leadership in Europe. An imperial throne there must be, exerting French influence far abroad. What happened at Paris, therefore, may be regarded as a counter-feint to Metternich's effort at securing peace from the French nation when it should have renounced Napoleon. It was merely an attempt to collect the remaining national strength, not now for aggressive warfare, but for the expulsion of hated invaders.

Having received no formulated proposition for acceptance or rejection, and desiring to force one, the Emperor of the French virtually disregarded the letter of Metternich's communication, and sent a message to the allies that his object had always been the independence of all the nations, "from the continental as well as from the maritime point of view." This reached Frankfort on November 16, and was interpreted to mean that the writer would persist in questioning England's maritime rights. Thereupon a proclamation was widely posted in the cities of France, which stated in a cant borrowed from Napo-



FROM THE PAINTING BY AMABLE-LOUIS-CLAUDE PAGREY.

NAPOLEON IN 1813.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

leon's own practice, that the allies desired France «to be great, strong, and prosperous»; they were making war not «on France, but on that preponderance which Napoleon had too long exercised, to the misfortune of Europe and of France herself, to which they guaranteed in advance an extent of territory such as she never had under her kings.» Napoleon's riposte was to despatch a swarm of trusty emissaries throughout France in order to counteract the possible effects of this call. They found public opinion thoroughly imperial, but profoundly embittered against Maret

as the instigator of disastrous wars. Maret was transferred to the Department of State, and the pacific Caulaincourt was made Minister of Foreign Affairs. On December 2, at the earliest possible moment, the new minister addressed a note to Metternich, accepting the terms of the «general and summary basis.» This, said the despatch, would involve great sacrifices, but Napoleon would feel no regret if only by a similar abnegation England would provide the means for a general, honorable peace. Metternich replied that nothing now stood in the way of convening a con-

gress, and that he would notify England to send a plenipotentiary. There, however, the matter ended, and Metternich's record of those Frankfort days scarcely notices the subject, so interested is he in the squabbles of the sovereigns over the opening of a new campaign. It was the end of the year when they reached an agreement.

THE INVASION OF FRANCE.

WHAT happened in France between the first days of November, 1813, when Napoleon reached St. Cloud, and the close of the year, is so incredible that it scarcely seems to belong in the pages of sober history. Of 575,000 Frenchmen, strictly excluding Germans and Poles, who had been sent to war during 1813 and 1814, about 300,000 were prisoners or shut up in distant garrisons, and 175,000 were dead or missing; 100,000 therefore remained. By various decrees of the Emperor and the Senate, 936,000 more were called to arms: 160,000 from the classes between 1804 and 1814, whether they had once served or not; 160,000 from the class of 1815; 176,500 were to be enrolled in the regular national guard, and 140,000 in a home guard, and in a comprehensive sweep of 300,000 from all the classes between 1804 and 1814 inclusive, every possible man was to be drawn. This would seem to mean that every male capable of bearing arms was to be taken; but contrary to the general impression, population had been and was steadily increasing in spite of all the butcheries of foreign and civil wars, and the country could probably have furnished three times the number called out. Less than a third of the 936,000 were ever organized, and not more than an eighth of them fought. This was due partly to official incapacity or worse, partly to popular resistance. It speaks volumes for the state of the country that even the hated flying columns, with their thorough procedure, could not find the men, especially the fathers, husbands, and only sons, who were the solitary supports of many families. The fields were tilled by women and children digging, for there were neither horses to draw nor men to hold the plows. Government pawnshops were gorged, and the government storehouses were bursting with manufactured wares for which there was no market; government securities were worth less than half their face, the currency had disappeared, and usury was rampant. Yet four fifths of the people associated none of these miseries with Napoleonic empire.

The other fifth was, however, thoroughly aroused. When the legislature convened on

December 19, and the diplomatic correspondence was so presented as to make the allies appear implacable, an address to the throne was passed by a large majority, which virtually called for a return to constitutional government as the price of additional war supplies. Napoleon made no attempt to conceal his rage, and prorogued the chamber in scorn. It was widely felt that at such a moment there was no time for parleying about rights; but every cavilling deputy had friends at home, and even in a crisis where national identity was jeopardized there were republican agitations. The royalists kept silent then, and for months later, contenting themselves with biting innuendoes or witty double meanings; drinking, for instance, to «the Emperor's last victory,» when the newspapers announced «the last victory of the Emperor.» In order to arm and equip the men raised by conscription, Napoleon had recourse to his private treasure, drawing 55,000,000 francs from the vaults of the Tuileries for that purpose. The remaining ten were transferred at intervals to Blois. But all his treasure could not buy what did not exist. The best military stores were in the heart of Europe; the French arsenals could afford only antiquated and almost useless supplies. The recruits were armed sometimes with shot-guns and knives, sometimes with old muskets the use of which they did not know; they wore for the most part bonnets, blouses, and sabots. There were not half enough horses for the scanty artillery and cavalry. Worse than all, there was no time for instruction in the manual and tactics. On one occasion a boy conscript was found standing inactive under a fierce musketry fire; with artless intrepidity he remarked that he believed he could aim as well as anybody if he only knew how to load his gun!

The disaffected, though few, were powerful and active, suborning the prefects and civic authorities by every device, issuing proclamations which promised anything and everything, and procuring plans of fortified places for the allies. Talleyrand began to utter oracular innuendoes about the vindictiveness of the allies, the desertion of Murat, the sack of Paris, and various half truths more dangerous even than lies. The air was so full of rumors that, although there was no wide-spread revolutionary movement, there were now and then serious panics; the town of Chaumont surrendered to a solitary Würtemberg horseman. But when the populace began to wonder who the coming Bourbon might be, and what he would take back from the present possessors of royal and ecclesiasti-

cal estates, they were staggered, and heard with some satisfaction the strains of the «Marsellaise», which by order of imperial agents were once again ground out around the city streets by the hand-organs. Napoleon walked the avenues of Paris without escort, and was wildly cheered; the Empress and her little son were produced on public occasions with dramatic success, and popular wit dubbed the boy conscripts by the name of «Marie Louises.»

most important prisoners, the King of Spain and the Pope. Wellington thought that if Ferdinand had been despatched directly into his kingdom on December 8, the day on which the conditions between himself and Napoleon were signed, England would have found the further conduct of the war impossible. Talleyrand, already deep in royalist plots, must have been of the same opinion, for he craftily suggested to his prisoner that the provisional

government of Spain might refuse to accept him as king unless the treaty of release had been previously ratified by the Cortes. Accordingly, it was referred to them, and, since the liberals desired the assent of a king not under duress to their new constitution, by their influence it was rejected. It was not until March, 1814, that Ferdinand was unconditionally released, and this delay proved fatal to Napoleon's interests in Spain. The liberals could no longer fight for free institutions, because it was then clear that the dynastic conservatism of Europe was to win a temporary victory. In about six months King Ferdinand undid the progressive work of six years, and Spain relapsed into absolutism and ecclesiasticism, with all their attendant evils. Nevertheless, France interpreted the



FROM THE SKETCH BY INGRES IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GERMAIN BAPT.

DRAWN FROM LIFE DURING A MARE.

NAPOLÉON AT THE TUILERIES.

The little men showed sublime courage, but they never could acquire the veteran steadfastness which wins battles. Journals, theaters, music, and dance-halls were all managed in the interest of imperial patriotism; imperial tyranny dealt ruthlessly with suspicious characters. Yet the imperialists had their doubts, and many, like Savary, threw an anchor to windward by storing treasure in distant points, and sending their families to safe retreats. On the whole, the balance of public opinion at the opening of 1814 was overwhelmingly imperialist both in the cities and in the country. Men ardently desired peace, but they wanted it with honor and under the Empire.

That the Empire desired peace seemed to be proved by steps for the release of its two

conduct of the Emperor as indicating an earnest desire for peace, and this feeling was strengthened by the absolutely unconditional release of the Pope on January 22. This apparently gracious concession was effective among the masses, who did not know, as the Emperor did, that the allies were already on French soil.

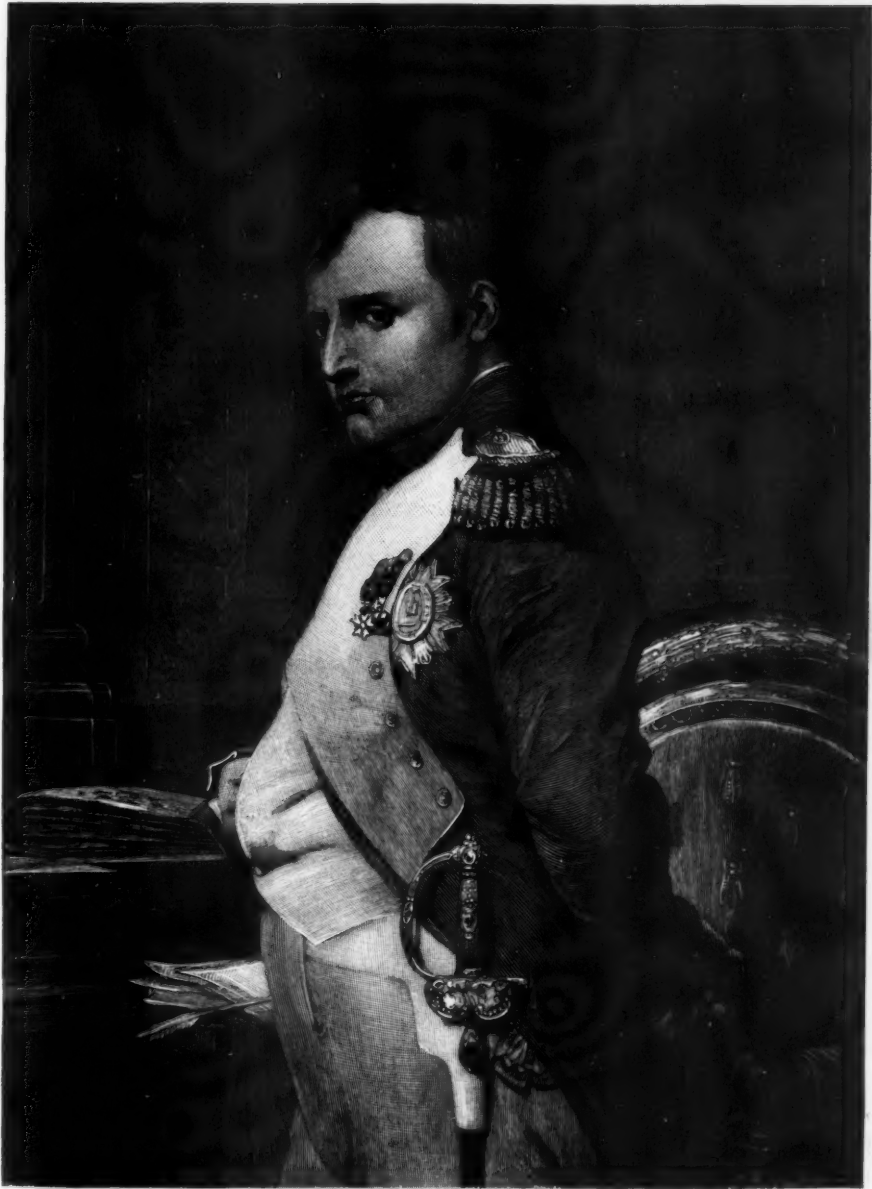
Next day Napoleon performed his last official act, which was one of great courage both physical and moral. The national guard in Paris had been reorganized, but its officers had never been thoroughly loyal to the Empire, many of them being royalists, and some radical republicans. Their disaffection had been heightened by recent events, but they were nevertheless summoned to the Tuileries; the risk was doubled by the fact that they

came armed. Drawn up in the great chamber known as that of the marshals, they stood expectant; the great doors were thrown open, and there entered the Emperor, accompanied only by his consort and their child in the arms of his governess, Mme. de Montesquiou. Napoleon announced simply that he was about to put himself at the head of his army, hoping, by the aid of God and the valor of his troops, to drive the enemy beyond the frontiers. There was silence. Then taking in one hand that of the Empress, and leading forward his child by the other, he continued, «I intrust the Empress and the King of Rome to the courage of the national guard.» Still silence. After a moment, with suppressed emotion, he concluded, «My wife and my son.» No generous-hearted Frenchman could withstand such an appeal; breaking ranks by a spontaneous impulse, the officers started forward in a mass, and shook the very walls with their cry, «Long live the Emperor!» Many shed tears as they withdrew in respectful silence, and that night, on the eve of his departure, the Emperor received a numerous signed address from the very men whose loyalty he had hitherto had just reason to suspect.

During the long winter nights Napoleon had wrought with an intensity and feverish activity which he had never surpassed, sparing neither himself nor others, displaying no consideration for prejudice or honest opposition, calling on every Frenchman to sacrifice everything for France, to which, as he vehemently asserted, he himself was more necessary than she to him. If he had come honestly to believe what millions of others believed, it was little wonder; he had thenceforth but one aim—to prove that he was the only general able to save the country in an hour when all her glories were falling in wreck about her. His strategic plan, immense and intricate as was the task, was complete and excellent. The Rhine bank was divided into three parts for defense. Macdonald was stationed at Cologne to protect the lower course; Marmont was to guard the central stretch, and they two divided between them the remnants of the army which had been swept out of Germany; Victor was stationed on the upper course to command the garrisons of the great frontier fortifications and strengthen himself by the new levies; Bertrand remained as a sort of rear post on the right bank at Kastel opposite Mainz. All told, they had at first only 50,000 men. The allies, having far outdone Napoleon's wildest exactions from the countries of the Rhenish Confederation, and having de-

manded new subsidies from Great Britain, had ready by January 1 about 285,000 men on the banks of the Rhine. By the end of February the army lists of France, excluding the national guards, displayed a total of 650,000 men; the coalition, including England, had enregistered nearly a million. Deducting forty per cent. as ample to cover all shortcomings, we may say that France, with 350,000 in the ranks, men and boys, faced Europe with 600,000 men. These figures include the French armies of Catalonia, the Pyrenees, Italy, and the Netherlands, together with the garrisons in all the strong places then held by France on both sides of the Rhine; they also include the Russian, Austrian, and Prussian reserves, with the armies of Holland, Spain, and Italy.

Bernadotte's first care, after the battle of Leipsic, was to move north and secure the long coveted prize of Norway. Ever mindful of the hint about a French crown, which Alexander had thrown out as still another bait at Åbo, he gave the parting advice that the coming campaign should be confined to a frontier invasion of France, and at Hamburg he offered Davout, as the price of surrender, a safe return for himself and army to France. This was too much; Alexander was furious, and the schemer was ordered to the lower Rhine. There he remained in idleness, watching the Netherlands; two of his best corps were assigned to Blücher. In a bulletin published by Napoleon after the retreat from Moscow was an implied censure of Murat for his lack of stability. This both the King of Naples and his spouse bitterly resented, the latter roundly abusing her brother in their correspondence. It was therefore not strange that at Erfurt the dashing and gallant, but weak and testy, monarch decamped. Hastening south, he entered at once into alliance with Austria, and then, putting himself at the head of 80,000 Neapolitans, he set out for Rome, waging a terrific warfare of proclamations. Eugène was virtually checkmated by the defection of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, which opened the Tyrol to the allies, and all Italy was consequently lost. Augereau, whose feeble loyalty to Napoleon was already at the vanishing point, had been appointed to take 40,000 conscripts, collect any straggling soldiers he could find in southeastern France, and keep open the door out of Italy for some or all of Eugène's veterans, with whose assistance it was hoped the marshal could form an army for the defense of the Vosges Mountains. But Eugène, having fought the indecisive battle of Roverello, and finding himself in a sorry plight from



FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL-HIPPOLYTE DELAROCHE, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY.

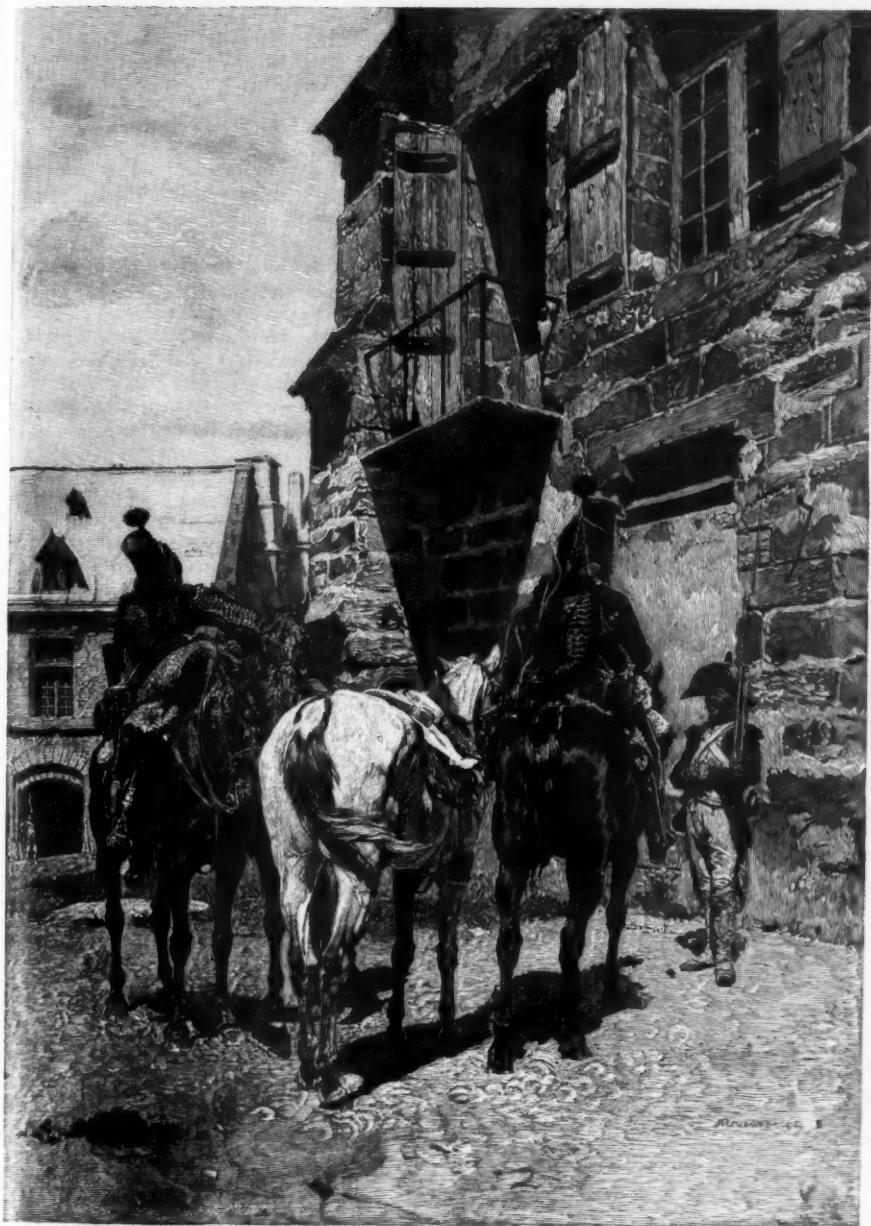
both the military and political points of view, could send no reinforcements until April, when he did finally conclude an armistice releasing his army. Augereau therefore found himself opposite Bubna at Geneva with an ineffective force, and very little heart to wield what he had. This ended Napoleon's grand scheme for uniting the forces of Italy, Naples, Switzerland, and France.

Prussia was now the ablest as well as the bitterest of Napoleon's foes, Stein, Blücher, Gneisenau, and their friends, aiming at nothing short of annihilating his power. They urged an immediate advance by the best line for invasion, that, namely, from Liège and Brussels, but the Austrians, except Radetzky, held back, fearing Prussia almost equally with France. Having imitated Napoleon in his practice of war requisitions, the allies now determined to imitate him in contempt for international law, and to violate Swiss neutrality. The plan adopted was to throw their main army into France by way of Basel, and thus turn the line of frowning fortresses behind the Rhine, as well as the Vosges Mountains. Blücher was to cross the middle Rhine, and Bülow, with 30,000 men, was to coöperate with the English troops under Graham in the Netherlands. The whole scheme was unmilitary, but it exactly suited Metternich, who, having on January 13 first learned of Bernadotte's understanding with the Czar about the crown of France, was very uneasy. Both he and Schwarzenberg desired to end the war on the frontier if possible; Prussia's power and Alexander's ambitions for European preponderance were far more dangerous to Austria than a Napoleonic empire confined to France. Blücher, leaving 28,000 men before Mainz, crossed the Saar, on January 9, with 47,000. Schwarzenberg, with the main army, 209,000 strong, and arrayed in four columns, crossed the Rhine at or near Basel and moved toward Langres. The thin, straggling French line began to retreat concentrically toward Châlons on the Marne. At the opening of the second stage in the campaign Blücher had invested the Mosel fortresses, and was advancing, with less than 30,000 men, toward Arcis on the Aube; Schwarzenberg was in and about Langres, and the French were concentrated on a line from Vitry-le-François to St. Dizier. Napoleon reached Châlons on the 26th, having left Joseph to represent him in Paris. The wily strategist, feeble as was his strength, had momentarily secured the advantage over his unwieldy foe, having wedged himself between the invading armies, and being quite strong

enough, with the 40,000 persons in his ranks, to cope with Blücher.

NAPOLEON'S SUPREME EFFORT.

THE year 1814 is the most astonishing of Napoleon's military life. The daring of his conceptions, the rapidity of his movements, the surprises he prepared for his enemy, the support he wrung from an exhausted land, the devotion he received from a panting, ill-clothed army at bay—all are so uncommon that by contrast the allies appear to be a lumbering, stupid enemy. With another antagonist they would have appeared in a very different light; Gneisenau's clear head, Blücher's daring, Radetzky's good sense and courage, with the forces at their back, would have won the goal far more easily with an ordinary, or even an extraordinary, combatant in Napoleon's plight. The Emperor of the French had not merely a prestige worth 100,000 men, as he was fond of reckoning; he had an activity of mind and body, a reservoir of resources, which made a single sword cover the whole circumference like the whirling spokes of a fiery wheel. After a skirmish for the possession of St. Dizier, the campaign opened at Brienne, where Blücher, hurrying to gain touch with the main army of the allies, was caught on January 29. The conflict began late in the afternoon, and lasted in full fury until midnight, when the Prussian general, narrowly escaping capture, abandoned the town and hurried toward Trannes. Thoroughly beaten, he needed not touch alone, but actual union with the Austrians, and this he gained near Bar on the Aube, whence Schwarzenberg was passing on toward Auxerre. Ignorant of this success, Napoleon now drew up his line with its center at La Rothière, hoping to hold the Aube bridge at Lesmont, and thus secure the moral effect of his victory at Brienne, and also to bring on another engagement with Blücher, whom he believed to be still isolated. Marmont was at Montierender, Mortier was summoned from before Troyes. This stand of Napoleon's was a desperate attempt to overawe the allied sovereigns, for strategically it was fatal, since in any case, victory or defeat, by Schwarzenberg's advance the French army was in danger of being outflanked and cut off from Paris. On February 1, Blücher, reinforced by 12,000 of the Russian guard, attacked. The battle lasted, with fluctuating success for the allies during two days, and at its close Napoleon safely retreated over the Aube to make another stand at Troyes. The various conflicts were terrific; in the end Blü-



FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ORDERLIES.

cher lost 6000 dead and wounded, the French about 4000. The odds against the latter were never less than two to one, sometimes more. Had the allies thrown their full strength into the contest, the campaign would have ended there; as it was, they gained nothing but a foolish self-confidence. They determined to advance on Paris in two columns, Blücher, as the conqueror of La Rothière, taking the shortest line down the Marne.

For several days the allied columns moved onward, slowly, widely scattered, and carelessly, Napoleon retreating on the defensive with equal deliberation, but vigorously strengthening his forces by well-chosen periods of rest, and by hurrying in reinforcements from the various depots about and beyond Paris. On the afternoon of February 9, as Napoleon was leaving Nogent for Sezanne, he wrote to Joseph that he could now reckon, all told, on between 60,000 and 70,000 men, including engineers and artillery; that he estimated the Silesian army under Blücher at 45,000, and the main army under Schwarzenberg at 150,000, including Bubna and the Cossacks. «If I gain a victory over the Silesian army, and put it out of account for some days, I can turn against Schwarzenberg, reckoning on the reinforcements you will send, with from 70,000 to 80,000 men, and I think he cannot oppose me at once with more than 110,000 to 120,000. If I find myself too weak to attack, I shall be at least strong enough to hold him in check for a fortnight or three weeks, which would give an opportunity for new combinations.» This was the last of Napoleon's great strategic schemes destined to be crowned with success; it had but a single drawback. While Napoleon was still the boldest man in war that ever lived, as at St. Helena he declared himself to be, his marshals were uneasy and depressed; Marmont in this moment of infinite chance, as it seemed to him, fell into a panic. Blücher, on the other hand, was overconfident. Having dispersed his detachments more than ever, he had for two days been moving swiftly in the hope of cutting off Macdonald by a dashing feat of arms. In his haste he had left the two separated Russian corps so far out that they were beyond support, and, by a blunder of the Czar's, reinforcements which had been promised were still a long distance in the rear. Accordingly when on the 10th Marmont advanced from Sezanne, he found the corps of Olsusieff, about 4500 strong, virtually isolated at Champaubert. His own numbers were slightly superior, and with a swift rush he almost annihilated

the unready Russians. Napoleon was beside himself with joy, and began to talk of the Vistula once more; but he stopped when he saw how sour the visages of Marmont and the other marshals grew at the very mention of such an idea. Nevertheless, if the process begun at Champaubert could be continued, victory and ultimate recovery of power were assured. He therefore hurried Nansouty and Macdonald on toward Montmirail for a second stroke of the same kind.

The affair at Montmirail was more of a battle than that at Champaubert, for Blücher had been able to gather in Sacken, York, Kleist, and Kapzewitch. The battle opened about an hour before noon on the 11th by a fierce artillery fire from the French, behind which Napoleon maneuvered so as to concentrate his own force against the Russians, and separate them from York with his Prussians. At two Napoleon attacked the Russians, Mortier engaging the Prussians separately. The plan succeeded, and by nightfall the enemy was in full retreat for Château Thierry, where was the nearest bridge over the Marne. Napoleon had hoped that Macdonald would arrive from La Ferté-sous-Jouarre in time to seize the bridge, cut off the retreat, and make the victory decisive. But in spite of heroic exertion, the marshal could not move with sufficient rapidity over the heavy dirt roads. The flying allies sacked the town with awful cruelty, and destroyed the bridge without any molestation except from the inhabitants, who wreaked their vengeance on numerous stragglers. On the 13th the French occupied the place, repaired the bridge, and crossed to the right bank. Next morning Marmont started in pursuit of Blücher. Somewhat flushed by such success, Napoleon deliberated whether he should not now turn and attack Schwarzenberg. The Emperor thought these victories might give pause to a mediocre Austrian, ever mindful of the terrific blows his country had received once and again from France. He was mistaken; Schwarzenberg had moved steadily forward. On the 12th Victor abandoned the bridge at Nogent, and Napoleon sent Macdonald, with 12,000, to join Victor at Montereau. Early on the 14th came news that Blücher had driven Marmont back to Fromentières. At noon Napoleon had effected a junction with Marmont near Étoges by means of a famous and successful flank march over a marshy country, a maneuver which is justly considered worthy of his great genius. Advancing then to the neighborhood of Vauchamps, his infantry attacked in front, while the cavalry, under Grouchy,

outflanked the enemy's line and fell on the rear. Blücher was apparently doomed, but he formed his troops into a line of solid squares, and while one stood to support the artillery and receive the onset in front, the others dashed at Grouchy's horsemen, each square standing and retreating behind the next alternately as the bloody retreat went on. At last the butchery ceased, and Blücher fled to Bergères. The French pursued only as far as Étoges. Napoleon had hoped to follow all the way to Châlons, annihilate what was left of Blücher's army, and then to return and throw himself on Schwarzenberg. He was arrested by the news that the Seine valley, as far as Montereau, was in the hands of the Austro-Russians; that Oudinot and Victor had been driven back to Nangis; in short, that Paris was seriously menaced.

It was long asserted that in the three actions just recorded the French far outnumbered their opponents, and that Napoleon's generalship was consequently inferior to his high average. The sufficient answer to this is in the facts now universally accepted. At Champaubert there were 4850 French against 4700 Russians; at Montmirail there were 22,700 Russians and Prussians against 12,800 French; and in the third engagement, near Étoges, Blücher had 21,500 to 10,300. It is therefore natural to compare these three victories with those at Montenotte, Millesimo, and Dego. But they were far greater; at forty-four Napoleon displayed exactly the same boldness, steadfastness, and skill which he had displayed in youth; but in addition, he overcame the stolid enmity of winter, weather variable, roads almost impassable, the swampy fields entirely so by reason of overflowing ditches and half-frozen morasses; he overcame, too, the resisting power created by his own example; for here were the élite of the Continent, commanded by men inured for eighteen years to the hardships, the shifts, the rapidity of warfare as he himself had taught the art. Momentarily Napoleon seems to have wondered whether allied and co-allied Europe had learned nothing in half a generation, and whether an army twice and a half larger than his own, under veteran generals, was to withdraw again behind the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, perhaps the Vistula. It is hard to believe that he dreamed such dreams as we read the prosaic, scientific, hard common sense of his military correspondence between January 26 and February 14. Yet there is certainly an appearance of self-deception and vacillation in his political and diplomatic plans, due appar-

ently to the intoxication of success, as when he spoke of the Vistula to Marmont after Champaubert.

The innermost thoughts of Metternich, and of the diplomats associated with him, are very hard to fathom. For two generations the world believed that after Leipsic Napoleon, in his sanguine conceit, rejected offer after offer from the allies, and finally perished utterly because of a folly which made him believe he could recover his predominance. In the light of recent memoirs, especially those of Metternich himself, we seem forced to the conclusion that in all the offers after Leipsic there was, if anything, far less of reality and sincerity than in those before it and after Poischwitz. When Castlereagh arrived at the allied headquarters early in 1814, he found the sovereigns and their ministers convinced that any peace with Napoleon would be nothing but a «ridiculous armistice,» and that the Emperor of the French must, in any case, be utterly overthrown. To the pacific Caulaincourt the invaders had already suggested that they must abandon the Frankfort proposals, and confine France to her royal limits; that is, refuse her Belgium with the great port of Antwerp. So far they were agreed, but there the unanimity ceased. The Czar desired to conquer, and leave France to choose her own government; he intended to take the whole of Poland, and give Alsace to Francis in return for Galicia, thus checking Austria by both Prussia and France, so that he could work his will in the Orient. Metternich wished the old balance of power, and had determined on the restoration of the Bourbons. Francis was writing to his daughter that he would never separate her cause and that of her son from France. The Prussian king and ministers desired only such an arrangement as would secure to their country what she had regained. Stein and his associates wished the utter humiliation of France. Castlereagh spoke with the authority of a paymaster; he was determined to keep the Netherlands from falling under French influence, to restore the Bourbons, and to establish so nice an equilibrium in Europe that Great Britain would be unhampered elsewhere in the world. There was to be no mention of colonial restitution or neutral rights. Being a second-rate statesman, he was much influenced by Metternich, and the two sought to form an impossible alliance between constitutional liberty and feudal absolutism.

A so-called congress was opened at Chatillon on February 5. It must be remembered that the treaty of Reichenbach was still a

secret. That agreement was the reality behind the congress of Prague, the Frankfort proposals, and the meeting of Mannheim. None of those gatherings consequently was serious; that at Chatillon was even less so. The memoirs of Metternich explain all the facts: Swiss neutrality was violated in order to restore the aristocratic constitution of Bern and the ascendancy of that canton; Alexander, posing still as a liberal, was angry, and forbade the restoration of Vaud to its old master. Schwarzenberg's deliberate movements, due primarily to timidity, stood in good stead Metternich's desire to restore the Bourbons to an exhausted France. Blücher and the Prussian liberals, who desired so to crush France that Prussia might slough off her militarism, and build up a constitutional government, were furious at being chained to the frontier. All these cross-purposes and bitternesses were mirrored in the ostentatious proceedings of the congress. Napoleon, either divining the facts or, more probably, informed by spies, seemed indifferent, and refused at first to give full powers to Caulaincourt; finally the marshals, terrified at the prospect of indefinite war opened by the unlucky mention of the Vistula, made their influence so felt that the Emperor yielded.

Maret, whose name was long held up to detestation as the instigator of Napoleon's procrastinating policy at Dresden, which seemed to have made it possible for Austria to join the coalition, has left an account of his relations with Napoleon during the congress at Chantillon, which displays the evident motive of an attempt to prove how pacific his nature really was. He declares that after the defeat at La Rothière Caulaincourt wrote a panic-stricken letter demanding full authority to treat. Maret handed it to the Emperor, beseeching him to yield. Napoleon seemed scarcely to heed, but indicated a passage in Montesquieu's "Grandeur and Fall of the Romans," which he happened to be reading: "I know nothing more magnanimous than the resolution taken by a monarch who ruled in our time, to bury himself under the ruins of the throne rather than accept proposals which a king may not entertain. He had a soul too lofty (*fière*) to descend lower than his misfor-



FROM THE INDIA-INK SKETCH BY INGRES, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GERMAIN SAPHY.

NAPOLEON WORKING BY LAMPLIGHT.

tunes had hurled him." "But I, sire," rejoined Maret—"I know something more magnanimous—to cast aside your glory in order to close the abyss into which France would fall along with you." "Well, then, gentlemen, make your peace," came the reply. "Let Caulaincourt make it; let him sign everything necessary to obtain it. I can support the disgrace, but do not expect me to dictate my own humiliation." Maret informed Caulaincourt, but the latter recoiled before the responsibility, and asked for particular instructions. The Emperor persistently refused, but wrote giving the minister "carte blanche" to take any measures which would save the capital. Again Caulaincourt begged for details, and again Napoleon refused, persisting until Bertrand joined his supplications to those of Maret, whereupon he consented to abandon Belgium, and even the left bank of the Rhine. The formal despatch containing these concessions was to be signed next morning, on February 8, but in the interval came news of Blücher's movements. Maret found the Emperor buried in the study of his map. "I have an entirely different matter in hand," was the

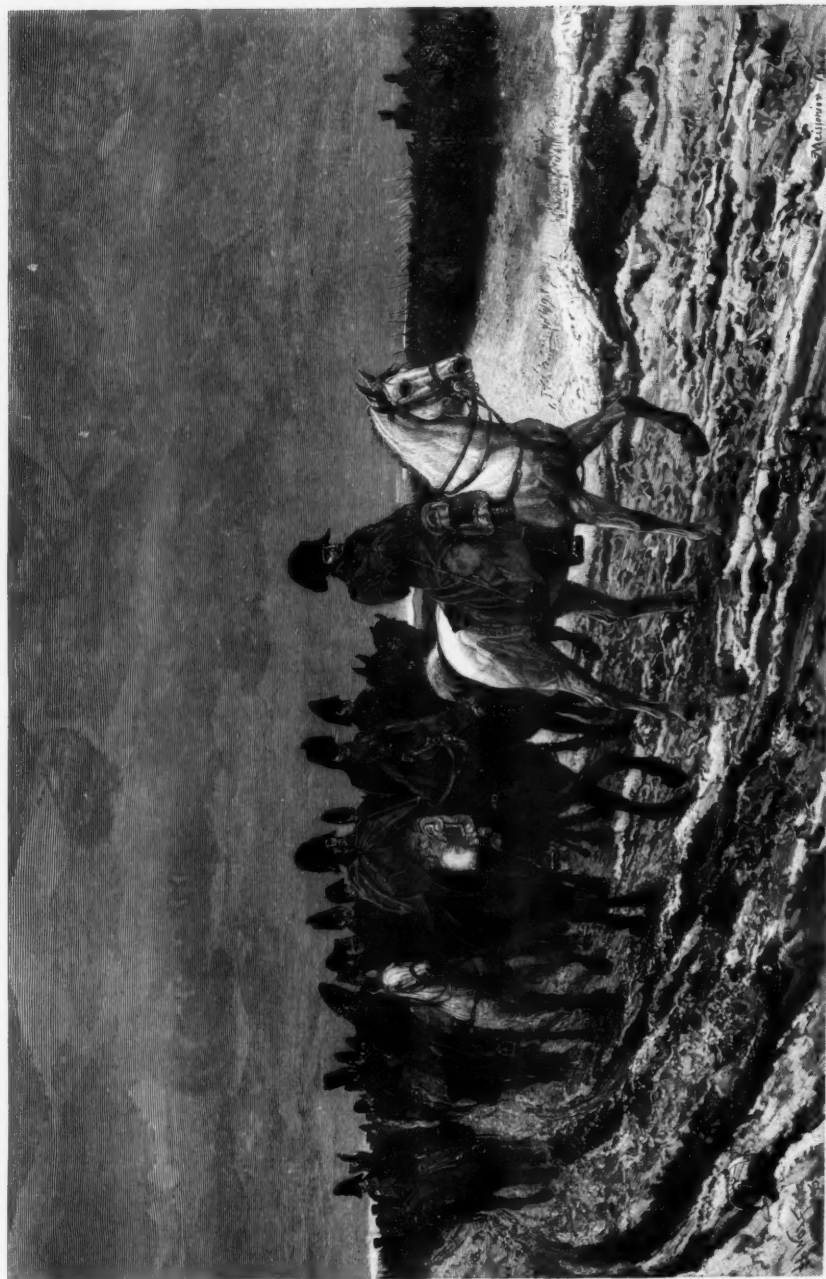
greeting; «I am at present occupied in dealing Blücher a blow in the eye.» The signature was indefinitely postponed. On the 10th Alexander suspended the congress on the plea of Caulaincourt's refusal to state terms. Then followed the three victories, and Napoleon, on the night of the 12th, wrote to Chatillon demanding the Frankfort proposals. Caulaincourt asked the allies for an armistice, and besought Napoleon to be less exacting. Austria was eager for the armistice, but Alexander obstinately refused to reopen the congress until the 18th, when everything seemed changed, and the allies really desired peace. Caulaincourt, warned by Napoleon's letter of the 12th, refused to treat without full instructions, and as he had none he began to procrastinate. In the end he bore the blame for not having used the *carte blanche* when he had it in order to save his country, for subsequently he had no opportunity.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN AT BAY.

THE eagerness of the Prussians and the Austrians to grant the armistice was at first due to the belief that Caulaincourt's request was a confession of exhaustion; the Czar's assent to reopening the congress on the 18th was wrung from him by the military operations between the 14th and that date. Convinced that Paris was menaced, Napoleon left Marmont to hold Blücher, and, starting for La Ferté-sous-Jouarre on the 15th, covered fifty miles with his army in a marvelous march of thirty-six hours, arriving on the evening of the 16th with his men comparatively fresh. Next morning the French began to advance, and the Austrians to withdraw toward the Seine. Victor was to seize Montereau and hold the bridge. Compelled to drive an Austrian corps out of Valjouan, the marshal did not reach Montereau until six or seven in the evening, and, finding it beset by the Crown Prince of Würtemberg, with 14,000 Germans, he merely drove in the outposts and then halted for the night. Napoleon, having driven Wittgenstein from Nangis on the 17th, had expected by a rush over the bridge to prevent Schwarzenberg from extending his flank to Fontainebleau, a move which would surround the French right. He was deeply incensed by what he considered Victor's slackness, and degraded him. The humbled marshal displayed deep contrition, and was restored to partial favor, with the command, under Ney, of a portion of the young guard. This was the third of the marshals—Augereau, Macdonald, Victor, each in turn—who since the opening of the campaign had displayed a

physical and moral exhaustion disabling them from rising to the heights of Napoleon's expectation. «We must pull on the boots and the resolution of '93,» wrote the Emperor to Augereau; nothing short of the unsapped revolutionary vigor could have saved his cause. On the 18th, after a six hours' struggle, the French under Gérard and Pajol seized Montereau. Napoleon had halted at Nangis, and there Berthier received by a flag of truce a letter from Schwarzenberg, declaring that he had ceased his offensive march in consequence of news that preliminaries of peace had been signed the day previous at Chatillon. This was probably as base a ruse as any ever practised by Napoleon's generals. It is quite possible that all the Austrian marches and countermarches for ten days past had been but a bustling semblance calculated for diplomatic effect. Be that as it may, before Napoleon's advance the Austrian commander had quailed, and, with the French at Montereau, his columns were already moving back to Troyes, where they were drawn up in battle array. Napoleon wrote indignantly to Joseph that the ruse was probably preliminary to a request for an armistice, and that he would now accept nothing short of the Frankfort proposals. Meanwhile he led his army over the river to Nogent, and prepared to attack Schwarzenberg.

But Blücher had not been idle; by superhuman exertions he had collected and strengthened his army at Châlons, and on the 21st he appeared at Méry on the Seine, threatening Napoleon's left flank in case of an advance toward Troyes. By this time the flames of French patriotism were rekindled in town and country, and, the soldiers being flushed with victory, it was clearly the hour to strike at any hazard. Oudinot was despatched with 10,000 men to hold Blücher, and this task he actually accomplished, capturing that portion of Méry which lay on the left bank of the river, and fortifying the bridgehead against all comers. Marmont being at Sezanne with 8000 men to cover Paris, and Mortier at Soissons with 10,000 to prevent the advance of York and Sacken, Napoleon marched on Troyes. It was late in the evening when his main army was drawn up, and in order to leave time for his rear to come in, he postponed operations until the morning. Schwarzenberg had 70,000 in line, but at four in the early dawn of the 22d, leaving in place a front formation sufficient to mask his movements, he decamped with his main force and withdrew behind the Aube. Arrived at Bar, he wrote on the 26th an admirable



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLFF.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

«1814»—CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

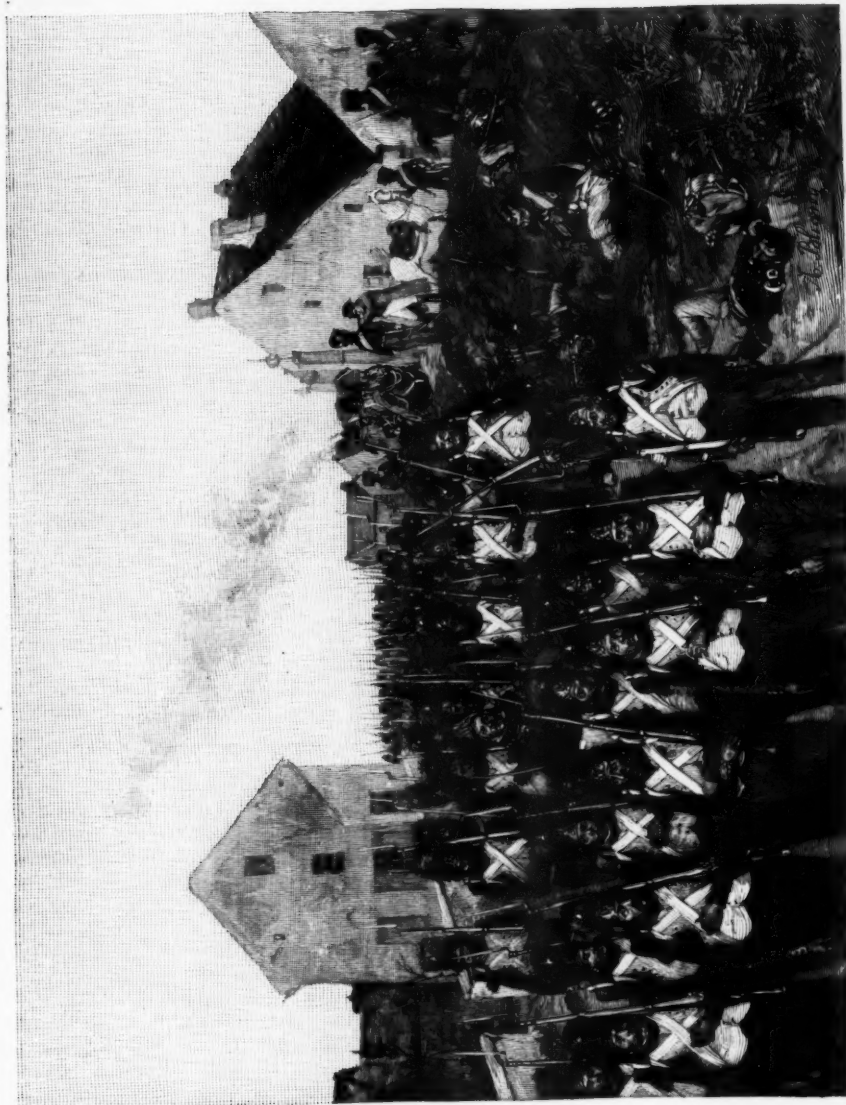
FROM THE PAINTING BY MEISSONIER, IN THE COLLECTION OF M. GUST. DELAMANTE.

letter of justification. Defeat would have meant a retreat, not behind the Aube, but the Rhine. «To offer a decisive battle to an army fighting with all the confidence gained in small affairs, manœuvring on its own territory, with provisions and munitions within reach, and with the aid of a peasantry in arms, would be an undertaking to which nothing but extreme necessity could drive me.» This retreat put a new aspect on the diplomacy of Chatillon. On the 19th Caulaincourt received a despatch from Napoleon revoking the *carte blanche* entirely; the same day Napoleon received an ultimatum from the congress, written several days before, to the effect that he was to renounce all his acquisitions since 1792, and take no share in the arrangements subsequent to the peace. This last clause being a covert suggestion of abdication, the recipient flew into a passion; when finally soothed by the pleadings of Berthier and Maret, he gave such a meaningless reply as would enable negotiations to proceed, but his counter-project he addressed directly to the Emperor Francis. It was a refusal to give up Antwerp and Belgium, and an emphatic recurrence to the Frankfurt proposals. «If we are not to lay down our arms except on the offensive conditions proposed at the congress, the genius of France and Providence will be on our side.»

This missive suggested to the recipient, as was its intention, that a Continental peace on the Frankfurt basis would leave France free to recuperate her sea power and continue the war with England alone. There was much anxiety among the allies, and in a pacific reply the request for an armistice was renewed. Napoleon consented, but stipulated that hostilities should proceed during the preliminary *pourparlers*, and that in the protocol a clause should be inserted, declaring that the plenipotentiaries were reassembled at Chatillon to discuss a peace on the basis proposed at Frankfurt. A commission to arrange the terms of an armistice met on the 24th. That they were not in earnest is shown by Frederick William's despatch of the 26th to Blücher, saying, «The suspension of arms will not take place.» That very day also, in a council of war, it was determined to form an invading army of the south. Blücher was authorized to make a diversion in favor of the main army, a move which he had really begun the day before by a march to the right. Napoleon, leaving Macdonald and Oudinot, with 40,000 men, to follow Schwarzenberg, hurried after Blücher with his remaining force. On the 28th the commission

adjourned its sessions under a formal reiteration of the old ultimatum by the allied powers. By that time it was believed that Napoleon was elsewhere engaged. Schwarzenberg's army had checked Oudinot, and, being fully rested, its leader recovered partial confidence. Blücher being off for Paris, with Napoleon on his heels, the main army then turned on the forces of Macdonald and Oudinot, and drove them westward until it reached Troyes, where it halted, ready, in case of Blücher's defeat, to recross the Rhine. The congress of Chatillon was formally reopened on March 1, and continued its useless sessions until the 19th, when it closed. None of the important dignitaries, except Schwarzenberg and the King of Prussia, attended its sessions; the rest withdrew to Chaumont, where, on March 9, the three powers signed a treaty with England, dated back to March 1, binding themselves, in return for an annual subsidy of £5,000,000 equally divided, that each would keep 150,000 men in the field, for twenty years if necessary, provided Napoleon would not accept the boundaries of royal France—a futile stipulation. This treaty was the precursor of that iniquitous triple alliance between Russia, Austria, and Prussia which was destined not merely to hamper England herself so seriously in the subsequent period of history, but to stop for some time the progress of liberal ideas throughout Europe.

Blücher crossed the Marne on February 27 with half his force, and then attempted to cross the Ourcq in order to attack Meaux from the north. But he was checked by Marmont and Mortier, with the 16,000 men they already had, and then, after 6000 new recruits came in from Paris, he was forced to retreat. Should Napoleon arrive in time he would be annihilated. Accordingly he hastened up the valley of the Ourcq with his entire force. Napoleon arrived on the Marne too late to attack Blücher's rear, and after some hesitation as to whether he should not return to complete his work with Schwarzenberg, he finally determined that, inasmuch as the fortress of Soissons was secure, and Blücher must therefore retreat to the eastward, he could himself deliver an easy but staggering blow on the Prussian flank when they should cross the Aisne at Fismes. Accordingly, on March 3, the worn-out columns of the French passed over the Marne. Unfortunately, Soissons had been left by Marmont in charge of an inexperienced commander, who surrendered almost without resistance when, on March 2, Bülow and Wintzengerode, having come in from the Netherlands, suddenly ap-



ENGRAVED BY M. HUGER.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED BY THE ARTIST.

THE GUARD—CAMPAIGN OF FRANCE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. BLIGNY.

peared before the place. This stroke of good fortune enabled Blücher not merely to find a city of refuge for his exhausted and disorganized force, but to recruit it by the two victorious and elated corps, which thenceforth served him as an invaluable rear-guard. Napoleon, thwarted again, gave no outward sign of the despair he must have felt, but crossed the Aisne on March 5, and occupied Rheims, in order at least to cut Blücher off from any connection with Schwarzenberg. He then turned to join Marmont and Mortier in order to drive Blücher still farther north, so that, as he wrote to Joseph, he might gain time sufficient for his return by Châlons to attack Schwarzenberg.

In spite of all his discouragements Blücher had no intention of retreating without a blow, and instead of withdrawing due north, he turned easterly to strike Napoleon on the flank. The armies met at Craonne, unexpectedly to both, on the 6th, but the skirmishes of that day were indecisive. Napoleon's knowledge of the district being defective, he sought to secure the best possible information from the inhabitants. Some one mentioning incidentally that the mayor of a neighboring town was named De Bussy, Napoleon recalled, with his astounding memory, that in the regiment of La Fère he had had a comrade so called. The mayor turned out to be the sometime lieutenant, and, with superserviceable zeal, the former friend poured out worthless information which led the Emperor to believe that on the morrow there would be only Blücher's rear-guard to disperse. But it was not so. Blücher struggled to gather his cavalry and artillery, while Sacken, with the Russians, stood like a wall, repelling the successive surges of Ney and Victor the whole day through. Finding it impossible to assemble guns or horsemen over the icy fields, Blücher at nightfall gave orders for retreat, and his army passed on to Laon. Though Craonne was a victory, the losses of the French were proportionately greater than those of the enemy, and the pursuit, though spirited, gained no advantage. "The young guard melts like snow; the old guard stands; my mounted guards likewise are much reduced," were the words of Napoleon's private letter. Yet he pressed on. The night of the 7th he spent in a roadside inn under the sign of "The Guardian Angel." There a messenger from Chatillon found him. The congress was still sitting, but the warrior knew the fact meant nothing to him; though the allies had increased their demands in proportion to their victories, they had not lessened them in proportion to their defeats.

Whatever terms he might accept, and whatever Metternich might say, this war he felt sure was one for his extermination. As he said then and there, it was a bottomless chasm, adding, "I am determined to be the last it shall swallow up." So he made no answer, and spent the night completing his plans for battle at Laon.

That place stands on a terraced hill rising somewhat abruptly from the plain, and throughout the 8th Blücher arrayed his army in and on both sides of the city, which itself was of course the key. Napoleon, being a firm believer in night movements on friendly soil, reached the enemy's fore posts early on the 9th, and drove them in. At seven Ney and Mortier began the battle under cover of a mist, and captured two hamlets at the foot of the hill. Marmont was on the right, and had already been cut off from the center by a body of Cossacks; but he attacked the village of Athies, and, after a long day's hard fighting, succeeded in capturing only a portion of it. There his men bivouacked, while he himself withdrew to the comforts of Eppe, a château three miles distant. It was noon when Napoleon learned that Marmont had been severed from the line; at once he renewed his attack on Laon, but though he gained Clacy on his left, he lost Ardon, and was thus more entirely cut off from Marmont. That night York fell upon Marmont's men, and routed them utterly. When day broke on the 10th, Napoleon still stood apparently undismayed, and even when the terrible news from Athies arrived, he issued orders as bold as if his army were still entire. This was probably another of his desperate ruses to deceive the enemy as to his strength, and it succeeded, for the pursuit of Marmont's men was stayed. At four the main French army began its retreat, and the next morning saw it at Soissons; 6000 had been killed and wounded. Again Napoleon's name had stiffened the allies into inactive horror, for they did not pursue. York was so disgusted with the dimensions at Blücher's headquarters that he threw up his command and left for Brussels. Blücher was literally at the end of his powers. "For heaven's sake," said Langeron, a French refugee in the Russian service, on whom the command would have devolved, "whatever happens, let us take the corpse along." "The corpse," with dimmed eyes and trembling hands, traced in great rude letters an epistle beseeching York to return, and this, indorsed by another from the Prince Royal of Prussia, brought back the able but testy refugee.



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

‘IT IS HE!’

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

Meantime Rheims had been taken by Langeron's rear-guard under St. Priest, another French emigrant. In the short day Napoleon could spend at Soissons, he took up 2500 new cavalymen, a new line regiment of infantry, a veteran regiment of the same, and some artillery detachments. These men had been sent forward from Paris in spite of the profound gloom now prevalent there. The truth was at last known; Joseph was helpless; the Empress and her court were preparing for extremities. In the south Soult had been thrown back on Toulouse; in the southwest royalist plots were thickening; in the southeast Angereau had been forced back to Lyons; Macdonald was ready to abandon Provins at the first sign of advance by Schwarzenberg; and the sorry tale of Laon was early unfolded. Yet the administrative machinery was still running, and soldiers were being manufactured from the available materials. With what had been sent to Soissons Napoleon refitted his shattered battalions. Marmont, too, had done his best to make good a temporary lapse, and he had got together about 8000 men at Fismes. Though now overborn by a sense of Napoleon's recklessness, and therefore unfit for the desperate self-sacrifice which would have made him a fit coadjutor for his chief, he was prepared to atone for his disgrace at Athies. Early in the morning of the 13th the main French army moved from Soissons; at four in the afternoon Marmont opened the attack on Rheims. Napoleon himself had arrived, but his troops were slow in coming up, and there was no heavy artillery wherewith to batter in the gates. The struggle went on with desperate courage and gallantry on both sides. St. Priest was killed by the same gunner whose aim had been fatal to Moreau. «We may well say, O Providence! O Providence!» wrote Napoleon to his brother. At ten the beleaguered garrison began to sally and flee. Napoleon rose from the bearskin on which he had been resting before a bivouac fire, and storming with rage lest his prey should escape, hurried in the guns, which were finally within reach. Amid awful tumult and carnage the place fell; 3000 of the enemy were slain, and 3000 captured. The burghers were frenzied with delight as the Emperor marched in, and the whole city burst into an illumination.

Next morning Napoleon and Marmont met. The culprit was loaded with reproaches for the affair at Athies, and treated as a stern father might treat a careless child. No better evidence of the Emperor's low state is needed. Marmont was now the hero of the hour; his peccadillos might have been forgotten; his further faithfulness secured. With Napoleon at his best, this would surely have been the case; but aware that at most the war could be a matter of only a few weeks, the desperate man overdid his rôle of self-confidence, being too rash, too severe, too haughty. Not that he was without some hope. Although for two years the shadow had been declining on the dial of Napoleon's fortunes, and although under adverse conditions one brilliant combination after another had crumbled, yet his ideas were as great as ever, the adjustment of plans to changing conditions was never more admirable. Yet effort and result did not correspond, and this being so, what would have been trifling misdemeanors in prosperity seemed to him in adversity to be dangerous faults. The great officers of state and army, imitating their master's ambitions, had acquired his weaknesses, but had failed in securing either his strength or adroitness. With him they had lost that fire of youth, which had carried them and him always just over the line of human expectation, and so his nice adjustments failed in exasperating ways at the very turn of necessity. Hard words and stinging reproofs are soon forgotten in generous youth; they rankle in middle life; and even the invigorating address or inspiring word, when heard too often for twenty years, fails of effect. The beginning of the end was the loss of Soissons at the critical instant. Napoleon was uncertain and touchy, his marshals were honeycombed with disaffection, the populations, though flashing like powder at his touch, had nowhere risen *en masse*. Thereafter the great captain was no longer waging a well-ordered warfare. Like an exhausted swordsman, he lunged here and there in the grand style; but his brain was troubled, his blade broken. Some untapped reservoirs of strength were yet to be opened, some untried expedients were to be essayed, but the end was inevitable. The movement on Rheims was the spasmodic stroke of the dying gladiator.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

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THE VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG.

BY THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER,

LATE CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE recent coronation of the Emperor of all the Russias was an event which in some respects is without parallel in the history of the human race. The facility of intercommunication, the timely notice of the ceremony, and the commanding position of the people whose ruler was to be crowned, brought together at the ancient Muscovite capital such a representation of the nations of the earth as was never before assembled in the world. And it is safe to say that the most notable personage

in that august and memorable assemblage was the representative of the «Son of Heaven,» the Emperor of China. In length of public service, in the character and importance of that service, and of the myriads of people in whose behalf it was rendered, in his intellectual attainments, his unique characteristics, and in his commanding personality, Li Hung Chang was the most conspicuous witness of the young Czar's coronation.

Aside from his distinguished services and

his high offices, he is a man well suited to be placed at the head of an imposing embassy, and to represent his imperial master. He is of pure Chinese extraction, having no mixture of Manchu blood. Although seventy-four years of age, he is in fair degree of health and vigor, of fine physique, full six feet in height, of commanding presence, erect and stoutly built, with dark, piercing eyes, and a face that is strongly molded and indicative of strength of character, and that would command attention in any foreign circle. Dressed in his party-colored silken flowing robes, and his hat decorated with the three-eyed peacock feathers, he presents a figure which would be distinguished amid the glitter and pageantry of any European court.

For nearly half a century he has been in the public service, but this is the first time he has ever visited the nations of the West, and the second time he has been outside his native land. Only last year, it will be remembered, he was called by his sovereign to undertake the important and difficult mission of a journey to Japan to negotiate peace. On that occasion, although going as the representative of the defeated party, he was not unmindful of his country's greatness, or of the Oriental fondness for display, and the two merchant-steamers chartered for the voyage carried a retinue of one hundred and thirty-five persons, among whom were two Chinese ex-ministers to foreign courts, four secretaries of rank speaking English or French, a score of translators and copyists, a Chinese and a French physician, a captain and a body-guard, with a mandarin chair of highest rank, and its bearers, and cooks and servants in liberal numbers. The interesting and tragic circumstances attending that embassy, and the manner in which he discharged his high trust, added greatly to his prestige abroad, and make his present visit to the West the more attractive. Doubtless he will be received in its capitals and leading cities not only with great curiosity, but with demonstrations of sincere respect, because he is the most distinguished visitor which the great continent of Asia has sent to Europe during this generation. Shahs, princes, rajas, statesmen, and generals have come and gone, some mere puppets of power and others persons of distinction and merit; but none who has so fully represented power, and combined the qualities of a successful soldier, an able statesman, an accomplished diplomatist, and a trained scholar.

He is a striking illustration of the workings of the social and political system of the Chinese Empire. Although it is the oldest

monarchy of the earth, it may be said to possess no hereditary nobility. It is the only land which bases its aristocracy on letters, and in this respect is a near approach to a pure democracy. The highest posts in the empire, except the few places held by the princes of the imperial blood, are open to the lowest subject, and the road to them is through the three grades of the competitive scholastic examinations held in the district, the province, and at Peking, the imperial capital.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

LI HUNG CHANG came of worthy but not distinguished parentage. His father had successfully passed the examinations, but held no official position, and was possessed of no opportunity to secure his son's advancement beyond affording him an opportunity to pursue his studies and fit himself for the examinations. These he successfully passed in all grades, and in the final contest at Peking he came out with distinguished honors among twenty thousand competitors. Later he was made a member of the Hanlin College, which corresponds somewhat to the French Academy. He therefore has reason to take pride in his accomplishments and standing as a scholar, though, judged by the Western standard of education, Chinese scholars would hold a very low grade. They have no conception of learning as understood in the West—of mathematics, chemistry, geology, or kindred sciences, and of universal history. Indeed, they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government, and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed two thousand years ago, and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries. One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education; and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil, or Shakspeare; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Cæsar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington, or other modern soldiers; and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics, or the modern sciences. When the American minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: "That is your civilization, and you learn it; we have ours,

and we learn it. For centuries we have gone on satisfied to know what we know. Why should we care to know what you know?»

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the West, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family. But no one of his race more than Li Hung Chang recognizes the defects of the national system of education. Largely through his influence, the Emperor has established at Peking a college with a full faculty of foreign professors for the instruction of chosen Chinese youths in the European languages and modern sciences, with a view to training them for the diplomatic service. So he has also established at Tientsin, for the last twenty-five years his viceregal residence, schools for military, naval, and medical education, manned by European instructors; and his example has been followed by other viceroys.

Neither does he regard the competitive educational system of admission to the public service as a perfect method, and more than once he has recommended to his Emperor material modifications in the existing system. But it must be confessed that it has stood the test of centuries with much benefit to China, and its practical operation has demonstrated that it possesses two merits of inestimable value to any nation: first, it brings all the offices of the empire within the reach of the lowest subject; and secondly, it diminishes the incentives to, and opportunities of, corruption and favoritism in securing entrance into official life. But in China the competitive examination ends with the admission; beyond that step promotion must come through other methods. Li Hung Chang secured the right of admission to office through his assiduous application to study, and every succeeding step in his upward career has been attained by his own genius and capacity.

THE TAIPIING REBELLION.

He had developed in his studies great literary taste, and the high distinction with which he passed his final examination at Peking was a guarantee of some desirable civil post in which he might satisfy his taste

for study. But the course of public affairs was destined to defeat this natural expectation, and turn his life into an entirely different channel. The Taiping rebellion, the most formidable of the many revolts against the reigning dynasty, had its inception during his student days; and about the time of his return from the imperial capital to his father's home on the Yang-tse-kiang River, to receive the honors which every community in China showers upon its successful students at the examinations, the rebellion assumed most alarming proportions. Its leaders captured the ancient capital, Nanking, a most important neighboring city, and marched a great army by the parental home on its triumphant way northward toward Peking. The young student, fired with patriotic zeal, and greatly alarmed for the fate of the sovereign whose honors he had so recently received, raised a regiment of home militia and entered upon the untried field of war. He possessed no training or experience as a soldier, but he developed many of the qualities of a successful general. His force was small and his resources were few, but he fell upon and harassed the rear of the rebel army, and sought to cut off its communications. Its advance on Peking was finally checked, and it was forced to recross the great river and return to Nanking. The imperial capital was saved, and the young student soldier had borne such an honorable and conspicuous part in this campaign that he attracted the attention of the generalissimo of the imperial army, Tseng Kwo-fan; his forces were attached to the latter's command, and he was assigned an important post under the general-in-chief. Tseng Kwo-fan was at the time the leading man of the empire, the father of the Marquis Tseng, who in the present generation attained much fame as a diplomatist in European capitals, and the former was not slow in recognizing the ability of the young soldier. He displayed such military qualities, and such devotion to the imperial cause, that he rose rapidly in the army, and soon became the active commander in the field, having immediate charge of the operations about Nanking and Shanghai, which latter city and important treaty-port was being threatened by the rebels.

With a spirit of liberality and quick discernment little characteristic of his countrymen, he early recognized the fact that the methods and weapons of Chinese warfare were antiquated and ill-suited to the work in hand, and he welcomed the opportunity afforded by his stay at Shanghai to introduce into the campaign modern military appliances. A foreign legion, enlisted from the unemployed and

adventurous Europeans who frequented that port, was admitted into the Chinese army under the command of an American sailor named Ward, and which, on account of its brilliant successes, and following the Chinese practice of adopting high-sounding titles, was called the «Ever-Victorious Army.» Ward, after a thorough organization of his foreign contingent, and a series of triumphs over the rebels, was killed in an assault upon the enemy, and the command of the corps devolved upon Colonel Gordon, who was detached from the British army for that purpose. This foreign contingent was the most trustworthy ally of the Chinese general in the suppression of the great rebellion, and much fame has justly come to Gordon for the part he bore in the contest. But there is a general disposition on the part of British writers to belittle the services and smirch the reputation of the American, Ward, who is always styled by them an «adventurer.» How he differed from Gordon in that respect is not apparent; but certain it is that he is entitled to the credit of having displayed marked military ability both in organizing his forces and in leading them in battle; and he demonstrated the wisdom of the Chinese commander in enlisting the corps, and its utility as a means of putting down the rebellion. No greater indorsement of his military genius could have been given than by Gordon himself in adopting his organization and following his methods to the smallest details.

Li Hung Chang came out of these campaigns with a high reputation for military skill, great administrative capacity, and devoted loyalty to the reigning dynasty, and was thenceforward the most famous man of his nation. But just at the close of the war an incident occurred which, in the estimation of most foreigners, has remained as a blight upon his fair fame. In the final great battle, which resulted in the capture of the most prominent of the leaders of the rebellion, Gordon, who was instrumental in their actual capture, promised to spare their lives, but immediately after being sent to headquarters they were beheaded. Gordon, who was of an impetuous temperament, denounced this act as a breach of faith, and, it is said, threatened to take the life of Li and to throw up his command. But he did neither. Li claimed that the refractory conduct of the rebel princes after their surrender made the punishment a necessity; and such a cool-headed and experienced man as Sir Robert Hart, with a full knowledge of the facts, held that Colonel Gordon was not justified in his conduct, and

induced him to reconsider his action and judgment. Gordon continued in command for some time, and up to the day of his death at Khar-tum maintained most friendly relations with the viceroy. Notwithstanding these facts, English writers generally insist that Li was guilty of bad faith and of bloody and inhuman conduct. But it should be borne in mind that the Taiping rebellion was a most desolating and relentless war; that it had destroyed many populous cities; had laid waste nearly one half of the empire; had sacrificed an enormous number of lives, estimated as high as twenty millions; and that the leaders who were beheaded had been guilty of horrid cruelties. Under such circumstances it would not have been strange if even the most civilized and Christian commander, in the flush of victory, should have ordered the execution of the authors of such untold horrors and bloodshed. The sepooy mutiny of India synchronizes with the Taiping rebellion. If the «heathen Chinese» should wish to retort upon his foreign critics, he might not find it difficult to parallel his own conduct with that of his civilized neighbors, the rulers of India.

LI'S HONORS AND PROMOTION.

THE overthrow of the rebels, and the part he bore in accomplishing this result, brought to him distinguished honors from the throne. He was made an earl, was presented with the yellow jacket (the exclusive emblem of the imperial favor), and was appointed viceroy of an important province. But he was afforded little opportunity for the exercise of his executive faculties in affairs of peace. The country continued in a state of unrest; new revolts in other parts of the empire broke out, and, as the hero of the Taiping war, he was designated by the Emperor to suppress them. For the next few years he was kept busy with military affairs, and, owing to the difficulty and delays experienced, he more than once suffered reprimands from Peking; but no other man was found equal to the tasks set him, and he always emerged in the end with success, and was the recipient of the renewed gratitude of his sovereign.

As the Taiping rebellion brought him out of the quiet of his father's home, and thrust him into a new and untried career of service, so another unexpected and almost equally alarming event called him from the interior of the country, and from internal warfare, to a service in which he was altogether inexperienced, and which was destined to bring to him new burdens and honors. Since the Anglo-

French war of 1858-60, with the occupation of Peking by foreign troops, and the partial opening up of the empire as the result of that war, the conservative or foreign-hating party had been active in fomenting discontent, and as the missionaries were the most exposed of the foreign residents, they were usually the chief sufferers. The mass of the people of China are a quiet and peace-loving race, and if left to themselves there would be little

trouble between them and foreigners, and, being naturally tolerant in religious matters, they have no prejudice against the missionaries. But they are very ignorant, highly superstitious, and greatly under the influence of the literary and official class, who are often bigoted and conceited to the highest degree, and regard the teaching of the missionaries as tending to overthrow the existing order of government and society, which they look upon as a perfect system, and sanctified by great antiquity. Through the circulation of the most slanderous and incredible stories against the missionaries, they succeed from time to time in stirring up the people to disorder and riot. The most terrible and bloody of these occurred at Tientsin in 1870, when a sudden uprising of the populace, overpowering or carrying along with them the soldiers, rushed upon, pillaged, and burned the French consulate and the French Catholic cathedral, murdered the consul and priests, and thence marched to the orphanage, destroyed the building, and murdered the sisters in charge. The deed sent a thrill of horror throughout the Christian world, and led the French government

to demand heavy reprisals, and to assume a menacing attitude, in which it was supported by all the representatives of the Western powers at Peking. The Chinese authorities were greatly alarmed at the situation. Tseng Kwo-fan, who had been the generalissimo of the imperial forces in the Taiping rebellion, was at the time viceroy of the province of Chihli, in which the riot occurred; but he was now an old man, and conservative in his tendencies, and the imperial government, recognizing the gravity of the peril confronting it,

transferred him to the viceroyalty of another province, and directed Li Hung Chang to come at once to Tientsin, and to take charge of the settlement of the affair. On arrival he issued a proclamation, somewhat high-sounding in its style, but calculated to have its proper effect upon the populace, reciting his achievements in the Taiping and other rebellions, and warning them of what they might expect under his rule if they continued to disturb the

public peace. This was followed by energetic measures against the participants in the late riot, and order and confidence were at once restored in the community. The negotiations of the French minister with the Tsung-li Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office at Peking, had progressed very slowly and in an unsatisfactory manner, and at the minister's request these negotiations were transferred to Tientsin, and Li Hung Chang was empowered by the Emperor as plenipotentiary to effect a settlement. In a short time he presented to the French minister a proposition which was so complete an atonement for the wrongs and injuries sustained that the latter promptly accepted it, and the danger of another European war, with further humiliation for China, was averted.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

THE imperial government was so greatly relieved by the happy termination of the affair, and so much impressed with Li Hung Chang's conduct of the negotiations, that it showered upon him new and almost unprecedented honors. In addition to his appointment as viceroy

of the province of Chihli, he was named imperial tutor, grand secretary of state, minister superintendent of trade of the northern ports, and a noble of the first rank. These high titles and offices made him from that time to the present, a period of twenty-five years, the first official and statesman of the government under the Emperor. He has often been styled the prime minister of China, but, as a matter of fact, there is no such official in the imperial government. It is nominally an autocracy, the Emperor being

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LI HUNG CHANG'S VISITING-CARD.

regarded as the Son of Heaven and the source of all authority. But his person is held so sacred, and he is kept so secluded in his palace, that he has little or no contact with the world, and by personal observation has no knowledge of his kingdom. Its affairs are conducted by a series of boards, constituting a very cumbersome and complex system, and no one man stands at the head of affairs and directs its movements.

Added dignity and importance over that of other viceroyalties attach to that of Chihli in that it is the metropolitan province, Peking being within its limits, and its viceroy is the guardian and protector of the Emperor. In the present case the office of imperial tutor conferred upon its occupant still further and more intimate duties in connection with the imperial household; as, for instance, when His Majesty, a few years ago, made his visit to the tombs of his ancestors, we find the hero of the Taiping war, and the first noble of the empire, giving his personal attention to the details of His Majesty's journey. Another and unusual duty became attached to this viceroyalty. Li Hung Chang had shown such aptitude for diplomatic duties in his negotiations respecting the Tientsin riot that thenceforth he conducted, or participated in, every important treaty negotiation or diplomatic controversy of his government. Having his residence at the seaport of the capital, for the last quarter of a century he has stood as a sentinel on the outpost of the forbidden city, and for his secluded Emperor has held intercourse with the outside world. Although not holding that position, he has acted as the virtual head of the Chinese Foreign Office, and has shown himself a match for the most astute of the trained European diplomatists. While in this capacity he has been the jealous guardian of his country's interests, he has always secured the confidence and esteem of the foreign ministers with whom he has conducted important negotiations. Probably no living man has received such signal marks of respect from his diplomatic antagonists as he. In the Margary affair, a most serious controversy with Great Britain, he was so straightforward and just in meeting the demands of that government that Sir Thomas Wade was led to make an important concession, "in recognition of the frankness with which he had negotiated this very troublesome business." In the adjustment of the French conflict with China of 1884-85, the French minister inserted in the treaty a renunciation of all claims for indemnity, in order thereby "to pay a mark of regard to the patriotic wisdom

of His Excellency Li Hung Chang." When, last year, the Chinese government sent two of its distinguished subjects to Japan to sue for peace, the latter government declined to treat with them; but Marquis Ito, the prime minister, sent a message to Peking that if the Viceroy Li should be sent on such mission, it would be an evidence of sincere intentions, and that he would be received with the highest consideration; and the sequel realized to the greatest extent this estimate of his character and ability.

It would be a tedious task to recite all the duties and events which demanded his attention during his long service as viceroy of Chihli, in addition to those already mentioned. They were of a varied character and of infinite detail in administration, and brought into exercise his versatile talents. He had charge of the supervision of trade in all northern China, a task of no small moment. But that which required much of his time was the reorganization of the army, the building of a navy, and the fortification of the approaches to the capital, a work in which he was greatly hampered by the conservatism of the central government. In addition to periodical revolts, China is often afflicted with disastrous floods and terrible famines, and with many of these the viceroy had much to do. In 1877-78 Chihli and other neighboring provinces were visited by one of the most fearful famines in their history, in which it is estimated that about nine million persons perished. The Viceroy Li was the most prominent agent in staying the ravages of this fatal scourge, and his energy, administrative capacity, and large-hearted charity were conspicuously displayed in the measures for relief. He was untiring in securing and bringing supplies into the famine-stricken districts; his appeals to his countrymen for relief were persistent and pathetic, and were extended to those in foreign lands; he was active in exposing and punishing speculation of the relief funds, which was common; and he is said to have fed more than a thousand of the starving from his own table daily. His appeals brought generous responses, and it is estimated that from the Chinese provinces \$3,500,000 were contributed.

MOURNING HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.

DURING his incumbency of the viceroyalty of Chihli an event took place which was of great moment to him, and has for Western readers an interest and a lesson. Little is known of the viceroy's father beyond the fact that he was a respectable member of the

gentry, or literati; but his mother was a woman of more than ordinary strength of character, and evidently had a marked influence on her son's life. She was the mother of eight sons, the eldest of whom also rose to distinction, and was for several years the viceroy of the two provinces of which Canton is the capital. The triumph over the Taiping rebellion brought to Li Hung Chang many adulatory addresses, in which praise his mother shared. As a specimen of Chinese poetry, it may be interesting to make the following extract from one of these:

Noble lady! eight-bearer borne;
Relict of one distinguished;
Mother of many sons;
Venerable in years, of family famous;
Exalted; having in one
Chief of soldiers and Minister of State;
Wondrous attainment of a son!
Wondrous of a younger son!

In 1882 the old lady fell ill, and the viceroy memorialized the throne, begging for a month's leave of absence from his duties to visit her. As the correspondence is to us so novel, reveals so quaintly the relations existing between the high officials and the throne, and brings out so strikingly the domestic affections of the Chinese people, it will hardly be regarded as prolix if liberal extracts are here given. After the usual formal introduction, and reciting the news of his mother's illness, the viceroy proceeds:

He prays, therefore, that he may be granted leave of absence to go at once to visit her. He states that his mother has been residing for some ten years in the official residence of his brother, Li Han Chang, the Governor of Hukuang. She is eighty-three years of age, and her constitution has hitherto been robust; but last winter she suffered from dysentery, and although the physicians succeeded in stopping the worst symptoms, she still continued feverish at night. At the beginning of spring she was a little better. Memorialist has sent his son, Ching-fong to Hupeh to wait on his mother with food and medicine in his stead, but a letter which he has just received informs him that she is afflicted with a continual cough, and cannot take food and drink in any quantity. She is old, and is breaking up; and the thought of her absent son continually recurs to her, and makes her illness more dangerous. When memorialist heard this his heart burned with anxiety, and his sleep and his food were worthless to him. And since the day in the spring of 1870 when he bade her farewell, thirteen years ago, he has never seen his mother's face. A man has a long lifetime, it is said, to spend in his country's service, and but a short term of years in which he can serve his parents; and now that the illness from which his

mother has long been suffering still continues unabated, memorialist all night long tosses about in his trouble, and not for a single moment is his mind at rest. . . . This [a month's leave] will enable him to make a rapid journey to Wuchang, to visit his mother, and to be a witness of her recovery, and to satisfy in some slight degree the feelings of affection which, as the jay for its parent bird, he entertains for her. What bounds would then be set to his gratitude for such signal kindness on the part of their Majesties? . . . The reason for his application for leave, the wish, namely, to visit his mother, he has carefully set forth in the present petition to the throne, which he sends by courier post. He presents this memorial with inexpressible fear and distress of mind.

The month's leave of absence was granted, but meanwhile news came of his mother's death, and he thereupon, in accordance with the practice of the country, resigned all his offices, and memorialized for permission to avail himself of the customary three years' retirement for mourning a mother's death. But the Empress regents denied his request, setting forth in detail that the critical condition of public affairs would not permit of his withdrawal for such a long period, referring to the value of his services in flattering terms, stating that a modification of existing usage was necessary in his case, and that he must retain his offices and be content with a leave of absence of only one hundred days. They conclude:

The questions of the hour are attended with much difficulty, and the viceroy should struggle to suppress his private sorrow, looking upon the affairs of state as of the first importance, and striving to make some return to us for our kindness to him. This will be the conduct that will inspire his mother's mind with the comforting conviction that her son, following the precepts early instilled into him, is devoting himself to the service of his country.

But this decision failed to convince the viceroy that filial duty could thus be satisfied, and he addressed a second lengthy memorial to the throne. After recognizing the great kindness and sympathy of their Majesties, he says:

But memorialist feels that he must submit the full expression of his feelings to their Majesties. It is twelve years since, in the dearth of officials, he was appointed to Chihli; his shortcomings have been many, and his merits few. He has repeatedly received marks of extraordinary consideration in being preserved intact in his dignities, and in not receiving censure and punishment. . . . But since he heard of his mother's severe illness his brain has been dull and his eyes heavy. Leave of ab-

sence was granted him, but before he could start on his long journey, he received the letter telling of his mother's death. Remorse will consequently haunt him all his life, and there is a wound in his heart that prevents him privately from enjoying a moment's respite from pain, and publicly from being of any service to the state. . . . Even if memorialist, separated beyond hope of meeting from his mother, the living from the dead, were to spend three years in lamentations at her tomb, it would not avail to relieve his soul from the poignant and inexpressible regret he feels for his lack of filial duty. But if, while stunned with grief, he is forced to rise in the mourning garb and attend to business, not only will violence be done to the great principle of filial duty on which the government is based, but comment also will be provoked on the shortcomings of the disciple of Confucius. Though trusted to the fullest extent by his sover-

quiet. Public affairs were so pressing that he had often «to rise in the mourning garb, and attend to business.» This unique correspondence brings out one of the most distinguishing traits of Chinese character—veneration for parents, which has become sanctified into religious worship, and also has exercised a marked influence on the political relations of the people, the Emperor being the parental head of the nation. If the fifth commandment of the Mosaic code were as faithfully observed by Christian nations as the central doctrine of the Confucian philosophy is practised by the Celestials, the social order of the Western world would be greatly improved.

A notable event in the life of the Viceroy Li was the commemoration, four years ago, of



EMPEROR'S INSCRIPTION ACCOMPANYING THE GIFTS SENT TO THE VICEROY ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

eign, a sense of shame would continue to harass him. He therefore prays their Majesties, in pitying recognition of the reality of their foolish servant's grief, to recall their commands, and graciously permit him to vacate his posts and observe the full term of mourning, that the autumn frosts and spring dews may, in the course of time, witness some alleviation of his bitter regrets. But though the earth be his pillow, and his bed be of rushes, he is still beneath the canopy of heaven. He is but sixty years of age, and his stay in the thatched hut has a limit. Many are the days left in which to show his gratitude to the state. Thus, little by little, now with loud weeping and now with silent sobs, has their Majesties' servant told them his piteous tale; and the anxiety with which he awaits their commands is beyond his power to express.

But the viceroy's second appeal was to no purpose. The Empress regents esteemed too highly his usefulness to the government to allow him to resign his offices, or to retire from the public service for three years, and adhered to their original resolution to grant him only one hundred days' leave of absence; and even that he was not allowed to enjoy in

his seventieth birthday, which was made the occasion of great demonstrations of respect. The Emperor sent various rich and appropriate gifts, with flattering inscriptions written with his own hand; the Empress dowager, a woman of great ability, and the ruling spirit of the government for the last twenty years, vied with her imperial ward in her gifts; subjects of high and low degree, and foreign residents, lavished upon him presents and mementos; processions, ceremonies, and banquets in Chinese profusion were the order of the day; and all culminated in an address signed by the leading officials throughout the empire, written by Chang Chi-tung, next to the viceroy the most honored and influential man in the government, and often his political opponent. As a specimen of Chinese eulogy, an extract will be interesting:

You are altogether to be admired; in literature deep, in warcraft terrible, in perception acute, in genius sublime, you are entrenched on every side, unassailable.

After alluding to his diplomacy, his service in building up the military defenses, and his public improvements, the address concludes:

As I stand beside you in the Hanlin, I feel how small I am, how little able to grapple with the great matters met within my province on the great river. In you we have perfect confidence, and I earnestly desire to learn from you. Compared with you, I am as a simple peasant to a picked archer, a poor jade to a fleet racer. You are men's ideal; you, like Kang Hou, enjoy the confidence of our Sovereign; yours is the glory of Chang the Councillor. You are the cynosure of all eyes.

POLITICAL FOES.

THE correspondence on his mother's death shows the great importance attached by the central government to the services of Li Hung Chang, and the demonstrations attending his seventieth birthday, although somewhat Oriental in their extravagance, truly reflect the esteem in which he was held by the nation; but it must not be inferred therefrom that his political career has been one of unbroken success and adulation. The ruling circles at Peking and throughout the empire are full of personal parties, and political bickerings and intrigues are as much the order of the day as in other countries. This condition of things is greatly promoted by an ancient institution at Peking called the Censorate, a body of prominent men whose special function it is to review and criticize the acts of all officials, and to bring their shortcomings to the attention of the throne. Under the inspiration of his political enemies, the Viceroy Li has been many times the object of the Censors' attacks, and on three separate occasions he has had inflicted upon him the punishment recommended by this body. In 1868, because of failure to put down the Nienfei revolt in the time expected, he was degraded in rank, ordered to be removed from his post, and deprived of the yellow jacket bestowed upon him for his triumph over the Taiping rebels. But before the decree could be carried out a turn of fortune gave him decisive victories, and his rank, post, and jacket were preserved. A few years later he was the victim of a new degradation. The Grand Canal has for many centuries played an important part in the affairs of the empire as the great artery of communication between the capital and the most populous parts of the country, is a ravenous consumer of the public funds, owing to the heavy floods which destroy its banks, and the cause of the downfall of many a public functionary. In 1871 the viceroy of Chihli,

after the expenditure of a large sum appropriated from the imperial treasury, reported that he had put this great public work in complete condition. But, unfortunately, that very season an unprecedented flood swept away the embankment with great destruction and injury to public and private property. It was an opportunity not to be lost by the Censors, and again Li Hung Chang had to submit to degradation and the loss of his yellow jacket and peacock feathers. But he was allowed to hold his office of viceroy, and, with the indomitable will which has marked his public life, he set to work to repair the breaches, and his task was so promptly and successfully accomplished that he was restored to his dignities and insignia of imperial favor.

The last triumph of his enemies occurred during the late war with Japan, after the defeat of the Chinese forces in Corea, and the naval engagement off the mouth of the Yalu River. For years before the war the organization of the army in northern China, and the creation of a navy, had been in his hands, and, notwithstanding the fact that he had earnestly protested against the war with Japan, he was held responsible for the ignominious failure, and by imperial decree he was a third time degraded, deprived of the right to wear the famous yellow jacket and the three-eyed peacock feathers, and superseded in the command of the army of the North. But he was too influential and useful to be entirely withdrawn from the public service, and he retained his important post as viceroy. The events of the war very soon demonstrated the wisdom of his views, and that in the time of great emergencies he stood head and shoulders above any other subject of the Emperor. Within a few weeks his enemies had to bear the discomfiture of seeing him restored to all his honors, called to Peking, placed in most confidential relations with His Majesty, and intrusted singly with the high mission of negotiating peace with Japan.¹

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS WITH JAPAN.

WHILE he thus bore the most important trust ever committed to him by the Emperor, it was by no means a task to his liking. He was by nature high-spirited, and his military and political success had made him haughty and imperious. He was proud of his country,

¹ The reader need hardly be reminded that General Foster accompanied the viceroy on this mission, contributing to the service of China his well-recognized skill and knowledge, due to long experience in the diplomatic affairs of the United States.—EDITOR.

of its past history, and of its institutions. He partook of the national feeling of contempt for the Japanese, and he felt keenly the humiliation which the war had inflicted upon his people. He knew the mission to which he had been assigned would make him unpopular, and expose him to fresh indignities from his partizan enemies. He felt that he was taking his life in his hand when he should place himself on Japanese soil, and he so expressed himself to the incredulous foreign diplomats at Peking; but he dared not shrink from the duty which his sovereign had imposed upon him. Seldom has a public man, under such trying circumstances, borne himself with such true heroism and patriotic devotion. A high-spirited and proud man, he went to the land of the despised but triumphant enemy to sue for peace; and yet he never failed to maintain his accustomed demeanor or his country's dignity. And it is due to the Japanese plenipotentiaries who were designated to receive and treat with him at Shimonoseki, to state that they exhibited toward him the highest marks of respect, and during the entire negotiations allowed no word to escape from their lips, and nothing to occur, which might be considered personally offensive to their distinguished guest. He had the good fortune to conduct negotiations with two compeers, men of marked ability, and worthy representatives of their government and race. Marquis Ito, the prime minister, is a typical member of the progressive party, educated in Europe, and trained in modern political science and methods of government, but an ardent and patriotic Japanese. He had a valuable colleague in Count Mutsu, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had been long in his country's service at home and abroad. Marquis Ito, ten years before, had been sent by his government to Tientsin to arrange with the Viceroy Li a settlement of Korean affairs; and the same subject brought the viceroy to Japan, but under changed conditions for the negotiators.

The defeated party always negotiates at a disadvantage, and the viceroy did not fail to appreciate the situation; but the judgment of the impartial observer is that he came out of it with as much credit as was possible, and it is quite certain that he obtained better terms for his country than any other Chinese official could have secured. This was due in part to the personal consideration shown him by the Japanese negotiators, but mainly to his own diplomatic experience and his thorough knowledge of his own government. Japan was robbed of a large measure of her triumph by

the interposition of the European powers, and it has been stated that the viceroy consented in the treaty to the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula only because of his knowledge that these powers would compel its return to China. But this is not a fair statement of the facts. Neither the viceroy nor his government had received any information from Russia or other power, before the treaty was signed, as to its action on the subject; but he had been a close student of European politics for many years, and his action was based upon convictions born of that study. He neither reads nor speaks any foreign language, but he has secretaries charged with the duty of keeping him informed of current events, and has had much intercourse with diplomats and other intelligent foreigners; and he well knew that Russia, if no other nation, would not allow the domination of Corea by Japan, or its permanent lodgment on the continent so near to Peking and Russia's own possessions; and he was willing to make the Liaotung cession in order to escape other harsh terms.

But the viceroy's statesmanship and strength of character were most conspicuous in his conduct after the treaty was signed and he had returned to China. On his arrival at Tientsin he ascertained that his worst fears as to the reception which the treaty would receive from his own countrymen were more than realized. When its terms became known, it was met by a storm of almost unanimous condemnation. Without exception, the viceroys, and also most of the generals, memorialized the throne against it, and the representatives of three of the great powers of Europe sought to prevent or delay its ratification by the Emperor.

But the viceroy did not hesitate as to his duty. He felt that the honor of his sovereign and the good of the country required that faith should be kept with Japan. He therefore sent urgent telegraphic representations to the Emperor and to the Foreign Office, calling for prompt ratification and exchange of the treaty in spite of the foreign influence and the national clamor. His personal enemies were actively exerting themselves against the treaty, led by the Viceroy Chang Chi-tung, who had written the highly laudatory address on the occasion of his birthday celebration, and who to that end was fomenting the rebellion in Formosa, and supplying the rebels with arms from the imperial arsenal at Shanghai. It greatly redounds to the credit of the young Emperor that in such a grave crisis he followed the advice of his venerable counselor, and ratified the treaty.

LI'S OPPOSITION TO WAR.

THE foregoing sketch presents the salient points in the career of Li Hung Chang, but the portraiture of the man would be imperfect without a reference to certain of his characteristics. Although the greatest general his country has produced in this century, he is preëminently a man of peace. Confucius, whose disciple he is proud to call himself, taught the folly of war, and the practice of the government and Chinese society in this respect is inspired by his teachings. While Japan has exalted the warlike spirit, and there the soldier is the idol of the people, in China the soldier is lightly esteemed, and always takes rank below the literary class. But, notwithstanding this peaceful spirit, there is often a war party in China, and on two or three memorable occasions it has fallen to the lot of the Viceroy Li to be placed in antagonism to it. The Kuldja question, about 1880, brought the country to the brink of war with Russia, and it was only by his most active resistance to the war party at Peking that a peaceful settlement was reached. It is now well known that he opposed the late hostilities with Japan. The government of the latter during the progress of the war obtained possession of and published certain memorials to the throne, dated in 1882, and forwarded by the viceroy, which looked to the ultimate invasion of Japan; but at best it was merely an inchoate scheme, and probably encouraged by the viceroy to aid his projects for the defense of the approaches to Peking. He had a better knowledge of the military strength of Japan and of the weakness of China than any other of the Emperor's advisers, and he feared the consequences to his country of a conflict. In the verbal negotiations for peace the following colloquy occurred:

Marquis Ito: "War is an evil, though sometimes unavoidable."

Viceroy Li: Far better avoided. When General Grant, ex-President of the United States, visited Tientsin, and we became friends, he said to me: 'The loss of life in the rebellion in my country was so terrible that after I became President I was always anxious to avert war, and have ever since advised others to do so. Your Excellency won favor in suppressing the Taiping rebellion, yet I urge you to beware of entrance to a quarrel which might lead to war.' I have always tried to follow this excellent advice. Your Excellency well knows that I was opposed to this war."

Marquis Ito: "War is a cruel and bloody

business; yet there are times and conditions in the intercourse of states when there is no help for it."

Viceroy Li: "It is barbarous, and the perfection of modern weapons adds to the slaughter. Your Excellency is in the prime of life, and feels the impulse of martial ardor."

Marquis Ito: "How easily peace might have been made at the beginning!"

Viceroy Li: "I was for peace then, but the opposition was too much for me, and the opportunity was lost."

It will be of interest, in this connection, to note that the friendship between the viceroy and General Grant above referred to was sincere and reciprocal, and the general regarded the former as one of the three great men of the world of his day. As a token of the viceroy's respect, by his direction the Chinese minister in Washington makes a visit to Riverside on the anniversary of the general's death, and lays upon his tomb a wreath of flowers.

It is claimed that, notwithstanding Li Hung Chang has shown some liberality of views toward modern improvements and education, he is at heart a hater of foreigners, and has an abiding faith in Chinese institutions and methods of government. He is, it is true, a great admirer of the Confucian philosophy, and, remembering the enduring history of his people, we can hardly wonder at his devotion to the institutions which have made that history possible. When we call to mind the experience China has had with certain Western nations, it might not be considered strange if his attachment to foreigners was not very ardent; but in all his public life his conduct shows that he feels the need of foreign aid, and is disposed to give it proper welcome, and of all Chinese statesmen he is the most liberal-minded and free from prejudice. He is far from claiming that the present system of government is perfect. He has, in fact, urged upon the authorities at Peking two important changes which look to a reform of most serious defects in the system; to wit, the withdrawal from the viceroys of provinces of powers which should be exercised only by the imperial government, and such a change in the method of admission to the public service as will liberalize the examinations, and make fitness rather than scholarship the test. There are other changes which he would gladly bring about if he had the power; but, as he confessed to Marquis Ito, "China is hampered by antiquated customs which prevent desirable reforms."

The religious views of the viceroy are of interest at this time. It has been charged that he partakes fully of the superstition which is a marked characteristic of his people, and memorials to the throne are cited in which he recognizes the interposition of the river-gods in the form of a snake during the devastating floods, and other marvelous occurrences. How far his conduct in this regard may be considered a mere concession to the prevailing beliefs of the people, it is difficult to say, but he probably participates in the views of his great teacher Confucius, who was an avowed agnostic. He has to the Emperor denounced both Buddhism and Taoism as unorthodox sects. An incident of his peace mission shows that he is at least respectful toward Christianity, and recognizes the existence of an overruling providence. When the attack was made upon his life, the Christians of Nagoya, both Japanese and foreigners, sent a message of sympathy, with a statement that they were praying for his recovery. His son replied on his behalf as follows:

My father has directed me to write the following, dictated from his bed, in reply to your Address. He is deeply moved by the sentiments of kindly solicitude for his welfare expressed in your Address, and feels that the prayers you have offered for his recovery cannot have been unheeded by the Power who controls human destinies. He feels that his escape from death was little short of miraculous.

He believes that his life has been spared to him for some wise purpose beyond the capacity of man to fathom; but he will venture to interpret his good fortune as an indication that his life-work is not yet complete; that he may yet do some good in the world, and perhaps render service to his country by endeavoring to restore peace and good will where strife now prevails. . . .

Since the restoration of peace and his return to Peking, in an interview reported with a Methodist bishop, he said:

"Say to the American people for me to send over more missionaries for the schools and hospitals, and I hope to be in a position both to aid them and protect them." As confirmatory of these sentiments, it is announced that since the war terminated all restrictions upon the propagation of the Christian religion have been expunged from the Chinese code. On the other hand, the war seems to have had the contrary effect on the Japanese, as we find the imperial diet engaged in decreeing the erection of Shinto temples in Formosa, in order that the spirit of a celebrated prince, and those of others who fell in the service, may be worshiped as gods; and the captured cannon are being molded into an immense Buddha to adorn the capital.

No living public man of Asia has been so much the subject of discussion and criticism as Li Hung Chang. Much of the criticism has been unfavorable, and his critics are often unfair. It is hardly just to him to estimate his character and attainments according to the standard of Western nations. His education is exclusively Oriental, and his entire life has been spent in China. His knowledge of our civilization is such as could be acquired in the motley society of a treaty-port. As a statesman he has had to deal with a very conservative and bigoted constituency, and with associates prejudiced against and ignorant of foreign nations. Judged in the light of his education, his experience, and his surroundings, he must be regarded as the first of living statesmen of Asia, and one of the most distinguished of the public men of the world.

John W. Foster.

NAY, ASK NO VOW!

NAY, ask no vow, dear heart! Too lightly slips
The word "forever" from our careless lips.
We pledge eternity—who in one day,
Forgotten, silenced, mingle clay with clay!
How do you know your eyes will always shine
With that glad welcome when they meet with mine?
How dare I say this heart for aye will swell
To answer yours—knowing its frailty well?
To-day sees plighted troth and clasping hands;
To-morrow, shattered faith and broken bands.
Oh, pitiful for mortal lips to swear!
More fitting this: unceasing, fervent prayer
That our love's flower, escaping frost and blight,
May bloom immortal, as we hope to-night!

Catharine Young Glen.

THE ROMANCE OF A BROWN-PAPER PARCEL.



"AK' you' spik-pole an' stan' in stern," said Jean Baptiste, imperatively, as I was stepping for the first time into the bow of our bateau, made fast beside a rock just above the rapids of the Mattawamkeag, better known as the east branch of the Penobscot. "Boat he row!" continued the wiry little Canadian. "Birch he paddle! Bateau he spik-pole! What you get in bow for? Bow my place. Ah was born in bow of bateau. Ah unverstan' bateau before you born!"

A bateau is, as Thoreau once defined it, a cross between a boat and a birch canoe. It is perhaps twenty-four feet long and four feet wide, flat-bottomed, lightly but strongly built, with a flare upward for seven or eight feet at each end, reducing its area of greatest draft to a minimum, so that it floats among the clustered rocks like a drifting apple, touching, but not easily grounding. The place of honor is the bow, not the stern. Baptiste thrust in my hand a light spruce pole, twelve feet long and shod with iron, showing me how to hold it, and how to stand with feet apart for firmer balance. Meanwhile he never ceased his French-Canadian chatter, which had already made itself at home in that State, once so homogeneous in population, which its natives call, with monosyllabic tenderness, "the State o' Maine."

It was the last day of our week's camping out on the noble and lonely mountain Ktaadn or Katahdin, and we had struck before noon, on our return journey, the landing where our party was to divide. Baptiste and I—particularly Baptiste—were to take the bateau down through the rapids. It was already laden with the packs, now half empty, of eight people, with whatever was left of our trout and partridge, and with all the gentians and buck-bean and asters and osmunda ferns that three enterprising young women could accumulate, aided by three masculine comrades and their two guides. Baptiste took his place at the bow, and pushed off. For a moment the bateau hesitated before taking the sweep of the current, and we could glance at our comrades on the shore. Already in single file, Bert Somers at the head as lead-

ing guide, Martha in her now wanted place next him, Mrs. Willis and Sarah next, and the young men bringing up the rear, they paused to see us off. We were to meet down the river by nightfall. Martha looked round once, the sunlight glancing on her curly head and blue woodland dress; she waved her hand, but checked her greeting when Bert pointed out to her an owl on an upper bough. The owl suddenly became extremely interesting to her. I thought how different it had been a week before, when we had left our last farmhouse (Henderson's) and struck into the woods for the twenty-five miles of exploring. Martha had then loitered gaily at the rear end of the procession, chatting with old Baptiste, and scarcely glancing at Bert from beneath her long lashes, while he seemed hardly to have discovered her existence, and answered all the rest in monosyllables. We had all been rather silent, I remember, that first day, with the new weight of the packs on our shoulders, laden with ship-bread and with such an unreasonable supply of pork that Theo had suggested that we might have brought a pig and let him carry it up in person.

As Bert strode silently before us through the woods, in his red shirt and torn hat, ax on shoulder, or looked round with placid face and steady blue eyes as he cleared away an oak bough or pointed the way to a crossing, he seemed as fine a product of the forest as any moose or caribou. We had borrowed him from his sister in a capacious log-house in Number Six,—for we were already beyond townships that had been christened,—and she had dismissed him with a pat upon the shoulder. The house itself had looked neat even to refinement, and we found afterward that the family was classed as aristocratic in that region, which meant that Bert did not like to have his sister go to lumbermen's balls, though he was a lumberman himself. He had, in fact, the highest local dignity—that of being "head of a drive" in spring ("Get his six dollars a day jes as easy as rollin' off a log," it was explained to me), and he had that natural propriety and self-restraint which one sometimes finds among hunters and fishermen in New England. He neither drank, smoked, nor swore; he revered women, and was shy

with them. He had a fine voice, and knew his «No. 2» (Moody and Sankey) from end to end. His features were regular, his teeth fine, his complexion was tanned even to the neck, like that of a soldier, and his hair tawny. Altogether he gave the impression of being a man who would «do to tie to,» as they say in the woods.

He had walked in front of us the first day, generally silent, moderating his stride with some effort, threading his way through the forest, following no path, but only a «spotted trail,» which he himself had formerly helped to spot. With rapid strokes he had cleared away a fallen tree or laid a sudden scaffolding of logs over a wet place. Carrying twice the load of any one else, he had left the ladies without apology to bear their own light burdens, and the men to toil under their unaccustomed packs. Questions he answered briefly; but he volunteered no remarks, and, while virtually taking our measure, gave no signs of it. Mrs. Willis, always frank and cordial, followed him up closely, questioned him about birds and beaver-dams, suggested new short-cuts, and was lighter footed and quicker witted than any of the party. Then followed the others, and last of all our pretty Martha, with her fair face looking childlike under a white Scotch cap that retained its immaculate whiteness in a way that seemed unaccountable. She had already grown intimate with Baptiste, our second guide, her Parisian French matching oddly with his dialect of Stratford-atte-Quebec, while his equally bewildering English formed an endless stream of narrative and of brag.

«Ah go in rear,» he explained, «because Bert he like better ze front. Rear he danger, *vraiment*.»

«Danger of what, Baptiste?» asked Martha, anxiously.

«Mooch danger—lynk, moose, wolf (br-r-r!), Indian dev' he wuss as all.»

«Indians?»

«No, no; he wild-cat, Indian dev'; he in trees, spring like so much cat. Once near Quebec, ten, fifteen miles, prob'ly, my fader saw one spring forty feet from tree to groun'.»

Even before striking into the woods we had once heard, or fancied that we heard, the howling of wolves at night; and we had heard also from lumbermen their traditions of the Indian devil, but we had been guaranteed against real danger. However, Baptiste's large stories had still the zest of novelty.

«An' when I was ver' little boy my fader saw—»

But here the exigencies of wood-chopping

interfered, and the wiry little blue-shirted Canadian was then at his best; namely, silent.

«Where is your family, Baptiste?» asked Martha, when the walk was resumed.

«He at Quebec, mees.»

«Have you a large family of children?»

«No, no; no more as twelve, prob'ly thirteen. Ah a'n't been got home these four months; don't know ex-act. My sister—she widow, four, five children—she in house, too, till she goin' get married. I know a man in Quebec he twenty-seven child of twenty-seven child. Large family pretty well, a'n't it?»

«Yes,» said Martha, with an American shudder.

Meanwhile at the forward end of the line Bert kept his route and his silence, answering Mrs. Willis's liveliest sallies with «Yes, 'm» and «No, 'm.» When we stopped for an occasional rest Martha still listened to Baptiste, but I saw her covertly sketching Bert Somers.

What a delight it had been, after that first laborious day, to come down into the valley where Bert had already, during our previous halt, got a great fire burning noisily! What a delight it was to assist in pitching the tents, open on one side to the flame; to learn how to make a luxurious couch of hemlock boughs; to take our first meal of pork and hard bread with trout caught near by (Bert again); then to sleep with our feet to the fire; drowsily to look upward as the fire waned, when we could see the keen stars looking down on us; and then, as Bert or Baptiste rolled great tree-trunks on the fire, to see the illumination fill all the air and the stars vanish! In the Adirondacks, where you sleep in closed tents,—or did in those days,—there is no such delight as this; but in the boundless woods of Maine the tent is uniformly open on one side, and there is on earth no more luxurious slumber. The forest is so damp, moreover, that there is no fear of the fire's spreading, and the guides do not feel obliged, except in the very driest seasons, to put it out when they move on.

In the morning, as the mists cleared, the mountain we were nearing would sometimes come out as distinct as Vesuvius, and would look like that, volcanic in form. It stood magnificent and lonely in a sea of woods; it was square and jagged at the top, while a projecting shoulder on one side gave us a glimpse of its terrible basin or crater, the bare cliffs of which, one thousand feet high, we could see without a glass. The white slides were barer and nearer, and at the foot of one of them Bert pointed out the next night's camp-

ing-ground. After all we had heard of the perpetual clouds and storms which were said to veil this mystic mountain home of the Indian Pomola, it seemed strange to see it so clear and unforbidding now. Moreover, which was for the moment more important, we had caught more than a hundred trout and other fish the night before for supper, and still had a supply to take with us. Also, we had camped in a moose path, and had heard the steady tread of a moose as it came down to drink from the lake. Life seemed that morning to be very full.

After a day or two Bert had quietly formed his opinion of the company, and had relaxed a little. All the ladies visibly took to him, except, perhaps, Martha, who rather laughed at him, as, indeed, she did at everybody, especially at the rather awkward woodland feats of her less experienced comrades. Of Baptiste and his legends she never tired, but sometimes attempted the art of suppression, which was, in truth, often needed. In general his squirrel chatter went on undisturbed.

"Prob'ly, Mees Mart," he would say, "you never saw more ol' man as my fader, prob'ly fifty, sixty. He ver' strong, almost strong as me. One time in Quebec, in freshet, when everybody was 'fraid but my fader and me—"

"Is that a rabbit under that log?" Martha would ask serenely, and avert the flood. But on the occasions, now growing more frequent, when Bert Somers would be tempted into story-telling, she would draw near, look upward with her clear blue eyes, and hint to the intrepid Mrs. Willis to ask for another. Nevertheless it was rather a surprise when, one evening, after the ladies' tent was pitched and the hemlock bedding spread, an incomprehensible little block of neatly carved wood was carefully laid on it, marked in pencil "Marthy's pillow." Then it was remembered that the young lady had expressed, in Somers's hearing the day before, a devout wish for some such Japanese contrivance.

"I wish," she had said sleepily, "that when they 'put me in my little bed' they would provide something for me to rest my head upon besides shawls that slip away and pine-needles that get into my hair."

It was remembered that the other ladies had expressed similar longings, but only "Marthy" got the wooden pillow.

Moreover, in the evening glees it was Martha's sweet soprano that Bert accompanied; and it gradually became the habit, when an extra rest was desired, or a partridge by way of dinner, to hint to Martha to suggest it to him. They seemed to talk a good deal

also, and he told her much about his sister; Martha was a sympathetic and domestic girl.

So it had come to pass, in going down the mountain, the order of march was changed; and Baptiste was sent to the head, perhaps lest his favorite wolves and lynxes should cut off our retreat, while Somers brought up the rear, and sometimes lagged a little—at least when Martha became footsore after the long tramp, as, indeed, it was not strange that she did. Accordingly, on the last day, when they were to return through easy paths in the forest, it was not surprising if the whole party straggled, and if my last glimpse was of Martha with Bert at her side, he carrying frequent wreaths of fragrant *Linnæa* which he had gathered at her asking.

The sight recalled to me a remark which Mrs. Willis had one day made. It was drizzly weather, and she had still over her shoulders my great waterproof, which drooped about her slim figure.

"A misfit," I said idly.

"Yes," she said, "and not the only one in this forest." And she glanced demurely forward, where Martha had perched herself upon the low crotch of a tree, and Bert leaned upon his ax looking up at her.

"These young hearts—" I began.

"Nonsense!" she said; "You know better. Mere propinquity—the accident of a day—the misery of a lifetime."

"But surely," I said, "in this republican country—"

"I have been through it before," she interrupted. "Did not my nephew Arthur, at Isle au Haut, fall in love with his skipper's daughter?"

"Was she pretty?"

"That was the theory. As she would have said, 'I presume likely.'"

"What happened?"

"They have lived," she continued, "on a clearing near Puget Sound. He had been the first marshal of his class at Harvard."

"Are they happy?"

"I presume likely."

"Ah, well," I said, "it is only a matter of a few days, and at any rate nothing can be done about it."

"Ah?" she said, and we moved on again.

She said it with an air of placid impertinence that was, on the whole, rather becoming to her, but was apt to mean something like defiance. At any rate, I found myself, after a little meditation, inclined to recur to the subject.

"It never seems to be quite settled," I remarked, "whether you or I ought to be at the head of this little picnic of ours."

"Is n't it?" she said. "I thought it was." And on reflection I thought so too.

It is worth mentioning that, as Bert and Martha paired off together, Mrs. Willis addicted herself more and more to Jean Baptiste. She was fond of French dialects, soon picked up his patois, and encouraged him to go on more and more with his interminable yarns. She delighted by skilful flattery to build up from day to day the number of branches in a deer's horns or the weight of a salmon, in his tales, as a fancier educates certain attributes in a breed of dogs or pigeons. He, on his part, did so many good turns for her that I saw her, just before we parted that last day, give him some money. "This," I said, "is contrary to our agreement; I was to be sole treasurer."

"*La femme le veut*," she cried, and went off down the path with the others, waving a great sheaf of goldenrod over her head.

Thus it came about, to return to the beginning of my story, that Baptiste and I pushed off by ourselves that day. We struck the rapids almost at once, and my garrulous little comrade, in his faded blue shirt, was transformed instantly to a hero in that bow of a boat where he claimed, with bold emphasis, to have been born. The water, hitherto brown with the mellow tint of ages of submerged foliage, took on a wine-black and a glittering white as it swirled round dark rocks. Again and again the bateau was flung against those rocks with force that seemed resistless, when Baptiste sprang with his spiked pole and shoved it off, the peculiar structure of the boat helping him, since it drew no depth of water save at one narrow point amidships. I, meanwhile, in the stern, had only to guard the recoil of the bateau and keep it from the rocks as the bow moved. Sometimes I was almost jerked out of it, but gained more and more confidence as we went on. It was like standing on the back of a spirited horse. At other times we floated peacefully along through miles of smooth water, the shallows sometimes spreading into vast aquatic gardens of buck-bean in full blossom.

We stopped only once that day, for lunch, at a cold spring near the brook; and while I gladly took a delicious nap on pine-needles, Baptiste went a mile inland to Somers's house, coming back with a watermelon and a rather clumsy brown-paper parcel, which he tucked away among the packs in the bateau, offering no explanation, and so full of his chatter that he put all questions out of my head. When we reached the landing

he gathered up a pile of our belongings, including the unexplained parcel (we had eaten the watermelon), and made his way up to Henderson's, which was perhaps half a mile off. I remained with the rest of the luggage, rather impatiently, for it seemed as exciting to get back to civilization as to leave it, and when he came we both proceeded to load ourselves with what was left. Making several pauses by the way, as the packs showed a great propensity to fall apart, we reached Henderson's door at last. Entering, we found a merry party gathered in the great, dimly lighted kitchen, and hardly recognized our rather dilapidated crew in the novel freshness of collar and cuffs. "Come in," said Mrs. Willis, cheerily; "why did it take you so long? Let me introduce you to two additions to our party—Mr. Lucas and Mr. Somers."

George Lucas was an old acquaintance from Salem, Massachusetts; a quiet, steady fellow, a second cousin of Martha's, and reported to be an admirer, he had come all this distance to meet her and escort her home. He was modest and unobtrusive, with no very salient traits; what one would dismiss as "gentlemanly" in appearance; scrupulously well dressed, but not too well; essentially manly, yet not original or imaginative. But who was this exceedingly raw recruit whom he had brought with him? "Mr. Somers"? What Somers? We saw before us what seemed an overgrown, awkward youth in a suit of black broadcloth, wrinkled across the shoulders, hanging lankly at the sides, bulging at the knees, too short at elbows and ankles. He was burned to a brick color; his ears and hands seemed unnecessarily large. He rose from his chair, overturning it as he rose, and smiled. Suddenly it flashed upon me, in utter desolation, that this luckless wight was Bert.

The figure that had looked so manly in the forest was cramped and impoverished in this disguise; the fine bearing was gone; even the freedom, and almost the self-respect. Delilah had bound Samson (and this time unconsciously) in the green withes of "store clothes." Never again would Martha see the picturesque woodman who had charmed her fancy—if charmed indeed it was—in his red shirt, with ax on shoulder. If Bert's most malicious enemy had conceived a project for Martha's disenchantment, surely it could have been no better done. Red-shirted he was a hero; well dressed, as he fondly deemed, he was so ill dressed that his case became absolutely hopeless. What could have put it into his head? Where did he get his clothes?

Surely he did not keep a suit of genteel disguise in every farm-house in Penobscot county; certainly they were not in his pack; besides, his pack was on my back just the moment before.

It seemed absolutely wicked, it seemed a satire upon humanity, that all the qualities of essential manhood should be merged for a moment in the miserable standard of presentable or unrepresentable. And there was Martha listening, all cousinly smiles, to George Lucas, and hearing his store of gossip about Aunt Henrietta and Cousin Charlotte, and reading home letters with happy face—as remote from the free girl who had tramped through the forest as were our partridges and trout in the barn from the happy living creatures they had once been. As Lucas and I went out to the barn after tea to see our small spoils in the way of game (how good that first in-door meal had been, to be sure, and how delicious to come back to potatoes and «riz bread»!) I was struck with the cruel advantage that the cultivated man has, after all, in the way of adaptation. Lucas was not out of place among the hunters and the guides; he proved, when tested, to be a better shot than any of them, and when bantered on his smaller size showed them one or two gymnasium feats in the way of raising himself by one bent arm to a pole, or hanging from it by the back of his head, things which none of them could accomplish. Bert Somers, meanwhile, though too manly to be sulky, was too human to be altogether happy. We had a gay evening, as people always do on arrival from a woodland tramp, and danced Virginia reels to the music made by the man of all

work at Henderson's, who sang, «The Girl I left behind Me,» and drummed an accompaniment on a tin dust-pan. But I could never once lay aside the sad impression made by Bert's fatal miscalculation. I was, like all truly sympathetic souls, a match-maker by nature; and yet I had not raised a finger to promote his little romance, if romance it was. Perhaps I should not have dared any such interference; but now that it had perished, and by means so simple, I was almost ready to mourn over the outcome.

Next morning as we drove away amid general cheers, Martha and the rest waving back their handkerchiefs, I saw Bert turn wearily to do up with sorrowful fingers a brown-paper parcel.

Suddenly the whole thing flashed upon me. The whole plot, if plot it was, had been skillfully concocted by a too remorseless chaperon, appealing to the honest ambition of an inexperienced youth, who would fain show himself for once at least in social splendor to the object of his dreams. What an outrage and what success! That infamous brown-paper parcel! Could I have known what was in it, I would have thrown it into the stream, even if the fatal garments it contained had poisoned every fish in the Mattawamkeag.

Years have passed since then. By a curious coincidence, Bert Somers and George Lucas both fell at Gettysburg, the one as major of a Maine regiment, the other as aide-de-camp to a general. Mrs. Lucas still wore her widow's weeds when I saw her last. And when I once ventured to tax Mrs. Willis as having planned with deliberate intent the ruin of the little woodland idyl, she only answered, «I presume likely.»

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BEAUTEOUS BODY DEAD.

THE face a flower, the golden head
Unspotted as a star,
Upon this beauteous body dead
There is nor stain nor scar.

Though none may find it, 't was a wound—
That death the soldier dies;
The bravest on love's battle-ground,
She fairest on it lies.

John Vance Cheney.

THE VATICAN.¹

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



HE Mons Vaticanus is sometimes said to have received its name from Vaticanum, an oracle or prophecy; for tradition says that Numa chose the Vatican hill as a sacred place from which to

declare to the people the messages he received from the gods. It is not, however, one of the seven hills on which ancient Rome was built, but forms a part of the ridge beginning with the Janiculus and ending with Monte Mario, all of which was outside the ancient limits of the city. In our day the name is applied only to the immense pontifical palace adjacent to, and connected with, the basilica of St. Peter's.

The present existence of this palace is principally due to Nicholas V, the builder pope, whose gigantic scheme would startle a modern architect. His plan was to build the church of St. Peter's as a starting-point, and then to construct one vast central «habitat» for the papal administration, covering the whole of what is called the Borgo, from the castle of Sant' Angelo to the cathedral. In ancient times a portico, or covered way supported on columns, led from the bridge to the church, and it was probably from this real structure that Nicholas began his imaginary one, only a small part of which was ever completed. That small portion alone comprises the basilica and the Vatican Palace, which together form by far the greatest continuous mass of buildings in the world. The Colosseum is 195 yards long by 156 broad, including the thickness of the walls. St. Peter's Church alone is 205 yards long and 156 broad, so that the whole Colosseum would easily stand upon the ground-plan of the church, while the Vatican Palace is more than half as large again.

Nicholas V died in 1455, and the oldest parts of the present Vatican Palace are not

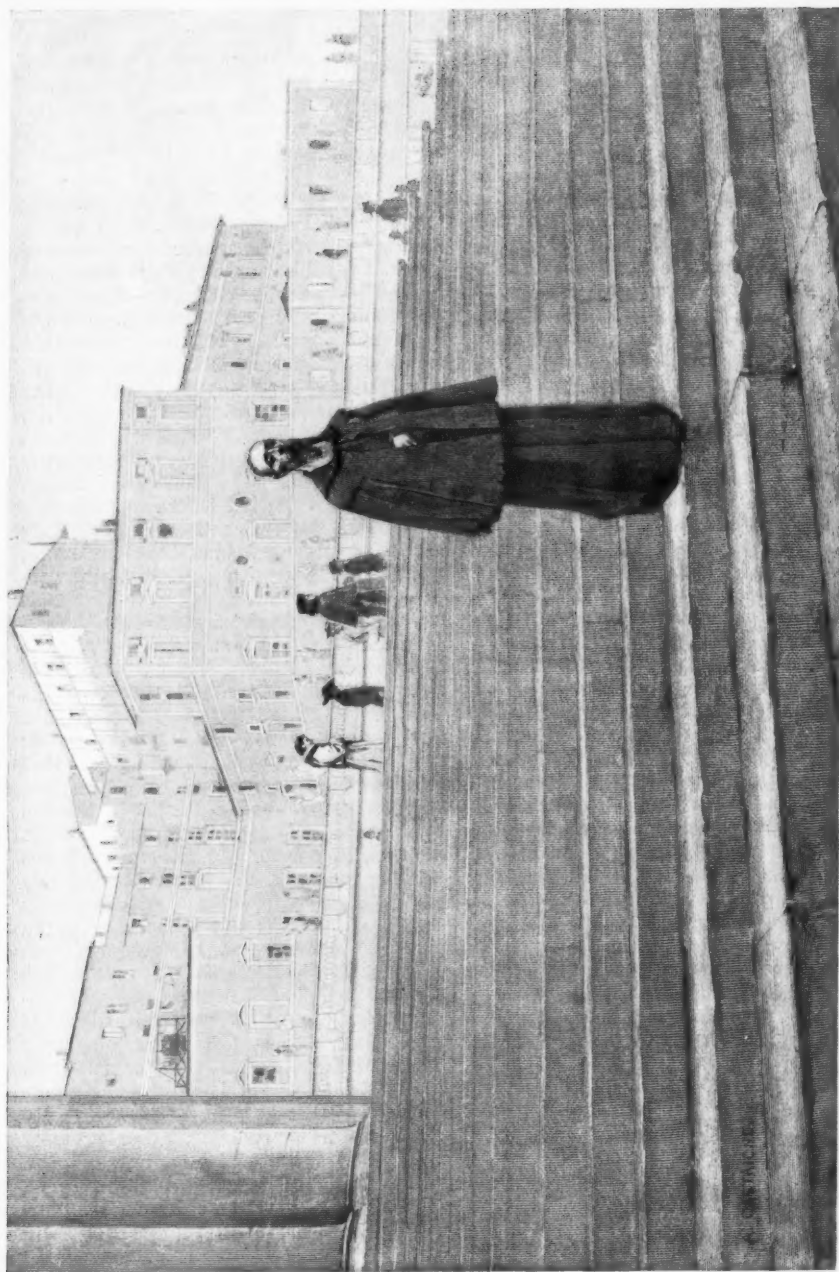
older than his reign. They are generally known as the Torre Borgia, from having been inhabited by Alexander VI, who died of poison in the third of the rooms now occupied by the library, counting from the library side. The windows of these rooms look upon the large square court of the Belvedere, and that part of the palace is not visible from without.

Portions of the substructure of the earlier building were no doubt utilized by Nicholas, and the secret gallery which connects the Vatican with the mausoleum of Hadrian is generally attributed to Pope John XXIII, who died in 1417; but on the whole it may be said that the Vatican Palace is originally a building of the period of the Renaissance, to which all successive popes have made additions.

The ordinary tourist first sees the Vatican from the square as he approaches from the bridge of Sant' Angelo. But his attention is from the first drawn to the front of the church, and he but vaguely realizes that a lofty, unsymmetrical building rises on his right. He pauses, perhaps, and looks in that direction as he ascends the long, low steps of the basilica, and wonders in what part of the palace the Pope's apartments may be, while the itinerant vender of photographs shakes yards of poor little views out of their gaudy red bindings, very much as *Leporello* unrolls the list of *Don Giovanni's* conquests. If the picture peddler sees that the stranger glances up at the Vatican, he forthwith points out the corner windows of the second story, and informs his victim that «Sua Santità» inhabits those rooms, and promptly offers photographs of any other part of the Vatican but that. The tourist looks up curiously, and finally gets rid of the vender by buying what he does not want, with the charitable intention of giving it to some dear, but tiresome, relative at home. And ever afterward, perhaps, he associates with his first impression of the Vatican the eager, cunning, scapgrace features of the man who sold him the photographs.

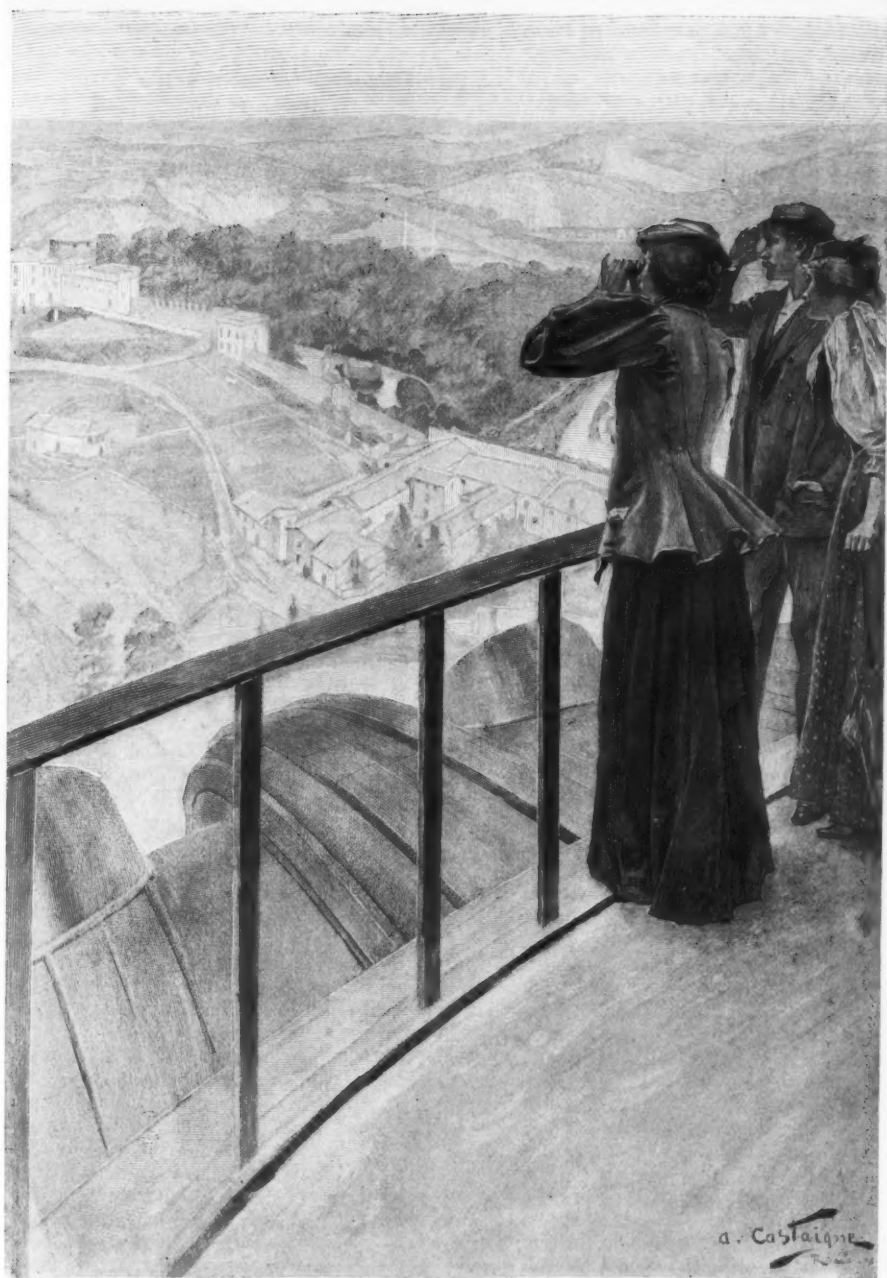
To fix a general scheme of the buildings in the mind, one must climb to the top of the dome of the church, and look down from

¹ See recent articles in *THE CENTURY* by the same writer: «A Kaleidoscope of Rome,» in the January number; «Pope Leo XIII and his Household,» in February; «St. Peter's,» in July; also in May, «The Election of a Pope,» by W. R. Thayer.



DRAWN BY A. CANTAGNEL.

THE VATICAN AS SEEN FROM THE STEPS OF ST. PETERS.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE GARDEN OF THE POPE FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

the balcony which surrounds the lantern. The height is so great that even the great dimensions of the biggest palace in the world are dwarfed in the deep perspective, and the wide gardens look small and almost insignificant. But the relative proportions of the buildings and grounds appear correctly, and measure each other, as it were. Moreover, it is now so hard to obtain access to the gardens at all that the usual way of seeing them is from the top of St. Peter's, from an elevation of four hundred feet.

To the average stranger "the Vatican" suggests only the museum of sculpture, the picture-galleries, and the Loggie. He remembers, besides the objects of art which he has seen, the fact of having walked a great distance through straight corridors, up and down short flights of marble steps, and through irregularly shaped and unsymmetrically disposed halls. If he had any idea of the points of the compass when he entered, he is completely confused in five minutes, and comes out at last with the sensation of having been walking in a labyrinth. He will find it hard to give any one an impression of the sort of building in which he has been, and certainly he can not have any knowledge of the topographical relations of its parts. Yet in his passage through the museums and galleries he has seen but a very small part of the whole, and, excepting when in the Loggie, he probably could not once have stood still and pointed in the direction of the main part of the palace.

In order to speak even superficially of it all, it is indispensable to classify its parts in some way. Vast and irregular it is at its two ends, toward the colonnade and toward the bastions of the city, but the intervening stretch consists of two perfectly parallel buildings, each over 350 yards long, about 80 yards apart, and yoked in the middle by the Braccio Nuovo of the museum and a part of the library, so as to inclose two vast courts, the one known as the Belvedere,—not to be confused with the Belvedere in the museum,—and the other called the Garden of the Pigna, from the bronze pine-cone which stands at one end of it.

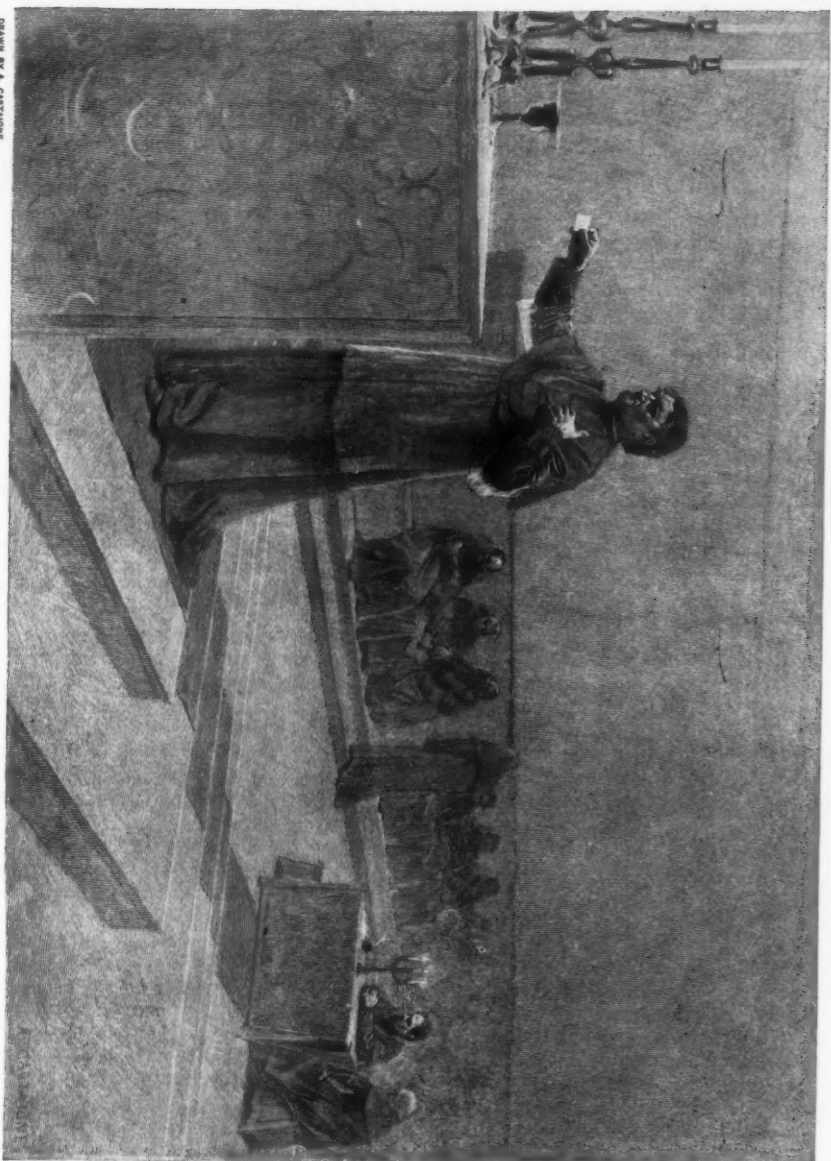
Across these parallel buildings, and toward the city, a huge pile is erected, about two hundred yards long, very irregular, and containing the papal residence and the apartments of several cardinals, the Sistine Chapel, the Pauline Chapel, the Borgia Tower, the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, and the court of St. Damasus. At the other end of the parallelogram are grouped the equally irregular but

more beautiful buildings of the old museum, of which the windows look out over the walls of the city, and which originally received the name of Belvedere on account of the lovely view. This is said to have been a sort of summer-house of the Borgia, not then connected with the palace by the long galleries.

It would be a hopeless and a weary task to attempt to trace the history of the buildings. Some account of the Pope's private apartments has already been given in these pages.¹ They occupy the eastern wing of the part built round the court of St. Damasus; that is to say, they are at the extreme end of the Vatican, nearest the city, and over the colonnade, and the windows of the Pope's rooms are visible from the square. The vast mass which rises above the columns to the right of St. Peter's is only a small part of the whole palace, but is not the most modern by any means. It contains, for instance, the Sistine Chapel, which is considerably older than the present church, having been built by Sixtus IV, whose beautiful bronze monument is in the Chapel of the Sacrament. It contains, too, Raphael's Stanze, or halls, and Bramante's famous Loggie, the beautiful architecture of which is a frame for some of Raphael's best work.

But any good guide-book will furnish all such information, which it would be fruitless to give in such a paper as this. In the pages of Murray the traveler will find, set down in order and accurately, the ages, the dimensions, and the exact positions of all the parts of the building, with the names of the famous artists who decorated each. He will not find set down there, however, what one may call the atmosphere of the place, which is something as peculiar and unforgettable, though in a different way, as that of St. Peter's. It is quite unlike anything else, for it is part of the development of churchmen's administration to an ultimate limit in the high center of churchmanism. No doubt there was much of that sort of thing in various parts of Europe long ago, and in England before Henry VIII, and it is to be found in a small degree in Vienna to this day, where the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire are not quite dead. It is hard to define it, but it is in everything: in the uniforms of the attendants, in their old-fashioned faces, in the spotless cleanliness of all the Vatican,—though no one is ever to be seen handling a broom,—in the noiselessly methodical manner of doing everything that is to be done, in the scholarly rather than scientific arrangement of the objects in the museum and galleries—above all,

¹ See THE CENTURY for February, 1896.



DRAWN BY A. CARRIAGE.

A CARDINAL VOTING AT THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

in the visitor's own sensations. No one talks loudly among the statues of the Vatican, and there is a feeling of being in church, so that one is disagreeably shocked when a guide, conducting a party of tourists, occasionally raises his voice in order to be heard. It is all very hard to define, while it is quite impossible to escape feeling it, and it must ultimately be due to the dominating influence of the churchmen, who arrange the whole place as though it were a church. An American lady, on hearing that the Vatican contains eleven thousand rooms, threw up her hands and laughingly exclaimed, "Think of the housemaids!" But there are no housemaids in the Vatican, and perhaps the total absence of even the humblest feminine influence has something to do with the austere impression which everything produces.

On the whole, the Vatican may be divided into seven portions. These are the pontifical residence, the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the picture-galleries, the library, the museums of sculpture and archaeology, the outbuildings, including the barracks of the Swiss Guards, and, lastly, the gardens with the Pope's Casino. Of these the Sistine Chapel, the galleries and museums, and the library are incomparably the most important.

The name "Sistine" is derived from Sixtus IV, as has been said. The library was founded by Nicholas V, whose love of books was almost equal to his passion for building. The galleries are representative of Raphael's work, which predominates to such an extent that the paintings of almost all other artists are of secondary importance, precisely as Michelangelo filled the Sistine Chapel with himself. As for the museums, the objects they contain have been accumulated by many popes, but their existence ought, perhaps, to be chiefly attributed to Julius II and Leo X, the principal representatives of the Rovere and Medici families.

On the walls of the Sistine Chapel there are paintings by such men as Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Botticelli, and Ghirlandajo, as well as by a number of others; but Michelangelo overshadows them all with his ceiling and his "Last Judgment." There is something overpowering about him, and there is no escaping from his influence. He not only covers great spaces with his brush, but he fills them with his masterful drawing, and makes them alive with a life at once profound and restless. One does not feel, as with other painters, that a vision has been projected upon a flat surface, but rather has the impression that a mysterious reality of life has been called up

out of senseless material. What we see is not imaginary motion represented, but real motion arrested, as it were, in its very act, and ready to move again. Many have said that the man's work was monstrous. It was monstrously alive, monstrously vigorous at times, over-strong and over-vital, exaggerative of nature, but never really unnatural, and he never once overreached himself in an effort. No matter how enormous the conception might be, he never lacked the means of carrying it to the concrete. No giantism of limb and feature was beyond the ability of his brush; no astounding foreshortening was too much for his unerring point; no vast perspective was too deep for his knowledge and strength. His production was limited only by the length of his life. Great genius means great and constant creative power before all things; it means wealth of resource and invention; it means quantity as well as quality. No truly great genius, unless cut short by early death, has left little of itself. Besides man's one great masterpiece, there are always a hundred works of the same hand, far beyond the powers of ordinary men; and the men of Michelangelo's day worked harder than we work. Perhaps they thought harder, too, being more occupied with creation, at a time when there was little, than we are with the difficult task of avoiding the unintentional reinvention of things already invented, now that there is much. The latter is a real difficulty in our century, when almost every mine of thought has been worked to a normal depth by minds of normal power, and it needs all the ruthless strength of original genius to go deeper, and hew and blast away through the bed-rock of men's limitations to new veins of treasure below.

It has been said of Titian by a great French critic that "he absorbed his predecessors and ruined his successors." Michelangelo absorbed no one and ruined no one; for no painter, sculptor, or architect ever attempted what he accomplished, either before him or after him. No sane person ever tried to produce anything like the "Last Judgment," the marble "Moses," or the dome of St. Peter's. Michelangelo stood alone as a creator, as he lived a lonely man throughout the ninety years of his life. He had envy, but not competition, to deal with. There is no rivalry between his paintings in the Sistine Chapel and those of the many great artists who have left their work beside his on the same walls.

The chapel is a beautiful place in itself, by its simple and noble proportions, as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

LEO XIII. SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

of the ceiling, conceived by Michelangelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it; it was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them, with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination, in a dreamy way, far more than the gilded oak-tree in the arms of Sixtus IV, by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?

It is often dark in the Sistine Chapel. The tourist can rarely choose his day, and not often his hour, and, in his hard-driven appreciation, Michelangelo may lose his effect by the accident of a thunder-shower. Yet, of all sights in Rome, the Sistine Chapel most needs sunshine. If in any way possible, go there at noon on a bright winter's day, when the sun is streaming in through the high windows at the left of the «Last Judgment.» Every one has heard of the picture before seeing it, and almost every one has formed a picture of the picture in imagination. Consequently almost everybody is surprised or disappointed on seeing it for the first time. Then, too, the world's ideas about the terrific subject of the painting have changed since Michelangelo's day. Religious belief can no more be judged by his work than his work should be judged by the standard of religion. It is wiser to look at it as a work of art alone, as the most surprising masterpiece of a master draftsman, and as a marvelous piece of composition.

In the lower part of the picture, there is a woman rising from her grave in a shroud. It has been suggested that Michelangelo meant to represent by this figure the Renaissance in Italy, still struggling with darkness. The whole picture brings the times before us. There is the Christian heaven above, and the heathen Styx below. Charon ferries the souls across the dark stream; they are first judged by Minos, and Minos is a portrait of a cardinal who had ventured to criticize the rest of the picture before it was finished. There is in it all the whirling confusion of ideas which made that age alternately terrible and beautiful, devout and unbelieving, strong and weak by turns, scholarly upon a foundation of barbarism, and most realistic

when most religious. You may see the reflected confusion in the puzzled faces of most tourists who look at the «Last Judgment» for the first time. A young American girl smiles vaguely at it; an Englishman glares, expressionless, at it, through an eye-glass, with a sort of cold inquiry—«Oh! is that all?» he might say; a German begins in Paradise at the upper left-hand corner, and works his way through the details to hell below, at the right. But they are all inwardly disturbed or puzzled or profoundly interested, and when they go away it is the great picture which, willingly or unwillingly, they remember with the most clearness.

And as Michelangelo set his great mark upon the Sistine, so Raphael took the Stanze and the Loggie for himself—and some of the halls of the picture-galleries too. Raphael represented the feminine element in contrast with Michelangelo's rude masculinity. There hangs the great «Transfiguration,» which, all but finished, was set up by the young painter's body when he lay in state—a picture too large for the sentiment it should express, while far too small for the composition, and yet, in its way, a masterpiece of composition. For in a measure Raphael succeeded in detaching the transfigured Christ from the crowded foreground, and in creating two distinct centers of interest. The frescos in the Stanze represent subjects of less artistic impossibility, and in painting them Raphael expended in beauty of design the genius which, in the «Transfiguration,» he squandered in attempting to overcome insuperable difficulties. Watch the faces of your fellow-tourists now, and you will see that the puzzled expression is gone. They are less interested than they were before the «Last Judgment,» but they are infinitely better pleased.

Follow them on to the library. They will enter with a look of expectation, and presently you will see disappointment and weariness in their eyes. Libraries are for the learned, and there are but a handful of scholars in a million. Besides, the most interesting rooms, the Borgia apartments, are not shown.

Two or three bad men are responsible for almost all the evil that has been said and written against the characters of the popes in the middle ages. Farnese of Naples; Caraffa of Maddaloni, another Neapolitan who reigned as Paul IV; and Rodrigo Borgia, a Spaniard, who was Alexander VI, are the chief instances. There were, indeed, many popes who were not perfect, who were more or less ambitious, avaricious, warlike, timid,

DRAWN BY A. CARTIER.



POPE LEO XIII IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

headstrong, weak, according to their several characters; but it can hardly be said that any of them were, like those I have mentioned, really bad men through and through, vicious, unscrupulous, and daringly criminal. Paul IV outlived most of his vices, and devoted his last years to ecclesiastical affairs, but Alexander died poisoned by an accident.

According to Guicciardini, the Pope knew nothing of Cæsar Borgia's intention of poisoning his rich friend, the cardinal of Corneto, with whom they were both to sup in a villa on August 17, 1503. The Pope arrived at the place first, was thirsty, asked for a drink, and by a mistake was given wine from a flask prepared and sent by Cæsar for the cardinal. Cæsar himself came in next, and drank likewise. The Pope died the next day, but Cæsar recovered, though badly poisoned, to find himself a ruined man and a fugitive. The cardinal did not touch the wine. This event ended an epoch and a reign of terror, and it pilloried the name of Borgia forever. Alexander expired in the third room of the Borgia apartments in the raving of a terrible delirium, during which the superstitious bystanders believed that he was conversing with Satan, to whom he had sold his soul for the papacy, and some were ready to swear that they actually saw seven devils in the room when he was dying. The fact that these witnesses were able to count the fiends speaks well for their coolness, at all events.

It has been much the fashion of late years to cry down the Vatican collection of statues, and to say that, with the exception of the «Torso», it does not contain a single one of the few great masterpieces known to exist, such as the «Hermes of Olympia», the «Venus of Medici», the «Borghese Gladiator», the «Dying Gaul». We are told that the «Apollo» of the Belvedere is a bad copy, and that the head of the original is in St. Petersburg; that the «Laocöon» is a copy, in spite of the signatures of three Greek artists, one on each of the figures; that the «Antinous» is a bad Hermes; and so on to the end of the collection, it being an easy matter to demolish the more insignificant statues after proving the worthlessness of the principal ones. Much of this criticism comes to us from Germany. But a German can criticize and yet admire, whereas an Anglo-Saxon usually despises what he criticizes at all. Isaac Disraeli says somewhere that certain opinions, like certain statues, require to be regarded from a proper distance. Probably none of the statues in the Vatican is placed as the sculptor would have placed it to be seen to advantage.

Michelangelo believed in the «Laocöon», and he was at least as good a judge as most modern critics, and he roughed out the arm that was missing,—it lies on the floor in the corner,—and devoted much time to studying the group. It is true that he is said to have preferred the torso of the «Hercules», but he did not withhold his admiration of the other good things. Of the «Apollo» it is argued that it is insufficiently modeled. Possibly it stood in a very high place and did not need much modeling, for the ancients never wasted work, nor bestowed it where it could not be seen. However that may be, it is a far better statue, excepting the bad restorations, than it is now generally admitted to be, though it is not so good as people used to believe that it was. Apparently there are two ways of looking at objects of art. The one way is to look for the faults; the other way is to look for the beauties. It is plain that it must be the discovery of the beauty which gives pleasure, while the criticism of the shortcomings can only flatter the individual's vanity. There cannot be much doubt but that Alcibiades got more enjoyment out of life than Diogenes.

The oldest decorated walls in the palace are those by Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas. For some reason or other this chapel at one time ceased to be used, the door was walled up, and the very existence of the place was forgotten. In the last century Bottari, having read about it in Vasari, set to work to find it, and at last got into it through the window which looks upon the roof of the Sistine Chapel. The story, which is undoubtedly true, gives an idea of the vastness of the palace, and certainly suggests the possibility of more forgotten treasures of art shut up in forgotten rooms.

One other such at least there is. High up in the Borgia Tower, above the Stanze of Raphael, is a suite of rooms once inhabited by Cardinal Bibbiena, of the Chigi family, and used since then by more than one assistant secretary of state. There is a small chapel there, with a window looking upon an inner court, which was once the luxurious cardinal's bathroom, and was beautifully painted by Raphael in fresco, with mythological subjects. In 1835, according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Passavant saw it as it had originally been, with the frescos, though much damaged, still beautiful, and the marble bath still in its place in a niche painted with river-gods. In one of the Vatican's periodical fits of prudery, the frescos were completely hidden with a wooden wainscot, the bath-tub was taken away, and the room was turned into a chapel.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE POPE RECEIVING AND BLESSING PILGRIMS.

It is believed, however, that the paintings still exist behind their present covering.

The walk through the museum is certainly one of the most wonderful in the world. There are more masterpieces, perhaps, in Florence; possibly objects of greater value may be accumulated in the British Museum, though that is doubtful; but nowhere in the world are statues and antiquities so well arranged as in the Vatican, and perhaps the orderly beauty of arrangement has as much to do as anything else with the charm that pervades the whole. One is brought into direct communication with Rome at its best, brilliant with the last reflections of Hellenic light; and again one is brought into contact with Rome at its worst, and beyond its worst, in its decay and destruction. Amid the ruin, too, there is the visible sign of a new growth in the beginnings of Christianity, from which a new power, a new history, a new literature, and a new art were to spring up and blossom, and in the rude sculpture of the Shepherd, the Lamb and the Fishes, lies the origin of Michelangelo's «Moses» and «Pietà.» There, too, one may read, as in a book, the whole history of death in Rome, graven in the long lines of ancient inscriptions, the tale of death when there was no hope, and its story when hope had begun in the belief in the resurrection of the dead. There the sadness of the sorrowing Roman contrasts with the gentle hopefulness of the bereaved Christian, and the sentiment and sentimentality of mankind during the greatest of the world's developments are told in the very words which men and women dictated to the stone-cutter. To those who can read the inscriptions the impression of direct communication with antiquity is very strong. For those who cannot there is still a special charm in the long succession of corridors, in the occasional glimpses of the gardens, in the cool magnificence of the decorations, as well as in the statues and fragments which line the endless straight walls. One returns at last to

the halls, one lingers here and there, to look again at something one has liked, and in the end one goes out, remembering the place rather than the objects it contains, and desiring to return again for the sake of the whole sensation one has had rather than for any defined purpose.

At the last, opposite the iron turnstile by which the visitors are counted, there is the closed gate of the garden. It is very hard to get admission to it now, for the Pope himself is there almost every day when the weather is fine. In the Italian manner of gardening the grounds are well laid out, and produce the effect of being much larger than they really are. They are not, perhaps, very remarkable, and Leo XIII must sometimes long for the hills of Carpineto and the freer air of the mountains, as he drives round and round in the narrow limits of his small domain, or walks a little under the shade of the ilex-trees, conversing with his gardener or his architect. Yet those who love Italy love its old-fashioned gardens, the shady walks, the deep box-hedges, the stiff little summer-houses, the fragments of old statues at the corners, and even the *scherzi d'acqua*, which are little surprises of fine water-jets, that unexpectedly send a shower of spray into the face of the unwary. There was always an element of childishness in the practical jesting of the last century.

When all is seen, the weary tourist gets into his cab and drives down the empty paved way by the wall of the library, along the basilica, and out once more to the great square before the church. Or, if he be too strong to be tired, he will get out at the steps, and go in for a few minutes to breathe the quiet air before going home, to get the impression of unity, after the impressions of variety which he has received in the Vatican, and to take away with him something of the peace which fills the cathedral of Christendom.

F. Marion Crawford.



GLAVE IN NYASSALAND.

BRITISH RAIDS ON THE SLAVE-TRADERS.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN AFRICA, FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.¹



PHOTO - C. S. DUNN -

TATTOO OF THE SIKHS AT FORT LISTER. (SEE PAGE 599.)

July 18, 1893. Arrived at Aden at eight this morning. The *Peshawur* sailed away about noon. We found awaiting us the *Kilwa*, in which we are to travel to the Zambesi. I met Dualla, Stanley's old servant. He is the husband of three wives, wears a beard, and with an air of great importance sails about Aden in flowing robes of silk; evidently he is much respected. He is a Somali by birth. I gave him Stanley's address, to whom he will write.

He says he is writing a book of his experiences.

August 1. Reached Zanzibar about noon. It seems to be in a very quiet state; the natives are cheerfully submissive to British authority, and there is every sign of the decay of Arab influence. The slave-trade is very quiet, though natives of Zanzibar are nearly all slaves. Sir John Kirk, an authority, says that only five per cent. of the slaves shipped

¹ As was described in *THE CENTURY* for October, Mr. Glave completed his remarkable journey across Africa

from east to west in May, 1895, and had the sad fate to die of fever while waiting for the departure of the home-



ZANZIBAR—A CARGO OF SLAVES RELEASED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

to Pemba are caught by the British gunboats; ninety-five per cent. get away. Only recently a dhow was caught having fifty-three aboard. The dhow was flying French colors, and the slaves were from the district near Lake Nyassa. In olden times there was a tax on each slave coming into Zanzibar; then if a slave was ill beyond the possibility of recovery, his master killed him rather than run the risk of his dying before he could be sold.

When a dhow is chased, the Arabs always tell the slaves not to be captured, because the white men will eat them; by thus intimidating

them they get their captives to escape from the war-ship's boats when the dhow is run ashore. Slaves are well cared for when they reach Zanzibar; they soon forget their past hardships, and get strong and well, and are apparently happy and contented. There are large clove plantations here, which yield a profit only when worked by slave labor. Slaves are still reaching the coast, but the difficulties are now so great that comparatively few caravans make the attempt.

August 17. Last night the cutter of the flag-ship *Raleigh* caught a dhow with five

ward steamer. His journals are in large part discursive notes for the papers he intended to write. In preparing this paper and those which are to follow, those passages from the journals are given which form a narrative of special interest to the general reader.

Among his effects were found many letters of introduction in Arabic and other languages. The following characteristic letter may fitly serve as an introduction to these papers, in supplement to Mr. Stanley's «Story of the Development of Africa» in *THE CENTURY* for February last:

2 RICHMOND TERRACE, WHITEHALL, S. W.,
June 21, 1893.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS: It is with a strong hope that this open letter of introduction may be of some service to my friend, Mr. E. J. Glave, with such gentlemen

whom I call friends or kindly acquaintances, that I venture to supply him with it. His own personal worth may in many cases render it unnecessary, but youth is often modest and diffident, and those who might wish to make his acquaintance might be deterred from similar feelings from addressing him. I beg then simply to say that Mr. Glave was one of my pioneer officers on the Congo, where he performed excellent and most faithful service. He has since been traveling in Alaska and Western America, and has lately been sent by *THE CENTURY* to write up articles such as may be published in a high-class illustrated magazine. Any assistance, advice, or suggestion from residents in Africa will be of immense value to a stranger, and I would most cordially plead for their good offices to my friend whenever practicable.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

slaves on board. The dhow was flying French colors, so that this morning the French consul took charge of her; she will be condemned, and her slaves sent to the missions to be educated. It is of course against the law to sell and buy slaves in Zanzibar, but it is always being done in spite of the law. Tippoo Tib is said to own about six thousand slaves here in Zanzibar. He is now trading legitimately, and owns much property.

September 3. Left Zanzibar at daylight by the steamer *African*.

September 9. Consul Ross told me day before yesterday that a great many slaves leave the coast of Africa between Quilimane and Mozambique, and are taken to Madagascar and the Comoro Islands. Off the mouth of the Chindé I was met by A. G. Hunt, and invited by him to be his guest on board the British gunboat *Herald*, an invitation which I gladly accepted. The gunboats are on the river to check both Portuguese and slave-raiding influences. The Portuguese are still dealing in slaves. Here at Chindé the British have a concession of territory from the Portuguese, and anything landed within the limits of the concession pays no duty. This great benefit to commerce seriously affects the Portuguese cus-

toms revenues. All the trade is going into the British concession, the Portuguese always making small trouble about small difficulties. The Portuguese commandant lives in a grass hut still, though his nation has been here for four hundred years.

September 12. To-day we left Chindé on board the *Herald*. This boat and the *Mosquito* make small exploring trips up-stream. We left at twelve noon, and steamed up the channel to the right of the Chindé; after a while we reached a very narrow but deep channel, passed several villages, and entered the Zambesi about six at night. The experiment successfully proves a new way into the Zambesi from the coast. The natives along the bank were very friendly; the women courtesy in a graceful way. The men in our boat threw biscuits to the natives, for which they appeared very grateful, clapping their hands, grinning, and scraping their feet on the ground.

September 24. Left Chindé on board the *John Bowie* to-day. The Zambesi is a magnificent highway to the heart of Africa, and is playing a great part in the suppression of the slave-trade. We are towing a lighter, which, with our steamer, is loaded in fine trim with Major Manning's 110 Sikhs, 6 tons of car-



ZANZIBAR—ARAB SLAVERS CAPTURED BY A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

TIPPOO TIB AT ZANZIBAR.¹

tridges, camp equipment, and slaves. The Sikhs all sleep on shore to-night. In a little while tents were pitched and camp-fires blinking. The navigation of the Zambesi is exceedingly difficult on account of the sand-banks stretching from shore to shore with winding channels. The *John Bowie* is drawing only 22 inches now, and even with this draft she is constantly sticking on sand-banks.

September 26. Passed to-day about twenty miles from Chupanga, the spot where Mrs. Livingstone is buried. There is now a large house there, occupied by a Portuguese; to the right of the house there is a large tree, and Mrs. Livingstone's grave is near this. A thick haze, composed of flying sand and smoke from the grass fires, enveloped the land, and the thick forest to the rear of the grave could be but indistinctly seen, though the big tree stood out boldly as a stanch monument. How the conditions of life in the land have changed! It was of course the work of Livingstone and his wife that pioneered civilization into these parts. There are a few villages here and there; but as we are conveying Manning and

his Sikhs post-haste up-stream, we call nowhere, and at a distance see only the tops of huts peeping out from the banana groves. The natives line the beach and climb to the summit of ant-hills to view the passage of our steamer.

September 27. We entered the Shiré River this evening. We are passing fine hilly lands clothed with warm-tinted shrubs and rich tropical vegetation. Much tobacco is under cultivation in the native villages.

September 30. At Port Herald, the first British settlement, we heard that Nduné from Makanga is on a big slave-raiding expedition with the Ngwengé people. He is fighting the Portuguese, who thus far have had the worst of it.

October 1. Passed several new villages springing up owing to the security to life and property enjoyed under British protection. Yesterday the scenery was very fine, more wood to be seen, and timbered hills on both banks in the distance; grass plains everywhere, and plenty of game.

October 5. Left Chiromo on foot by a level trail along the south bank of the Ruo. There is plenty of water everywhere along this trail. This is a big caravan with 450 carriers, 110 Sikhs, and about twelve servants. The carriers are constantly stopping either to drink, smoke, eat, or rearrange their loads. The carriers are paying their hut tax by carrying loads.

October 8. To-day we met on the way Mr. Bell, the chief of the Milanji district. The native chiefs are refusing to pay taxes, the principal offender being Mkanda. He is an old slaver, and owns a lot of guns and powder. It is said that a big caravan will shortly leave the coast with powder for him. Nicoll, the chief of the Fort Johnston district, captured the other day about nine hundred pounds of powder which had passed through Portuguese territory. Major Manning, Captain Edwards, Bell, and I with twenty-five Sikhs visited Mkanda's village to-day. The natives were all drunk and uncompromising. Bell demanded that they should bring their guns down as a sign of surrender; they refused. They were warned that their village would be burned. One hut was fired; still they were obstinate, and so the whole village was destroyed. One native put a bullet just on the top of Manning's head. We did not leave the village till six, and a hooting crowd of drunken warriors followed behind, peppering us with an occasional shot. At night a charge of slugs was fired into the camp, and a native wounded. This morning the natives all com-

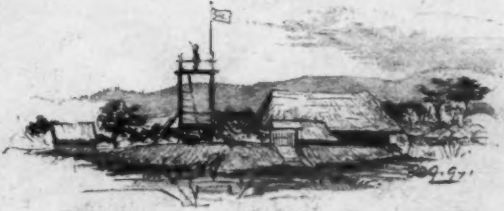
¹ With the exception of this and the pictures on the two previous pages, the illustrations of this article are from sketches and photographs made by the author.—EDITOR.

plained of having been wounded by shots fired during the night. Old sores were trotted out as wounds. Some carriers looked upon the opportunity as one permitting them to apply for new cloth to wear, claiming that their own had been worn and torn during the nocturnal affray. At a quarter of four we reached Fort Lister, which is in charge of Captain Johnson. The importance of this place is due to its situation on the old slave-route from Lake Nyassa to Quilimane.

October 12. We learn that Mkanda, whose village was burned, has retaliated by attacking the mission and burning some of the houses and looting their stores. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, Bell, one hundred Sikhs, one hundred carriers, and a seven-pounder, have gone to inflict retribution. Mkanda is a large slave-owner, and derives a big profit from commerce in powder and guns, which he obtains through the territories of the Portuguese in spite of the Brussels Act. Only recently a lot of powder was captured by the British, some of it bearing French labels, some of it having passed through German territory, and bearing the marks of the German custom-house. Such men as Mkanda are the middlemen in the traffic of ivory, slaves, and ammunition. Fort Lister is about four thousand feet above the sea-level on the mountain pass between Mtebin and Milanji. It is a most picturesque position. Away to the southward stretches a vast valley divided between grass plains and timber, thickly populated, with here and there mountains upon which live powerful chief-

tain. They are all slavers, and have selected mountain homes for safety. They are good fighting men, and fearless.

October 15. No news of Captain Johnson and his expedition. I have written to him and to Edwards disagreeable information of the



FORT JOHNSTON.

running away of 350 carriers. Toward midnight I learned that they had cleared out. They had been detained for six days, and had become thoroughly discontented. Their pay was to be the remission of taxes, but, having failed to fulfil their obligation, they will forfeit their pay, and will still have to pay the administration three rupees tax upon every hut. Search-parties scoured the country last night, but succeeded in capturing only a few stragglers, who say the whole caravan was making its way through the forest and would not take a beaten track. This is a great misfortune; it makes the situation extremely complicated. We were entirely dependent upon them for our conveyance to Zomba and Fort Johnston; our presence is urgently needed there. Possibly I may receive a little blame for this, but I am not at all responsible, and shall have no difficulty in making my case good.

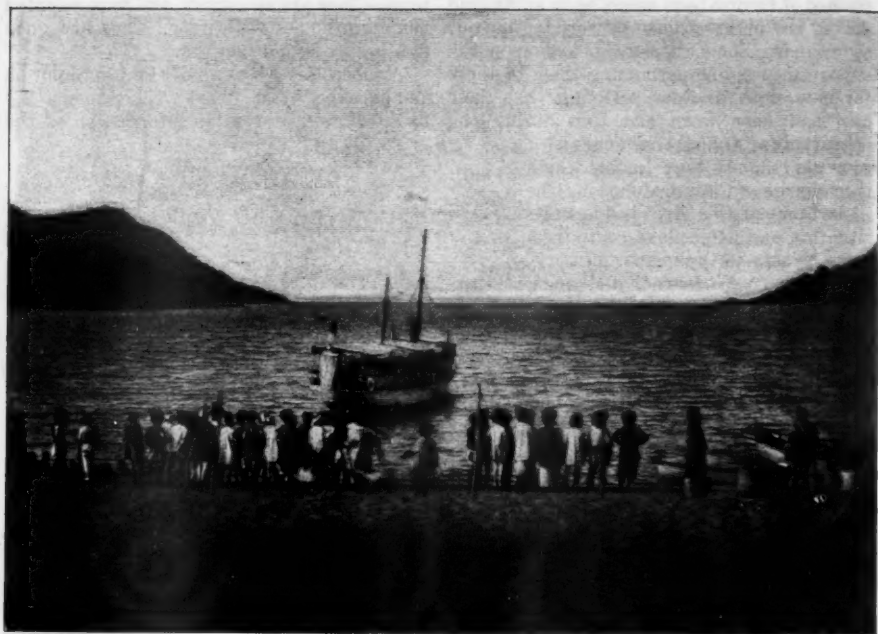
October 16. Johnson, Edwards, Manning, and Mr. Clownie arrived in camp to-day without any one hurt. They have killed a few of the enemy, and destroyed a number of villages. The natives at first appeared rather plucky, but soon grew discouraged. The missionaries were attacked in the afternoon, and, instead of defending themselves, ran away, throwing down their Martini-Henry rifles and revolvers and ammunition, with which the enemy peppered the expedition. One of the missionaries slept in the fork of a tree; a native stole his clerical suit, and is wearing it in the most barefaced way.

November 1. Left Pimbi this



SKELETON DHOW USED BY THE NYASSA NATIVES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST CROCODILES WHEN SETTING FISH-NETS.

The wood of which it is made is so light that it will sustain three or four men without sinking very low.



BRITISH GUNBOAT "ADVENTURE" AT MONKEY BAY, LAKE NYASSA. SIKH SOLDIERS ON THE SHORE

morning. The African Lakes Company have become so careful that they compel their agents to pay their own funeral expenses; so many agents died that an order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the Company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.

November 5. This morning I marched, with Major Johnson and one hundred Sikhs, from Fort Johnston to the southern end of Lake Nyassa. There is an expedition on foot to fight some of the slavers in the neighborhood. The two gunboats, *Adventure* and *Pioneer*, are employed, and also the *Ilala* and *Dormira*, two boats belonging to the African Lakes Company. H. H. Johnston, the commissioner, is traveling on the *Adventure*; Major Johnson, Captain Edwards, Dr. Watson, and I are passengers on the *Dormira*, and also one hundred Sikhs and ten Makua gunners.

Reached Kota-Kota, a third of the way up the west shore, the stronghold of Jumbé, the Queen's representative on Lake Nyassa; formerly he was called Sultan Jumbé as representative of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but on the advent of the British Central African administration he entered their service. Now, some of his sub-chiefs have risen against him,

principal among them being Kiwaura, who lives within a few miles of Kota-Kota. He has recently made a raid on Jumbé's settlement, burned seventy-five huts, and carried away forty of his people. As this territory is under the British flag, the administration is bound to defend Jumbé, especially as Kiwaura is a slave-raider. Kota-Kota is a big, straggling village composed of grass and clay huts, peopled by Jumbé's followers, slaves, Arabs, etc. Every important household is surrounded by a grass-padded fence.

November 7. This morning there was great excitement upon the arrival of the Sikhs and Makua with the armament. All the natives were summoned by a war-drum to assemble on the common with their weapons. Groups of old men and women admired the young warriors as they sprang in the air, throwing up their shields and stabbing with glistening blades. They assembled in a circle about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter; war-drums and rattles were then introduced. Suddenly wildly dressed men sprang into the circle and engaged in mock combat. About twenty men would conduct the war-dance, then another twenty would take their places. This continued for two hours; then the crowd formed in groups about the white men's

forces to watch the soldierly conduct of the Sikhs.

November 8. At six o'clock we marched out of Kota-Kota; two and a half miles away we reached hills overlooking Kiwaura's stronghold. Native porters brought up ammunition, guns were placed in position, and shots were fired into the fortress seven hundred yards away. The fortress is a clay wall half a mile in circumference, with a deep dike in front, and the clay wall generously loopholed. The shots at once took effect, firing the houses, and soon the village was in flames. Some of the enemy stole away to the left and captured a number of Jumbé's people; but the main body remained in the stockade, their women fleeing away over the plain at the back. When the village was well in flames a party of the Zanzibari, headed by the *Adventure's* head man, approached the stockade and suggested peace. A half-breed Portuguese came out under a flag of truce and visited Commissioner Johnston; he wished to know the terms of peace, which were that all their ivory should be brought, and also all the guns laid down as a sign of submission. He did not deliver the correct message, but advised the natives to renew the fight, so another exchange of shots took place. Then an old native came in and prayed for peace. The same message was given him, but for a long time there was no reply; however, by this time Jumbé's people had entered the stockade and were looting right and left.



JUMBÉ'S WAR-DRUM, SIX FEET LONG, FOUR AND A HALF FEET IN DIAMETER, WITH CARVINGS IN A HARD ALMOST GRAINLESS WOOD.



MAKWINDA, MEDICINE-MAN AND CHIEF OF JUMBÉ'S FORCES.

By and by the old man returned, bringing a tusk weighing about forty pounds, and promising to comply further with the terms of peace; he then returned.

The forces in action were about three thousand of Jumbé's people armed with bows and arrows, spears, shields, guns (percussion and flint-locks), one hundred Sikh soldiers, and two gun-crews with seven-pounders. There are known to be ten or twelve tons of ivory in the town. After one stockade had been looted and burned, the natives came out and dilly-dallied about terms of peace, with the object of getting time to hide the ivory in the adjacent swamps. Finding that the natives had collected in a smaller stockade, Sharpe and Johnston decided to assault the place. Two shots were fired from the hill into the stockade; then the Sikhs were thrown out in line. The order to advance was given, and the soldiers moved rapidly toward the stockade, clambered to the summit, and began firing into the enemy. Finally they climbed over the stockade and completely routed the enemy with big losses. We lost one Sikh and one native killed and three wounded. The position which the natives held was an exceedingly strong one, and without cannon victory would have been impossible. The place was abso-



A BAND OF JUMBÉ'S IRREGULARS.

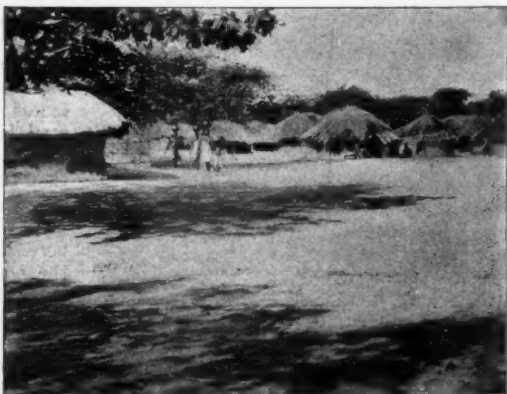
lutely impregnable against the efforts of natives. The Sikhs were most gallantly led by their officers, and behaved with great bravery. There were some ghastly sights in the village. About a dozen people altogether were found in slave forks. When the last stockade was attacked, hundreds of women and children fled toward the white men and gave themselves up; some were slaves of Kiwaura, others were wives and relatives. They were all taken prisoners, to be returned when the enemy submits. There were frightful noises: goats bleating, a wounded bullock roaring, wounded natives wailing, drums beating, women and children screeching and crying, bugles blowing, commands to troops in the smoking, crackling village, and hot wind from the burning huts. Many old women seemed grateful at finding themselves well cared for in the hands of the whites. Kiwaura, the chief of the village, has for many years been the terror of the whole land; perfectly safe in his stronghold, he has raided the land and compelled the neighboring tribes to abstain from all peaceful occupations, and devote their time and energy to saving their liberty. The removal of Kiwaura and the destruction of his fort are hailed by all the natives with the greatest delight.

Kiwaura was originally a slave of Jumbé's, but gradually developed by slave-raiding and ivory-trading into a powerful chief; then he refused to submit to any authority. When Jumbé has sent mes-

sengers to him, Kiwaura has cut off their heads and stuck them on his palisades, or mutilated them; one man returned with only two fingers on his hand, and between these a note was found firmly lashed. Kiwaura held to his defiant attitude till the Sikhs were charging through his stockade with fixed bayonets; then he escaped, wounded, into a swamp at the rear

of his stockade. As he was plunging through the swamp he was shot in the head, and lay half submerged in the shade of a palm-tree. His fortification must have been directed by a mind far superior to that of the ordinary savage; the intelligence of the white man was distinctly apparent.

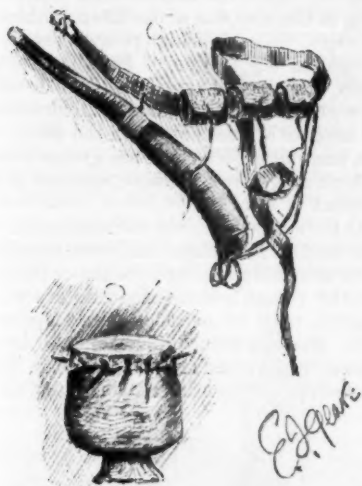
The territory north and east and west of Nyassa is peopled with descendants of Zulus. In the time of the reign of Chaka several thousand Zulus rebelled and left Zululand; they marched away in one big band, crossed the Zambesi, losing many men in the operation, and then struck north and spread all over the country as far as the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. Then many retired south on the west and east side of Nyassa. In the west there are several big Zulu chiefs still in power—Mpiseni, Mbara, Mwasi, etc.; all have



SCENE IN JUMBÉ'S VILLAGE OF KOTA-KOTA.

large herds of cattle, and many seem like Zulus proper. All are raiders, known by different names according to the locality, as Angoni, Watuta, etc. They raid the weaker tribes, take them prisoners, treat them well, and do not allow them to have any herds. On the east of Nyassa they are the Wagillis. Throughout Nyassaland the Arabs do but little raiding. The Angoni do the raiding, and all the slaves are brought to a market center, where the Arabs buy them and the ivory, and take them to the coast. An established route from Tanganyika to the coast via Nyassa and the Zambesi will do more than anything else to destroy the slave-trade.

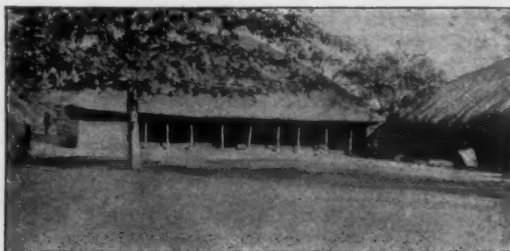
November 11. This morning one of Jumbé's dhows, weighted down with human freight, crossed the lake with some Arabs in charge.



YAO BULLET-POUCH, POWDER-HORN, AND DRUM.

Probably they were slaves, but the thing was done so openly that it would be difficult to prove it.

The growing stockades of the native villages are formed of the euphorbia, a sort of cactus, which branches like an ordinary stunted tree, and forms a mass of foliage composed of sections of solid green pulpy growth. Bullets and cannon-shots take but little effect upon such a boma; the shots pass through and leave the boma bleeding with a thick, creamy white juice, which is poisonous, and, if it enters the eyes, will blind. Such stockades are found everywhere.



JUMBÉ'S HOUSE AT KOTA-KOTA, WITH LARGE VERANDA WHERE COUNCILS ARE HELD.

November 13. Left old Jumbé's house at Kota-Kota at six this morning, and embarked on the *Dormira*. About eight we came up with the *Adventure* and *Pioneer* and *Ilala* lying off Kachuru village, near Point Rifu. When the Nordenfeldts and seven-pounders had cleared the grass, Captain Edwards, with about thirty Sikhs in a big boat, and with all available small boats also filled with men, landed and took up a position on shore on a ridge of sand overlooking the village. The boats then returned and brought off the remainder of the force; the whole party was then thrown out in skirmishing order. Major Johnson commanded on the left, and Captain Edwards on the right. Upon reaching the village the natives fled; not a soul was found in the huts; log fires were burning, and pots of food cooking; goats wandered about, hens cackled, and the village looked inhabited except for the lack of people. A portion of the town was already burning, having been fired by one of the shells. Sharpe, who had marched down from Kota-Kota, came in at the end of the village just too late to cut off the retreat of the fugitives. Old Jumbé's people, who had also marched down one thousand strong, intercepted some of the runaways. The owners of the village, followers of Makanjira, our bitterest enemy, have recently killed three whites. Captain McGuire was killed fighting against them in fair fight, and Dr. Boyce and Engineer McEwen were enticed ashore by a flag of truce and treacherously murdered.

November 15. This morning a dhow came in and anchored off the rocky bluff between Kachuru



WOODEN WAR-DRUM WITH LION-SKIN HEAD, TAKEN IN THE FIGHT AT FORT MCGUIRE. YAO BOW AND ARROW AND STABBING-SPEAR.



PORT MCGUIRE AT MAKANJIRA'S, ON THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

and Leopard Bay. The dhow contained forty fighting men and forty kegs of powder, which were being despatched to the relief of Kiwaura by Makanjira, who did not know that the former had been killed. The *Pioneer* was despatched to attend to a dhow which was anchored close in shore; she put charges from her Nordenfeldt into the dhow, and also shells from her seven-pounder. The crew climbed behind the rocks and desperately defended their craft from close attack. Villiers of the *Pioneer* approached as near as possible and peppered them with his guns, killing several. Jumbé's people swarmed along the beach to the base of a hill; behind it the natives pluckily lay in ambush and wounded several. The enemy have an impregnable position, and can be dislodged only with a great loss of men. The native allies have completely surrounded the hill, and the gunboats can harass only the side overlooking the lake.

November 17. Left Kachuru and steamed south to Monkey Bay, where the British have a depot for stores; a very pretty place, the rocky hills being profusely clothed in tropical foliage.

November 19. We left Monkey Bay at midnight, and crossed over to the east shore of Lake Nyassa; signal-fires were burning in the villages that we passed. Makanjira's settlement extends for about nine miles, the villages being in groups on shore or on the plains, and on the ridges of the hills distant about two miles. Even in broad daylight the villages are hidden in the foliage, but we could locate

them by the haze of smoke hanging over each. At night the natives keep small fires going in the huts, the smoke filtering through the roofs. On certain high points, as we came in sight, a big tongue of fire shot up, evidently from some very inflammable torch. The signal-fire was answered in all directions, and tongues of fire shot up on the plain, hill-side, and ridge. We could see groups of savages rushing here and there, excited at the prospect of war.

As the sun peeped over the huts the *Adventure* changed her course, and, running as near shore as possible, opened the battle by firing into the village a succession of Nordenfeldt charges, with an occasional seven-pounder shell. She was immediately followed by the *Pioneer*, who opened fire with her guns. When the natives had been driven from cover, all the



ONE OF JUMBÉ'S DHOWS AT PORT MCGUIRE, FORMERLY USED AS A SHORE FERRY.



LIEUTENANT VILLIERS, OF THE BRITISH GUNBOAT "PIONEER," AND A CARAVAN OF SLAVES SURRENDERED TO HIM.

boats were loaded with Sikhs, Makua, and Atonga, and a landing was made without opposition. The Sikhs and the Makua were thrown out in skirmishing order, and advanced over the brow of the rising ground which sloped to the beach; here they cautiously lay down. In the mean time gangs of men were busy with spades and hoes throwing up the sand into solid earthworks. In a few hours' time a barrier five feet in height extended along our front in all directions where danger was possible, and redoubts were made for men and guns. The *Adventure* shelled the enemy immediately in our vicinity, and the *Pioneer* cruised along the coast and harassed every accessible point with her guns. She also succeeded in capturing a dhow, which she took off to Monkey Bay. This is a rich haul, as it deprives the enemy of their means of transportation to the other shore in carrying on the traffic in slaves and ivory. One we captured and burned at Kasembi's, one was shelled and disabled, and now one is captured here; humane authority is certainly establishing itself. About five o'clock a white flag was hoisted, but it received the unusual response of a shell from a nine-pounder. This ruse of Makanjira's is played out entirely.

November 20. The

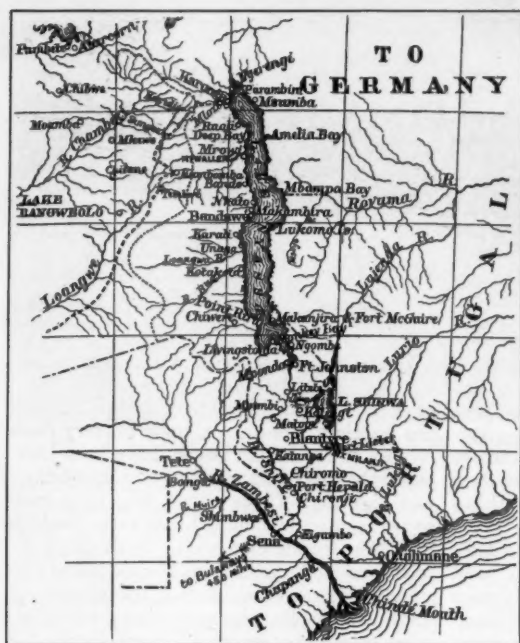
chief part of Makanjira's town has been burned. His warriors, known for their bravery from Nyassa to the Indian Ocean, have been thoroughly beaten by a handful of men in one day's hard fighting. Those chiefs who have been so persecuted by him will now turn, combine with the British, and render Makanjira's defeat complete. Makanjira, the scoundrel who whipped and stripped Johnson, the missionary, and Buchanan, Her Majesty's consul, was killed a few months ago by one of his sub-chiefs; but another chief of the same name has taken his place, equally antagonistic to the whites. Makanjira's is a great slaving center; the coast men buy their ivory and slaves here, and transport them overland to Quilimane and Kiloa; the Portuguese close their eyes to all such traffic. Most of the powder coming to this part of the world comes from that quarter through Portuguese hands.

November 21. Miles of country were passed over to-day, huts destroyed, and everything of value was taken. Jumbé was left behind at Kachuru when we came here, and Kuruunda, the chieftainess, was starved out; a caravan of 140 slaves was also captured. They had been gathered in the interior, and were to be sent overland from here to the coast with Arabs and their ivory.

November 22. Major Johnson started to brick the fort on the side toward Makanjira's village. In every direction the huts have been burned and the natives driven helter-skelter into the hills beyond. Makanjira himself, who is not really a big chief, has fled with his flocks, his ivory, and his people; his power is thoroughly broken. Yesterday Makanjira sent an old man as messenger to sue for peace. Commissioner Johnston's terms were 50 tusks of ivory, 50 loads of grain, 250 guns, 50 goats, and the giving up of all men implicated in the



MAKANJIRA'S LETTER SENT TO FORT MCGUIRE, WRAPPED IN PIGSKIN AND FASTENED IN A SPLIT BAMBOO.



MAP OF THE ZAMBESI AND NYASSALAND.

murder of Boyce and McEwen, the war to continue till the terms are accepted. Captain Edwards has a wretched fever; he got it during the excitement of Monday's fight, and has been plagued by high temperature ever since.

November 24. This morning the *Pioneer* left Fort McGuire (as the works at Makanjira's are called) with Kuruunda, her attendants, and ten slaves; reached Monkey Bay in the afternoon, and wooded.

November 25. The *Dove* reached us at seven in the morning, and conveyed us to Fort Johnston. At present there are only about three feet six inches of water on the bar at the connection between the Upper Shiré and Nyassa. I found all my goods carefully stowed away, and in charge of a young Sikh, who was very nice to me.

November 26. While at Fort Johnston I have lived in my tent, and have employed my time going over my stores and arranging everything for a trip up the lake with Villiers in the *Pioneer*.

November 27. This morning at noon we got under way. Two hours after dark we were nearing what appeared to me to be a wall of black rock. Gradually it opened and showed a tiny waterway. The engines were slowed down, and we crept in between the rocks.

It was a very clever piece of navigation. Having found the mouth of Monkey Bay, we steamed ahead full speed, and anchored without any hitch about eight o'clock.

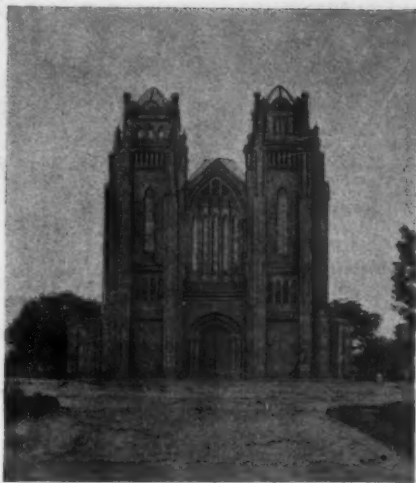
November 28. Started out hunting at five o'clock. Came upon a small herd of *mswala*; followed them carefully, but could not get near enough to have a shot. After an hour I found that I was not alone in being interested in the *mswala*. A leopardess had stepped in between me and the game. When I first saw her she was crouched like a cat. Then she moved stealthily into some thick bushes, and crept rapidly toward the buck. For about a quarter of a mile I moved stealthily and quickly toward the game. I was then within a short distance of them, and could faintly hear the creatures in among a clump of trees. I was thinking how best to stalk and get a shot, when the leopardess again appeared about eight yards from me and close to the *mswala*. She had cleverly crept to windward, and was now almost within striking distance. She

crouched and moved her head slowly from side to side in order more clearly to see her game. To get a better view she slowly raised her head and sat on her haunches. Then she took a still better view by putting her front paws on a log, which raised her two or three inches higher. Then she showed her head and shoulders above the grass, and I succeeded in putting a Snider bullet through her. She was six feet in length. It is a very rare thing to see a leopard at all, and most unusual to see them in the daytime. The natives were delighted. I find the killing of the leopard raises me to a heroic plane, while, as a matter of fact, the mere killing of the beast was as easy as the shooting of a retriever dog.

December 5. This evening we reached Deep Bay, near the north end of Nyassa, the station in charge of Mr. Crawshay. It is an exceedingly important place. There are Arab ferries here, and slave-traders are settled near by in powerful stockades. Only recently the Germans captured 211 slaves on their way to the coast with ivory. Crawshay knew of their whereabouts for several weeks, but he was powerless to act outside his own earthworks. Crawshay stopped a letter the other day from one slaver to another. In it there

was reference to a batch of runaway slaves, and instructions to cut their throats if they were recaptured.

Baron von Eltz, the German commissioner, made a plucky attack on a slave caravan on November 21. For several days he had heard of a big caravan on its way to the coast from Mlozi's stronghold. He had native allies as spies all over the country bringing him in news of the movements and whereabouts of the caravan. At last they were camped in between two large native villages, allies of the Germans. Von Eltz immediately despatched messengers to the chiefs of the two villages, telling them to stay the caravan from passing through their territory, either to advance or retreat. The caravan was over seven hundred strong, there were seven owners of ivory, and fifty-three owners of slaves, and a host of slaves and some followers. When Von Eltz had the caravan blocked, he embarked in his boat, proceeded post-haste to the spot, at once surrounded the whole caravan with native allies, and compelled all to march down to his station at Parambira. He had only five Zanzibari soldiers, a non-commissioned officer, a few native recruits bearing rifles, and a host of native allies; but without firing a shot he captured the caravan. The women and children he transported in his boat to the station; the men marched overland. Upon reaching the station he questioned the slaves as to their owners, where they were caught, what ivory was in the caravan, etc. He found it difficult to obtain trustworthy information on the subject. When there is a possibility of the caravan meeting whites the slaves are warned not to impart any information. Moreover, they are told, that should they fall into the hands of whites, they will be mercilessly treated and possibly killed.



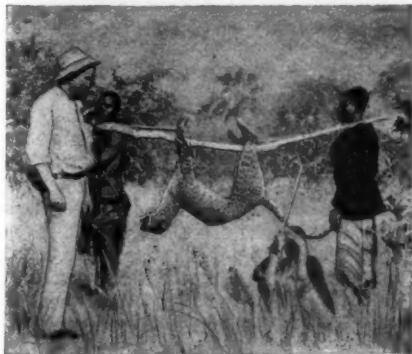
CHURCH AT BLANTYRE BUILT BY NATIVES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EUROPEANS.

January 26, 1894. Left Lukomo Islands midway on the east shore to-day. While at the mission I had strange evidence of the want of confidence missionaries have in natives. I was asked to have a cigar. The cigars had been carefully locked up, and it was explained that the natives were too light-fingered to admit of anything being left lying about. On the face of it this does not seem very strange, but in contrast to the honesty of the natives in the employ of laymen, it certainly suggests that the religious teaching of the mission is less effective than the practical discipline of the laymen. The Universities Mission at Lukomo has been established about seventeen years, and by this time it really ought to be expected that the morals of the natives would be improved beyond the crude characteristics of the ordinary savage.

January 27. This afternoon I reached Captain Edwards's place, Fort McGuire, and found that he had done much hard work; houses have been built for himself, barracks, etc., and a strong earth stockade, impregnable to any native effort. Kasembi has built a village near the fort, and some of Makanjira's people have come back and made peace with the whites; others still remain stubbornly hostile.

February 2. Left Fort Johnston for a trip south to Blantyre in the *John Kirk*, a big wooden whale-boat, with Atonga polers, rowers, and paddlers, willing chaps, but not expert.

February 4. Detained at Mpimbi, as carriers are not forthcoming. Mpimbi is the be-



LEOPARD SHOT BY GLAVE AT MONKEY BAY.



ANGANJA WOMEN.

ginning of the navigable water used by the administration at Fort Johnston. The river is full of crocodiles; people are constantly being taken by them. Hoare shot a big crocodile, and found a pair of bracelets in its stomach. The natives foolishly risk the water every day. They walk in knee-deep to get water, and even swim across the streams. By making a small fence about the place where they get water many lives would be saved; but that means work, and each African thinks he will not be a victim.

February 7. Reached Blantyre just after lunch, where I visited Vice-consul Sharpe. Blantyre is the receiving-station for Nyassaland. There is any amount of good land suitable for coffee-planting round about, but lack of transportation is the great drawback to the country's development. A railway is needed from Katunga to Matope or Mpimbi, so that steam communication may be established between Nyassa and the sea; a railway of only a hundred miles is necessary. Everybody there looks healthy and robust. I ride as little as possible in a *machila*, a piece of canvas slung on a long bamboo; but it is the only means of transportation one has, except walking, and a traveler should always be provided with a *machila* in case of excessive fatigue or indisposition. Natives do not like *machila* work, although twelve men may take their turns during an eight hours' march; still, each one much prefers to carry all day

long fifty or sixty pounds. Two carry you for five minutes at a jog-trot, then the others lope alongside, and, without any cessation of operations, they relieve their companions by shifting the *machila* pole to their shoulders. It is very hard work. Some men out here never walk at all; they always travel by *machila*, and consider it healthier.

February 22. Returned to Fort Johnston to-day; hear that Captain Edwards, about the 6th or 7th of this month, was attacked at Fort McGuire by two thousand of Makanjira's warriors about four in the morning. Edwards immediately swept round to the rear of the enemy and punished them severely; after two and a half hours' fighting the enemy fled. So long as Fort McGuire is in the hands of a white man the ferry from the west shore near Point Rifu is useless. Jumbé's people were brutally gleeful over this victory. They cut off the heads of two of the enemy and scrimmaged with them on the beach. The African delights in the shedding of blood; he does not long delay the death of his victim, because he is impatient to shed blood; he has not the patience to put enemies to prolonged torture like the Chinese.

Caravan roads in Africa are narrow paths for marching in single file, through long grass that cuts like a knife, or through woods; the natives instinctively know when they are passing under thorn-trees; they slow their pace, as the path is always strewn with thorns. In the dry season the carrier covers himself with a cotton rag, and sleeps in apparent comfort in a temperature and under conditions which would compel the white man to cover himself with a pair of blankets. A carrier, as a rule, has a few cobs of corn or a pouch of flour of *mapira* or maize wrapped round his waist in his loin-cloth; he has, besides this, always a stock of snuff in an empty cartridge-case or little gourd; the snuff is composed of powdered tobacco, the ashes of aromatic leaf, and seeds of the castor-oil plant; men, women, and children incessantly take snuff. Only a few people smoke, and then not a long smoke, but a few violent draws, which they inhale into the lungs till they are to an extent stupefied. This applies to all the people in this part of the world. Some of the carriers have a small mat to sit on or to lie on at night, or to cover themselves with in case of rain; and some have a side of a biscuit tin with a handle fixed to it. The tin is turned up at the sides, forming a kind of flat dish, and pop-corn is made on this. This is the favorite way of eating dry corn. When the corn is green it is toasted, boiled, or steamed by being baked in the

husk. The carrier sometimes has little pockets of dried fish or paste of baked ants, but he is quite a nabob if he possesses such luxuries. He will take a load weighing fifty pounds; sometimes he carries the load on his head, with a ring of reeds as a pad for his head. He always carries a stick, so that when the load is on one shoulder he can pass the stick over the other shoulder and under the load, so that the labor is divided. They have one or two earthen pots among them, and when camp is reached they gather up firewood and start fires, and do their cooking, chaff one another, drink much water, and take snuff till late in the evening. Then their chaff, laughter, singing, and talking cease; they have all dropped asleep, which an African can do without any difficulty at all times and anywhere. With us it is sometimes rather a hard task to go to sleep, especially in this country; for anxiety and responsibility keep the mind of a white man in a state of uneasiness and wakefulness. An average march is fifteen miles; more can be done, but fifteen miles is enough; more unfits the man for the next day's journey. When it rains, and the native is near long grass or shrubbery, he very soon throws a rough roof over his head. The carrier is rationed with a



ANGONI VILLAGE NEAR LAKE NYASSA, A FIELD OF MAIZE IN THE FOREGROUND.

little cloth to buy food; the usual rate is one yard a month.

A word as to African insects. In the swamps the mosquito is a vicious little fanatic. He assails you in clouds without the slightest provocation, and remains till killed. He is a keen observer, and if you are sitting in any posture which stretches your garments tightly over your leg, you feel a sharp sting which tells you the mosquito has noticed the fact. A small hole in your mosquito net he notices at once, and will struggle through it, a wing and leg at a time, and when inside calls to a few friends and tells them the way he entered. They perch on the barrel of your rifle when you are getting a bead on a fidgety buck, and bite in some painful spot just as you are about to pull the trigger. Other insects annoy you. Big moths, inquisitive about your lamp, enter your room at full speed, flutter noisily about your lamp, or try to commit suicide in your soup, leaving the fluff of their wings floating on the surface. The jigger burrows into your flesh, and starts in to raise a family in a little white bag beneath the surface of your skin. The proverbial little ant is a terror to mankind. The large brown driver ant, marching in swarms of millions, with giant ants as leaders and officers, is a dreadful enemy. They move over the ground like a dark-brown ribbon a foot wide, devouring every living thing they meet, from a grasshopper to a goat, if the beast cannot escape. Their heads are



ANGONI WARRIOR—ON THE LEFT IS A SECTION OF GROWING STOCKADE (SEE PAGE 597).



ANKONDE HUT NEAR THE NORTHWEST SHORE OF LAKE NYASSA.

furnished with terrific nippers; if you are bitten, and attempt to pull away the insect, you will find that the head remains in your flesh. They will enter your house; no matter how well filled your larder was before the visit, it will contain nothing but bones afterward. The white ant does not bite you; his particular province is to destroy your most valuable property—your best trunks, your favorite shoes. In one night he will so attack a wooden box that when you lift it in the morning the bottom will drop out; he will eat a living eucalyptus-tree, and when he is in the district the poles of your house in a few months' time will crumble into dust. At a certain stage of his existence he has wings, which he sheds at your meal-times into your dishes. Scorpions and tarantula spiders are only occasionally met. Large beetles come from long distances to see you, and end their journey by striking you in the face. Many insects of smaller caliber settle on the back of your neck, and when you try to brush them off sneak down your back. Small saw-flies feel particularly curious about your right eye when the left one is closed and you are trying to get a bead on a buck.

Fort McGuire, February 24. Many of Makanjira's people came in to submit today—men, women, and children, lean-looking creatures, who have certainly had a hungry time of it. This is a most satisfactory conclusion to the war. It was no victory till now, for the enemy in arms on the hills in

Kasembi was forcibly beaten by Makanjira's people, and fled to the hills. The English beat Kuruunda, and put Kasembi in place again; it was only the strength of the English that enabled Kasembi to return. Now the people who came in were all under the orders of the white man. For convenience, head men would be placed over them, who would be permitted to exercise a certain amount of authority. When Ali Kiorgwé had fully explained the situation, all the natives were asked if they agreed to live under the white men. All rose up and swore to obey the whites. Then Edwards set aside a place near the fort where the people could make a temporary camp, and a lot of guns were given to the submitters, who were put in very good humor. Edwards is doing exceedingly well to patch up a peace and get the people to come and live about the fort. They will soon see the advantage of it, and the success of the campaign will be a great blow to slavery.

Makamda, Makanjira's ambassador, told the following story on coming to the fort. He said that among the animals the rabbit had the reputation of knowing good places in the forest and on the plains. When elephants, zebras, leopards, and even lions, decided upon having some jollification, they called in a rabbit and asked him to provide a suitable place for the entertainment; he also was supposed to be an expert at drumming. Then Makamda said, "I am the rabbit,

the neighborhood were a menace all the time. At first they could not understand the meaning of allegiance to the Queen; they wished to be under Kasembi, the native chief, but this could not be permitted; they must be under the orders of Captain Edwards. Ali Kiorgwé played his cards well; for he explained that Kasembi was relatively a small boy, while Edwards, as the representative of the Queen, was the father.

and I come from Makanjira; he is the lion, and sends me to search a suitable place.»

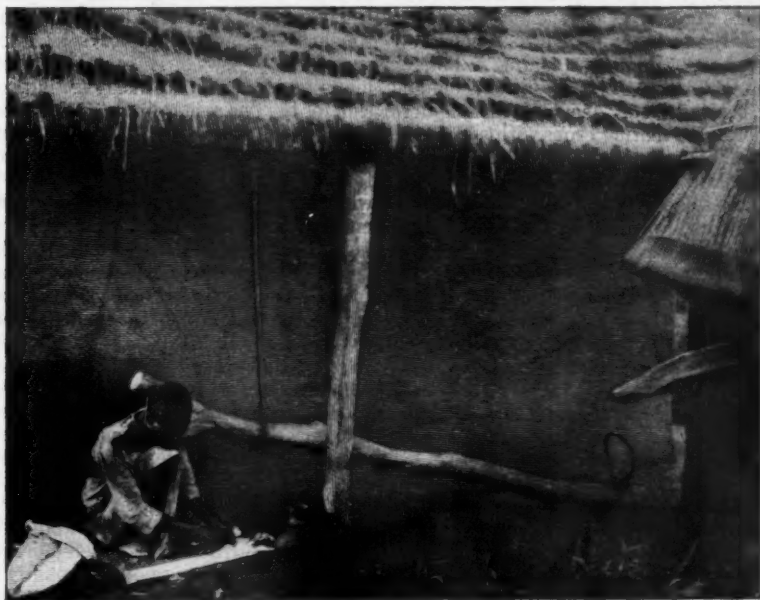
March 6. The steamer *Hermann von Wissmann* arrived to-day, with Baron von Eltz and Gillmore on board, the latter to disembark and stay at Fort McGuire as assistant to Edwards. I take passage up to Karonga on this boat. Captain Edwards has done splendid work at Fort McGuire. It is a model station, well built, well conducted, and thorough discipline is paramount. He has transformed what was once a most important slave-center into a powerful stronghold of civilization.

March 7. Left Fort McGuire at about five this morning and slept at Msumba, in Portuguese territory. The *Wissmann* bought a little wood at the usual price; the wood is three feet long, is piled as high as the width of common calico, and then is sold by the length of the pile at the price of one yard of calico for one yard of wood. There are wooding-stations all along the shores of the lake.

March 8. We steamed to Lukomo to-day and visited all the missions. The Lukomo missionaries have spent no time in making themselves comfortable. They have no gardens, and their houses are flimsy things, built of mats principally, and thatched with grass; but they have all good roofs over their heads. They keep the Africans in their places, and

they are doing the best they can to improve the character of the native. Late in the afternoon we reached Bandawé, a Livingstonia mission station. Bandawé seems to be noted for its carpentry and brick-making. There is a nice row of cottages built of brick and roofed with grass, and with good doors and windows. There are houses for the whites, a school-house, joinery shop, and a building for printing. There is a fairly good road running parallel with the houses, but it loses itself in the grass three hundred yards from the lake, in which only a tiny path, almost hidden by overhanging grass, leads. A visitor from the lake gets soaked by brushing his way through the dripping grass.

While at Lukomo I learned that the slave-trade in that district is very brisk. Slaves are brought across over from the Bandawé villages by way of the Lukomo Islands to the mainland in Portuguese territory. A week or two ago a large caravan of two hundred and fifty slaves, carrying the British flag, started from Unaga for the coast; one of the slaves was sold for corn. Caravans are constantly crossing, easily avoiding the gunboats, which make infrequent visits to this portion of the lake. Stations are needed at Jumbé's and at Point Rifu, with well-organized intelligence-departments attached to each.



A SLAVER, PLACED IN A SLAVE FORT BY MR. CRAWSHAY, AT DEEP BAY, UTILIZING HIS ENFORCED LEISURE IN SEWING.

March 12. I left Crawshaw's place at five in the morning, and reached Karonga about ten o'clock; found there, much to my surprise, three Belgian officers from the Antislavery Society on Lake Tanganyika. The world has to thank Captain Jacques for good work done in destroying the power of the Arab slavers; their favorite hunting-grounds between Tanganyika and the Congo are now no longer safe for them.

March 19. By appointment went out to Kopa-Kopa's stockade. Have always heard it was a very strong place; this is not so. I found Kopa-Kopa very intelligent, and interested to know all about *Oha* (Europe). I explained to him clearly the spirit of the Brussels Act. If Arabs and coast men decided to trade legitimately, they could stay at peace with the whites and suffer no interference. He told me if he could get together some ivory and plenty of food for the way, he would go to the coast. There was no longer a chance for making money, with slavery stopped, and most of the ivory going direct to Karonga. Three plagues have visited this part of the country in recent years: first, of mice, which ate up the roots of the rice and maize; then came the cattle plague, which attacked beasts both wild and domestic, and killed all the buffaloes; and now the locusts. As I returned from Kopa-Kopa an immense cloud of locusts were darkening the air. They sped along at the rate of four miles an hour, settling on every patch of maize, millet, or sorghum. All the natives were out, old and young, beating drums, shouting, rushing here and there, and beating crops with swishes to drive the pests away. In spite of their efforts the crops will be destroyed. The natives are very careless about the future; knowing well that they are always subject to locusts, they do not take the precaution to grow manioc, which locusts do not eat.

March 21. This morning I left Karonga in a machila for the Ngerengé Mountains, where the Livingstonia mission has stations, of which Dr. Kerr Cross and wife have charge. Dr. Cross has been out here about seven years, and did excellent service during the Karonga war against the Arabs. He has seen several large slave-caravans in forks, but none recently. He feels certain that slaves are still being traded at the Arab stockades.

I gave the boy I engaged at Jumbé's a loin-cloth. The next day I saw a stranger with it. I asked the boy why he had parted with it; he said the stranger had told him he would probably go to England with me, and so he

exchanged the cloth for a pair of white duck trousers, which he thought would be more suitable for the climate there.

March 25. This morning at eight o'clock I went in machila straight to Kopa-Kopa; thence by an easy road for a caravan to Mlozi's stockade, about five miles off. The way led through plantations of maize, etc.; then through a park-like country with fine, short grass, fair-sized trees here and there, and again plantations immediately fronting Mlozi's clear space. The huts, with grass roofs, were crowded together, and there were many grass fences surrounding groups of huts. These are to conceal slaves so that white men may not see; they are supposed to be for general privacy. There were many slaves about, but none in forks, and nothing to suggest the business carried on except two skulls on posts at the outer gate of the stockade. I had a long talk with Mlozi. He says the big caravan captured by the Germans was not his; the ivory was his, but not the slaves. He was very polite, and offered me fowl and curry.

March 31. I started in the *Ilala* for Deep Bay to see Crawshaw, who was very ill. At Senga and in the interior slaves are constantly appealing to Crawshaw. During my visit of three days three cases came up. When I was at Mlozi's, a man who gave his name as Kisebau expected a caravan of trade goods at Amelia Bay, and wished to send two men across to get news of it; he asked me to give him a letter to Mr. Crawshaw asking permission for the two men to cross. When I reached Deep Bay a day or two afterward I found in a slave-fork a man whom I had never seen before, but this fellow had presented the letter which I gave to Kisebau. It seems that four men appeared, one being a slave, who was being taken across, of course for sale. He was an Awemba who had been forced into a slave fork. The second case was that of a woman who hailed from Senga. She complained that she had been taken in a fight by Awemba, and sold to Kopa-Kopa; he sold her to Kayuni, who was about to send her to the east side of the lake in exchange for cattle or goats. She was released, and Kayuni put into chains and imprisoned. The third case was that of a small boy who looked after goats. He told one of Crawshaw's boys that he was a slave who had been bought by Chitapweté at Mperembi's for cloth and hoes. Mperembi's people had captured him in a raiding encounter in the Senga country; the boy was released and the master put in chains.

E. J. Glave.

AN OPEN-EYED CONSPIRACY:


AN IDYL OF SARATOGA.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

Author of "Their Wedding Journey," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY IRVING R. WILES.

V.

 AM doing it entirely on Mrs. Deering's account," said my wife that evening after tea, as we walked down the side street that descended from our place to Broadway. "She has that girl on her hands, and I know she must be at her wits' end."

"And I do it entirely on Deering's account," I retorted. "He has both of these women on his hands."

We emerged into the glistening thoroughfare in front of the vast hotels, and I was struck, as I never fail to be, with its futile and unmeaning splendor. I think there is nothing in our dun-colored civilization prettier than that habit the ladies have in Saratoga of going out on the street after dark in their bare heads. When I first saw them wandering about so in the glitter of the shop-windows and the fitful glare of the electric lights everywhere, I thought they must be some of those Spanish-Americans mistaking the warm, dry air of the Northern night for that of their own latitudes; but when I came up with them I could hear, if I could not see, that they were of our own race. Those flat and shapeless tones could come through the noses of no other. The beauty and the elegance were also ours, and the fearless trust of circumstance. They sauntered up and down before the gaunt, high porticos of the hotels, as much at home as they could have been in their own houses, and in much the same dress as if they had been receiving there. The effect is one of incomparable cheer, and is a promise of social brilliancy which Saratoga no more keeps than she does that of her other characteristic aspects; say the forenoon effect of the same thoroughfare, with the piazzas banked with the hotel guests, and the street full of the light equipages which seem peculiar to the place passing and re-passing, in the joyous sunlight and out of it, on the leaf-flecked street. Even the public

carriages of Saratoga have a fresh, unjaded air; and to issue from the railway station in the midst of those buoyant top-phaetons and surreys, with their light-limbed horses, is to be thrilled by some such insensate expectation of pleasure as fills the heart of a boy at his first sally into the world. I always expect to find my lost youth waiting for me around the corner of the United States Hotel, and I accuse myself of some fault if it disappoints me, as it always does. I can imagine what gaudy hopes by night and by day the bright staging of the potential drama must awaken in the breast of a young girl when she first sees it, and how blank she must feel when the curtain goes down and there has been no play. It was a real anguish to me when that young girl with the Deerings welcomed my wife and me with a hopeful smile, as if we were *dramatis personæ*, and now the performance must be going to begin. I could see how much our chance acquaintance had brightened the perspective for her, and how eagerly she had repaired all her illusions; and I thought how much better it would have been if she had been left to the dull and spiritless resignation in which I had first seen her. From that there could be no fall, at least, and now she had risen from it only to sink again.

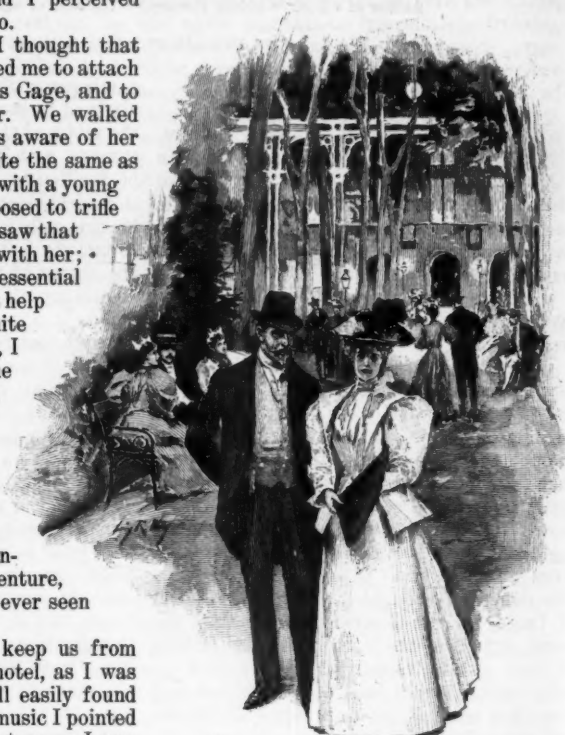
But, in fact, the whole party seemed falsely cheered by the event of the afternoon; and in the few moments that we sat with them on their veranda, before going to the music at the Grand Union, I could hear the ladies laughing together, while Deering joyously unfolded to me his plan of going home the next morning, and leaving his wife and Miss Gage behind him. "They will stay in this hotel,—they might as well,—and I guess they can get along. My wife feels more acquainted since she met Mrs. March, and I sha'n't feel so much like leavin' her among strangers here. I don't know when she's taken such a fancy to any one as she has to your wife, or Miss Gage either. I guess she'll want to ask her about the stores here."

I said that I believed the fancy was mutual, and that there was nothing my wife liked better than telling people about stores. I added, in generalization, that when a woman had spent all her own money on dress, it did her quite as much good to see other women spending theirs; and Deering said he guessed that was about so. He gave me a push on the shoulder to make me understand how keenly he appreciated the joke, and I perceived that we had won his heart, too.

We joined the ladies, and I thought that my sufferings for her authorized me to attach myself more especially to Miss Gage, and to find out all I could about her. We walked ahead of the others, and I was aware of her making believe that it was quite the same as if she were going to the music with a young man. Not that she seemed disposed to trifle with my gray hairs; I quickly saw that this would not be in character with her; but some sort of illusion was essential to her youth, and she could not help rejuvenating me. This was quite like the goddess she looked, I reflected, but otherwise she was not formidably divine, and, in fact, I suppose the goddesses were, after all, only nice girls at heart. This one, at any rate, I decided, was a very nice girl when she was not sulking; and she was so brightened by her little adventure, which was really no adventure, that I could not believe I had ever seen her sulking.

The hotel people did not keep us from going into the court of the hotel, as I was afraid they might, and we all easily found places. In the pauses of the music I pointed out such notables and characters as I saw about us, and tried to possess her of as much of the Saratoga world as I knew. It was largely there in that bold evidence it loves, and in that social solitude to which the Saratoga of the hotels condemns the denizens of her world. I do not mean that the Saratoga crowd is at all a fast-looking crowd. There are sporting people and gamblers; but the great mass of the frequenters are plain, honest Americans, out upon a holiday from all parts of the country, and of an innocence too inveterate to have grasped the fact that there is no fashion in Saratoga now but the fashion of the ladies' dresses. These, I must say, are of the newest and prettiest; the dressing of the women always strikes me there. My companion was eager to recog-

nize the splendors which she had heard of, and I pointed out an old lady by the door, who sat there displaying upon her vast bosom an assortment of gems and jewels which she seemed as personally indifferent to as if she were a show-window, and I was glad to have the girl shrink from the spectacle in a kind of mute alarm. I tried to make her share my pleasure in a group of Cubans—fat father,



DRAWN BY IRVING N. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

"I INVITED HER TO WALK ROUND THE COURT WITH ME."

fat mother, fat daughter—who came down the walk toward us in the halo of tropical tradition; but she had not the taste for olives, and I saw that I failed to persuade her of the esthetic value of this alien element among us. She apparently could do almost as little with some old figures of bygone beaux spectrally revisiting the hotel haunts of their youth; but she was charmed with the sylvan loveliness of that incomparable court. It is, in fact, a park of the tall, slim Saratoga trees inclosed by the quadrangle of the hotel, exquisitely kept, and with its acres of green-sward now showing their color vividly in the

light of the electrics, which shone from all sides on the fountain flashing and plashing in the midst. I said that here was that union of the sylvan and the urban which was always the dream of art, and which formed the delicate charm of pastoral poetry; and although I do not think she quite grasped the notion, I saw that she had a pleasure in the visible fact, and that was much better. Besides, she listened very respectfully, and with no signs of being bored.

In the wait between the two parts of the concert, I invited her to walk round the court with me, and under the approving eye of Mrs. March we made this expedition. It seemed to me that I could not do a wiser thing, both for the satisfaction of my own curiosity and for the gratification of the autobiographical passion we all feel, than to lead her on to speak of herself. But she had little or nothing to say of herself, and what she said of other things was marked by a straightforward good sense, if not a wide intelligence. I think we make a mistake when we suppose that a beautiful woman must always be vain or conscious. I fancy that a beauty is quite as often a solid and sensible person, with no inordinate wish to be worshiped, and this young lady struck me as wholly unspoiled by flattery. I decided that she was not the type that would take the fancy of De Witt Point, and that she had grown up without local attention for that reason, or possibly because a certain coldness in her overawed the free spirit of rustic love-making. No doubt she knew that she was beautiful, and I began to think that it was not so much disappointment at finding Saratoga as indifferent as De Witt Point which gave her the effect of disgust I had first noted in her the night before. That might rather have come from the sense of feeling herself a helpless burden on her friends, and from that young longing for companionship which is as far as may be from the desire of conquest, of triumph. Finding her now so gratefully content with the poor efforts to amuse her which an old fellow like me could make, I perceived that the society of other girls would suffice to make Saratoga quite another thing for her, and I cast about in my mind to contrive this somehow.

I confess that I liked her better and better, and before the evening was out I had quite transferred my compassion from the Deerings to her. It was forlorn and dreary for her to be attached to this good couple, whose interests were primarily in each other, and who had not the first of those arts which could provide her

with other company. She willingly told about their journey to Saratoga, and her story did not differ materially from the account Deering had already given me; but even the outward form of adventure had fallen from their experience since they had come to Saratoga. They had formed the habit of Congress Park by accident; but they had not been to the lake, or the races, or the House of Pansa, or Mount McGregor, or Hilton Park, or even the outlying springs. It was the first time they had been inside of the Grand Union. «Then you have never seen the parlor?» I asked; and after the concert I boldly led the way into the parlor, and lavished its magnificence upon them as if I had been the host, or one of the hotel guests at the very least. I enjoyed the breathlessness of the Deerings so much, as we walked up and down the vast drawing-rooms accompanied by our images in the mirrors, that I insisted upon sitting down with them all upon some of the richest pieces of furniture; and I was so flown with my success as cicerone that I made them come with me to the United States. I showed them through the parlors there, and then led them through to the inner verandas, which commanded another wooded court like that of the Grand Union. I tried to make them feel the statelier sentiment of the older hotel, and to stir their imaginations with a picture of the old times, when the Southern planters used to throng the place, and all that was gay and brilliant in fashionable society was to be seen there some time during the summer. I think that I failed in this, but apparently I succeeded in giving them an evening of dazzling splendor.

«Well, sir, this has been a great treat,» said Mr. Deering, when he bade us good-by as well as good night; he was going early in the morning.

The ladies murmured their gratitude, Mrs. Deering with an emotion that suited her thanks, and Miss Gage with a touch of something daughterly toward me that I thought pretty.

VI.

«WELL, what *did* you make of her, my dear?» Mrs. March demanded the instant she was beyond their hearing. «I must say, you did n't spare yourself in the cause; you did bravely. What is she like?»

«Really, I don't know,» I answered, after a moment's reflection. «I should say she was almost purely potential. She's not so much this or that kind of girl; she's merely a radiant image of girlhood.»

«Now, you're chicaning it, you're faking

it," said Mrs. March, borrowing the verbs severally from the art editor and the publisher of "Every Other Week." "You have got to tell me just how much and how little there really is of her before I go any further with them. Is she stupid?"

"No—no; I should n't say stupid exactly. She is—what shall I say?—extremely plain-minded. I suppose the goddesses were plain-

tell me how she really impressed you. Does she know anything? Has she read anything? Has she any ideas?"

"Really, I can't say whether they were ideas or not. She knew what 'Every Other Week' was; she had read the stories in it; but I'm not sure she valued it at its true worth. She is very plain-minded."

"Don't keep repeating that! What do you mean by plain-minded?"

"Well, honest, single, common-sense, coherent, arithmetical."

"Horrors! Do you mean that she is mannish?"

"No, not mannish. And yet she gave me the notion that, when it came to companionship, she would be just as well satisfied with a lot of girls as young men."

Mrs. March pulled her hand out of my arm, and stopped short under one of those tall Saratoga shade-trees to dramatize her inference. "Then she is the slyest of all possible pusses! Did she give you the notion that she would be just as well satisfied with you as with a young man?"

"She could n't deceive me so far as that, my dear."

"Very well; I shall take her in hand myself to-morrow, and find out what she really is."

Mrs. March went shopping the next forenoon with what was left of the Deering party; Deering had taken the early train north, and she seemed to have found the ladies livelier without him. She formed the impression from their more joyous behavior that he kept his wife from spending as much money as she would naturally have done, and that, while he was not perhaps exactly selfish, he was forgetful of her youth, of the difference in years between them, and of her capacity for pleasures which he could not care for. She said that Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage now acted like two girls together, and, if anything, Miss Gage seemed the elder of the two.

"And what did you decide about her?" I inquired.

"Well, I helped her buy a hat and a jacket at one of these nice shops just below the hotel where they're stopping, and we've started an



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILTS.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"I HELPED HER BUY A HAT."

mind. I'm a little puzzled by her attitude toward her own beauty. She does n't live her beauty any more than a poet lives his poetry or a painter his painting; though I've no doubt she knows her gift is hers just as they do."

"I think I understand. You mean she is n't conscious."

"No. Conscious is n't quite the word," I said fastidiously. "Is n't there some word that says less, or more, in the same direction?"

"No, there is n't; and I shall think you don't mean anything at all if you keep on. Now,

evening dress for her. She can't wear that white duck morning, noon, and night."

"But her character—her nature?"

"Oh! Well, she is rather plain-minded, as you call it. I think she shows out her real feelings too much for a woman."

"Why do you prefer dissimulation in your sex, my dear?"

"I don't call it dissimulation. But of course a girl ought to hide her feelings. Don't you think it would have been better for her not to have looked so obviously out of humor when you first saw her the other night?"

"She would n't have interested me so much, then, and she probably would n't have had your acquaintance now."

"Oh, I don't mean to say that even that kind of girl won't get on, if she gives her mind to it; but I think I should prefer a little less plain-mindedness, as you call it, if I were a man."

I did not know exactly what to say to this, and I let Mrs. March go on.

"It's so in the smallest thing. If you're choosing a thing for her, and she likes another, she lets you feel it at once. I don't mean that she's rude about it, but she seems to set herself so square across the way, and you come up with a kind of bump against her. I don't think that's very feminine. That's what I meant by mannish. You always knew where to find her."

I don't know why this criticism should have amused me so much, but I began to laugh quite uncontrollably, and I kept on and on. Mrs. March kept her temper with me admirably. When I was quiet again, she said:

"Mrs. Deering is a person that wins your heart at once; she has that *appealing* quality. You can see that she's cowed by her husband, though he means to be kind to her; and yet you may be sure she gets round him, and has her own way all the time. I know it was her idea to have him go home and leave them here, and of course she made him think it was his. She saw that as long as he was here, and anxious to get back to his (stock) there was no hope of giving Miss Gage the sort of chance she came for, and so she determined to manage it. At the same time, you can see that she is as true as steel, and would abhor anything like deceit worse than the pest."

"I see; and that is why you dislike Miss Gage?"

"Dislike her? No, I don't dislike her; but she is disappointing. If she were a plain girl her plain-mindedness would be all right; it would be amusing; she would turn it to account and make it seem humorous. But it

does n't seem to go with her beauty; it takes away from that—I don't know how to express it exactly."

"You mean that she has no charm."

"No: I don't mean that at all. She has a great deal of charm of a certain kind, but it's a very peculiar kind. After all, the truth is the truth, Basil, is n't it?"

"It is sometimes, my dear," I assented.

"And the truth has its charm, even when it's too blunt."

"Ah, I'm not so sure of that."

"Yes—yes, it has. You must n't say so, Basil, or I shall lose all my faith in you. If I could n't trust you I don't know what I should do."

"What are you after now, Isabel?"

"I am not after anything. I want you to go round to all the hotels and see if there is not some young man you know at one of them. There surely must be."

"Would one young man be enough?"

"If he were attentive enough, he would be. One young man is as good as a thousand if the girl is the right kind."

"But you have just been implying that Miss Gage is cold and selfish and greedy. Shall I go round exploring hotel registers for a victim to such a divinity as that?"

"No; you need n't go till I have had a talk with her. I am not sure she is worth it; I am not sure that I want to do a single thing for her."

VII.

THE next day, after another forenoon's shopping with her friends, Mrs. March announced: "Well, now, it has all come out, Basil, and I wonder you did n't get the secret at once from your Mr. Deering. Have you been supposing that Miss Gage was a poor girl whom the Deerings had done the favor of bringing with them?"

"Why, what of it?" I asked provisionally.

"She is very well off. Her father is not only the president, as they call it, of the village, but he's the president of the bank."

"Yes; I told you that Deering told me so—"

"But he is very queer. He has kept her very close from the other young people, and Mrs. Deering is the only girl friend she's ever had, and she's grown up without having been anywhere without him. They had to plead with him to let her come with them,—or Mrs. Deering had,—but when he once consented, he consented handsomely. He gave her a lot of money, and told them he wanted her to have the best time that money could buy; and of course you can understand how such a man would think that money would buy

a good time anywhere. But the Deerings did n't know how to go about it. She confessed as much when we were talking the girl over. I could see that she stood in awe of her somehow from the beginning, and that she felt more than the usual responsibility for her. That was the reason she was so eager to get her husband off home; as long as he was with them she would have to work everything through him, and that would be double labor, because he is so hopelessly *villaginous*, don't you know, that he never could rise to the conception of anything else. He took them to a cheap, second-class hotel, and he was afraid to go with them anywhere because he never was sure that it was the right thing to do; and he was too proud to ask, and they had to keep prodding him all the time."

"That's delightful!"

"Oh, I dare say you think so; but if you knew how it wounded a woman's self-respect you would feel differently; or you would n't, rather. But now, thank goodness! they've got him off their hands, and they can begin to breathe freely. That is, Mrs. Deering could, if she had n't her heart in her mouth all the time, wondering what she can do for the girl, and bullying herself with the notion that she is to blame if she does n't have a good time. You can understand just how it was with them always. Mrs. Deering is one of those meek little things that a great, splendid, lonely creature like Miss Gage would take to in a small place, and perfectly crush under the weight of her confidence; and she would want to make her husband live up to her ideal of the girl, and would be miserable because he would n't or could n't."

"I believe the good Deering did n't even think her handsome."

"That's it. And he thought anything that was good enough for his wife was good enough for Miss Gage, and he'd be stubborn about doing things on her account, even to please his wife."

"Such conduct is imaginable of the good Deering. I don't think he liked her."

"Nor she him. Mrs. Deering helplessly hinted as much. She said he did n't like to have her worrying so much about Miss Gage's not having a good time, and she could n't make him feel as she did about it, and she was half glad for his own sake that he had to go home."

"Did she say that?"

"Not exactly; but you could see that she meant it. Do you think it would do for them to change from their hotel, and go to the Grand Union or the States or Congress Hall?"

"Have you been putting them up to that, Isabel?"

"I knew you would suspect me, and I would n't have asked for your opinion if I had cared anything for it, really. What would be the harm of their doing it?"

"None whatever, if you really want my worthless opinion. But what could they do there?"

"They could see something if they could n't do anything, and as soon as Miss Gage has got her new gowns I'm going to tell them you thought they could do it. It was their own idea, at any rate."

"Miss Gage's?"

"Mrs. Deering's. She has the courage of a—I don't know what. She sees that it's a desperate case, and she would n't stop at anything."

"Now that her husband has gone home."

"Well, which hotel shall they go to?"

"Oh, that requires reflection."

"Very well, then, when you've reflected I want you to go to the hotel you've chosen, and introduce yourself to the clerk, and tell him your wife has two friends coming, and you want something very pleasant for them. Tell him all about yourself and 'Every Other Week.'"

"He'll think I want them deadheaded."

"No matter, if your conscience is clear; and don't be so shamefully modest as you always are, but speak up boldly. Now, will you? Promise me you will!"

"I will try, as the good little boy says. But, Isabel, we don't know these people except from their own account."

"And that is quite enough."

"It will be quite enough for the hotel-keeper if they run their board. I shall have to pay it."

"Now, Basil dear, don't be disgusting, and go and do as you're bid."

It was amusing, but it was perfectly safe, and there was no reason why I should not engage rooms for the ladies at another hotel. I had not the least question of them, and I had failed to worry my wife with a pretended doubt. So I decided that I would go up at once and inquire at the Grand Union. I chose this hotel because, though it lacked the fine flower of the more ancient respectability and the legendary charm of the States, it was so spectacular that it would be in itself a perpetual excitement for those ladies, and would form an effect of society which, with some help from us, might very well deceive them. This was what I said to myself, though in my heart I knew better. Whatever Mrs. Deering

might think, that girl was not going to be taken in with any such simple device, and I must count upon the daily chances in the place to afford her the good time she had come for.

As I mounted the steps to the portico of the Grand Union with my head down, and lost in a calculation of these chances, I heard my name gaily called, and I looked up to see young Kendricks, formerly of our staff on «Every Other Week,» and still a frequent contributor, and a great favorite of my wife's and my own. My heart gave a great joyful bound at sight of him.

«My dear boy, when in the world did you come?»

«This morning by the steaamboat train, and I am never, never going away!»

«You like it, then?»

«Like it! It's the most delightful thing in the universe. Why, I'm simply wild about it, Mr. March. I go round saying to myself, Why have I thrown away my life? Why have I never come to Saratoga before? It's simply supreme, and it's American down to the ground. Yes; that's what makes it so delightful. No other people could have invented it, and it does n't try to be anything but what we made it.»

«I'm so glad you look at it in that way. We like it. We discovered it three or four years ago, and we never let a summer slip, if we can help it, without coming here for a week or a month. The place,» I enlarged, «has the charm of ruin, though it's in such obvious repair; it has a past; it's so completely gone by in a society sense. The cottage life here has n't killed the hotel life, as it has at Newport and Bar Harbor; but the ideal of cottage life everywhere else has made hotel life at Saratoga ungenteel. The hotels are full, but at the same time they are society solitudes.»

«How gay it is!» said the young fellow, as he gazed with a pensive smile into the street, where all those festive vehicles were coming and going, dappled by the leaf-shadows from the tall trees overhead. «What air! what a sky!» The one was indeed sparkling, and the other without a cloud, for it had rained in the night, and it seemed as if the weather could never be hot and close again.

I forgot how I had been sweltering about, and said: «Yes; it is a Saratoga day. It's supposed that the sparkle of the air comes from the healthful gases thrown off by the springs. Some people say the springs are



DRAWN BY IRVING A. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE F. BARTLE.

«AS I MOUNTED THE STEPS . . . I LOOKED UP TO SEE YOUNG KENDRICKS.»

doctored; that's what makes their gases so healthful.»

«Why, anything might happen here,» Kendricks mused, unheeded of me. «What a scene! what a stage! Why has nobody done a story about Saratoga?» he asked, with the literary turn I knew his thoughts would be taking. All Gerald Kendricks's thoughts were of literature, but sometimes they were not of immediate literary effect, though that was never for long.

«Because,» I suggested, «one probably could n't get his young lady characters to come here if they were at all in society. But of course there must be charming presences here accidentally. Some young girl, say, might come here from a country place, expecting to see social gaiety—»

«Ah, but that would be too heart-breaking!»

«Not at all. Not if she met some young fellow accidentally—don't you see?»

«It would be difficult to manage; and has n't it been done?»

«Everything has been done, my dear fellow. Or, you might suppose a young lady who comes

on here with her father, a veteran politician, delegate to the Republican or Democratic convention,—all the conventions meet in Saratoga,—and some ardent young delegate falls in love with her. That would be new ground. There you would have the political novel, which they wonder every now and then some of us don't write.» The smile faded from Kendricks's lips, and I laughed. «Well, then, there's nothing for it but the Social Science Congress. Have a brilliant professor win the heart of a lovely sister-in-law of another member by a paper he reads before the Congress. No? You're difficult. Are you stopping here?»

«Yes; are you?»

«I try to give myself the air of it when I am feeling very proud. But really, we live at a most charming little hotel on a back street, out of the whirl and rush that we should prefer to be in if we could afford it.» I told him about our place, and he said it must be delightful, and he made the proper inquiries about Mrs. March, and asked if he might come to see us. Kendricks never forgot the gentleman in the artist, and he was as true to the *convenances* as if they had been principles. That was what made Mrs. March like his stories so much more than the stories of some people who wrote better. He said he would drop in during the afternoon, and I went indoors on the pretext of wanting to buy a newspaper. Then, without engaging rooms for Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage, I hurried home.

VIII.

«WELL, did you get the rooms?» asked my wife as soon as she saw me. She did not quite call it across the street to me as I came up from where she sat on the piazza.

«No, I did n't,» I said boldly, if somewhat breathlessly.

«Why did n't you? You ought to have gone to the States if they were full at the Grand Union.»

«They were not full, unless Kendricks got their last room.»

«Do you mean that *he* was there? Mr. Kendricks? If you are hoaxing me, Basil!»

«I am not, my dear; indeed I'm not,» said I, beginning to laugh, and this made her doubt me the more.

«Because if you are I shall simply never forgive you. And I'm in earnest this time,» she replied.

«Why should I want to hoax you about such a vital thing as that. Could n't Kendricks come to Saratoga as well as we? He's here

looking up the ground of a story I should think from what he said.»

«No matter what he's here for; he's here, and that's enough. I never knew of anything so perfectly providential. Did you *tell* him, Basil? Did you dare?»

«Tell him what?»

«You know; about Miss Gage.»

«Well, I came very near it. I dangled the fact before his eyes once, but I caught it away again in time. He never saw it. I thought I'd better let you tell him.»

«Is he coming here to see us?»

«He asked if he might.»

«He's always nice. I don't know that I shall ask him to do anything for them, after all; I'm not sure that she's worth it. I wish some commoner person had happened along. Kendricks is too precious. I shall have to think about it; and don't you tease me, Basil, will you?»

«I don't know. If I'm not allowed to have any voice in the matter, I'm afraid I shall take it out in teasing. I don't see why Miss Gage is n't quite as good as Kendricks. I believe she's taller, and though he's pretty good-looking, I prefer her style of beauty. I dare say his family is better, but I fancy she's richer; and his family is n't good beyond New York city, and her money will go anywhere. It's a pretty even thing.»

«Good gracious, Basil! you talk as if it were a question of marriage.»

«And you *think* it is.»

«Now I see that you're bent upon teasing, and we won't talk any more, please. What time did he say he would call?»

«If I may n't talk, I can't tell.»

«You may talk that much.»

«Well, then, he did n't say.»

«Basil,» said my wife, after a moment, «if you could be serious, I should like very much to talk with you. I know that you're excited by meeting Mr. Kendricks, and I know what you thought the instant you saw him. But, indeed, it won't do, my dear. It's more than we've any right to ask, and I shall not ask it, and I shall not let you. She is a stiff, awkward village person, and I don't believe she's amiable or intelligent; and to let a graceful, refined, superior man like Mr. Kendricks throw away his time upon her would be wicked, simply wicked. Let those people manage for themselves from this out. Of course you must n't get them rooms at the Grand Union now, for he'd be seeing us there with them, and feel bound to pay her attention. You must try for them at the States, since the matter's been spoken of, or at Congress Hall. But there's

no hurry. We must have time to think whether we shall use Mr. Kendricks with them. I suppose it will do no harm to introduce him. If he stays we can't very well avoid it; and I confess I should like to see how she impresses him. Of course we shall introduce him! But I insist I shall just do it merely as one human being to another; and don't you come in with any of your romantic nonsense, Basil, about her social disappointment. Just how much did you give the situation away?"

I told as well as I could remember.

"Well, that's nothing. He'll never think of it, and you mustn't hint anything of the kind again."

I promised devoutly, and she went on:

"It would n't be nice—it would n't be delicate—to let him into the conspiracy. That must be entirely our affair, don't you see? And I don't want you to take a single step without me. I don't want you even to discuss her with him. Will you? Because that will tempt you further."

That afternoon Kendricks came promptly to call, like the little gentleman he was, and he was more satisfactory about Saratoga than he had been in the morning even. Mrs. March catechized him, and she did n't leave an emotion of his unsearched by her vivid sympathy. She ended by saying:

"You must write a story about Saratoga. And I have got just the heroine for you."

I started, but she ignored my start.

Kendricks laughed, delighted, and asked, "Is she pretty?"

"Must a heroine be pretty?"

"She had better be. Otherwise she will have to be tremendously clever and say all sorts of brilliant things, and that puts a great burden on the author. If you proclaim boldly at the start that she's a beauty, the illustrator has got to look after her, and the author has a comparative sinecure."

Mrs. March thought a moment, and then she said: "Well, she is a beauty. I don't want to make it too hard for you."

"When shall I see her?" Kendricks demanded, and he feigned an amusing anxiety.

"Well, that depends upon how you behave, Mr. Kendricks. If you are very, very good, perhaps I may let you see her this evening. We will take you to call upon her."

"Is it possible? Do you mean business? Then she is—in society?"

"Mr. Kendricks!" cried Mrs. March, with burlesque severity. "Do you think that I would offer you a heroine who was *not* in society? You forget that I am from Boston!"

"Of course, of course! I understand that any heroine of your acquaintance must be in society. But I thought—I did n't know but for the moment—Saratoga seems to be so tremendously mixed; and Mr. March says there is no society here. But if she is from Boston—"

"I did n't say she was from Boston, Mr. Kendricks."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"She is from De Witt Point," said Mrs. March, and she apparently enjoyed his confusion, no less than my bewilderment at the course she was taking.

I was not going to be left behind, though, and I said: "I discovered this heroine myself, Kendricks, and if there is to be any giving away—"

"Now, Basil!"

"I am going to do it. Mrs. March would never have cared anything about her if it had n't been for me. I can't let her impose upon you. This heroine is no more in society than she is from Boston. That is the trouble with her. She has come here for society, and she can't find any."

"Oh, that was what you were hinting at this morning," said Kendricks. "I thought it a pure figment of the imagination."

"One does n't imagine such things as that, my dear fellow. One imagines a heroine coming here, and having the most magnificent kind of social career,—lawn-parties, lunches, teas, dinners, picnics, hops,—and going back to De Witt Point with a dozen offers of marriage. That's the kind of work the imagination does. But this simple and appealing situation—this beautiful young girl, with her poor little illusions, her secret hopes half hidden from herself, her ignorant past, her visionary future—"

"Now, I am going to tell you all about her, Mr. Kendricks," Mrs. March broke in upon me, with defiance in her eye; and she flung out the whole fact with a rapidity of utterance that would have left far behind any attempt of mine. But I made no attempt to compete with her; I contented myself with a sarcastic silence which I could see daunted her a little at last.

"And all that we've done, my dear fellow,"—I took in irony the word she left to me,—
"is to load ourselves up with these two impossible people, to go their security to destiny, and answer for their having a good time. We're in luck."

"Why, I don't know," said Kendricks, and I could see that his fancy was beginning to play with the situation; "I don't see why it is n't a charming scheme."



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

«WE WERE JUST TALKING OF YOU,» SAID MRS. MARCH.»

«Of course it is,» cried Mrs. March, taking a little heart from his courage.

«We can't make out yet whether the girl is interesting,» I put in maliciously.

«That is what *you* say,» said my wife. «She is very shy, and of course she would n't show out her real nature to you. I found her *very* interesting.»

«Now, Isabel!» I protested.

«She is fascinating,» the perverse woman persisted. «She has a fascinating dullness.»

Kendricks laughed and I jeered at this complex characterization.

«You make me impatient to judge for myself,» he said.

«Will you go with me to call upon them this evening?» asked Mrs. March.

«I shall be delighted. And you can count

upon me to aid and abet you in your generous conspiracy, Mrs. March, to the best of my ability. There's nothing I should like better than to help you—»

«Throw dust in her beautiful eyes,» I quoted.

«Not at all,» said my wife. «But to spread a beatific haze over everything, so that as long as she stays in Saratoga she shall see life rose-color. Of course you may say that it's a kind of deception—»

«Not at all!» cried the young fellow in his turn. «We will make it reality. Then there will be no harm in it.»

«What a jesuitical casuist! You had better read what Cardinal Newman says in his 'Apologia' about lying, young man.»

Neither of them minded me, for just then

there was a stir of drapery round the corner of the piazza from where we were sitting, and the next moment Mrs. Deering and Miss Gage showed themselves.

"We were just talking of you," said Mrs. March. "May I present our friend Mr. Kendricks, Mrs. Deering? And Miss Gage?"

At sight of the young man, so well dressed and good-looking, who bowed so prettily to her, and then bustled to place chairs for them, a certain cloud seemed to lift from Miss Gage's beautiful face, and to be at least partly broken on Mrs. Deering's visage. I began to talk to the girl, and she answered in good spirits, and with more apparent interest in my conversation than she had yet shown, while Kendricks very properly devoted himself to the other ladies. Both his eyes were on them, but I felt that he had a third somehow upon her, and that the smallest fact of her beauty and grace was not lost upon him. I knew that her rich, tender voice was doing its work, too, through the commonplaces she vouchsafed to me. There was a moment when I saw him lift a questioning eyebrow upon Mrs. March, and saw her answer with a fleeting frown of affirmation. I cannot tell just how it was that, before he left us, his chair was on the other side of Miss Gage's, and I was eliminated from the dialogue. These are the secrets of youth, which we lose as we live on.

He did not stay too long. There was another tableau of him on foot, taking leave of Mrs. March, with a high hand-shake, which had then lately come in, and which I saw the girl note, and then bowing to her and to Mrs. Deering.

"Don't forget," my wife called after him, with a ready invention not lost on his quick intelligence, "that you're going to the concert with us after tea. Eight o'clock, remember."

"You may be sure I shall remember *that*," he returned gaily.

IX.

THE countenances of the two ladies fell instantly when he was gone. "Mrs. March," said Mrs. Deering, with a nervous tremor, "did Mr. March get us those rooms at the Grand Union?"

"No—no," my wife began, and she made a little pause, as if to gather plausibility. "The Grand Union was very full, and he thought that at the States—"

"Because," said Mrs. Deering, "I don't know that we shall trouble him, after all. Mr. Deering is n't very well, and I guess we have got to go home—"

"Go home!" Mrs. March echoed, and her

voice was a tone-scene of a toppling hope and a wide-spread desolation. "Why, you must n't!"

"We must, I guess. It had begun to be very pleasant, and—I guess I have got to go. I can't feel easy about him."

"Why, of course," Mrs. March now assented, and she waved her fan thoughtfully before her face. I knew what she was thinking of, and I looked at Miss Gage, who had involuntarily taken the pose and expression of the moment when I first saw her at the kiosk in Congress Park. "And Miss Gage?"

"Oh, yes; I must go, too," said the girl, wistfully, forlornly. She had tears in her voice, tears of despair and vexation, I should have said.

"That's too bad," said Mrs. March, and, as she did not offer any solution of the matter, I thought it rather heartless of her to go on and rub it in. "And we were just planning some things we could do together."

"It can't be helped now," returned the girl.

"But we shall see you again before you go?" Mrs. March asked of both.

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, with a look at Mrs. Deering, who now said:

"I guess so. We'll let you know when we're going." And they got away rather stiffly.

"Why in the world, my dear," I asked, "if you were n't going to promote their stay, need you prolong the agony of their acquaintance?"

"Did you feel that about it, too? Well, I wanted to ask you first if you thought it would do."

"What do?"

"You know; get her a room here. Because if we do we shall have her literally on our hands as long as we are here. We shall have to have the whole care and responsibility of her, and I wanted you to feel just what you were going in for. You know very well I can't do things by halves, and that if I undertake to chaperon this girl I shall chaperon her—"

"To the bitter end. Yes; I understand the conditions of your uncompromising conscience. But I don't believe it will be any such killing matter. There are other semi-detached girls in the house; she could go round with them."

We talked on, and, as sometimes happens, we convinced each other so thoroughly that she came to my ground and I went to hers. Then it was easier for us to come together, and after making me go to the clerk, and find out that he had a vacant room, Mrs. March

agreed with me that it would not do at all to have Miss Gage stay with us; the fact that there was a vacant room seemed to settle the question.

We were still congratulating ourselves on our escape when Mrs. Deering suddenly reappeared round our corner of the veranda. She was alone, and she looked excited.

"Oh, it is n't anything," she said in answer to the alarm that showed itself in Mrs. March's face at sight of her. "I hope you won't think it's too presuming, Mrs. March, and I want you to believe that it's something I have thought of by myself, and that Julia would n't have let me come if she had dreamed of such a thing. I do hate so to take her back with me, now that she's begun to have a good time, and I was wondering—wondering whether it would be asking too much if I tried to get her a room here. I should n't exactly like to leave her in the hotel alone, though I suppose it would be perfectly proper; but Mr. Deering found out when he was trying to get rooms before that there were some young ladies staying by themselves here, and I did n't want to ask the clerk for a room unless you felt just right about it."

"Why, of course, Mrs. Deering. It's a public house, like any other, and you have as much right—"

"But I did n't want you to think that I would do it without asking you, and if it is going to be the least bit of trouble to you—" The poor thing while she talked stood leaning anxiously over toward Mrs. March, who had risen, and pressing the points of her fingers nervously together.

"It won't, Mrs. Deering. It will be nothing but pleasure. Why, certainly. I shall be delighted to have Miss Gage here, and anything that Mr. March and I can do— Why, we had just been talking of it, and Mr. March has this minute got back from seeing the clerk, and she can have a very nice room. We had been intending to speak to you about it as soon as we saw you."

I do not know whether this was quite true or not, but I was glad Mrs. March said it, from the effect it had with Mrs. Deering. Tears of relief came into her eyes, and she said: "Then I can go home in the morning. I was going to stay on a day or two longer, on Julia's account, but I did n't feel just right about Mr. Deering, and now I won't have to."

There followed a flutter of polite offers and refusals, acknowledgments and disavowals, and an understanding that I would arrange it all, and that we would come to Mrs. Deering's hotel after supper and see Miss Gage about the when and the how of her coming to us.

"Well, Isabel," I said, after it was all over, and Mrs. Deering had vanished in a mist of happy tears, "I suppose this is what you call perfectly providential. Do you really believe that Miss Gage did n't send her back?"

"I know she did n't. But I know that she had to do it, just the same as if Miss Gage had driven her at the point of the bayonet." I laughed at this tragical image. "Can she be such a terror?"

"She is an ideal. And Mrs. Deering is as afraid as death of her. Of course she has to live up to her. It's probably been the struggle of her life, and I can quite imagine her letting her husband die before she would take Miss Gage back unless she went back satisfied."

"I don't believe I can imagine so much as that exactly, but I can imagine her being afraid of Miss Gage's taking it out of her somehow. Now she will take it out of us. I hope you realize that you've done it now, my dear. To be sure, you will have all your life to repent of your rashness."

"I shall never repent," Mrs. March retorted hardily. "It was the right thing, the only thing. We could n't have let that poor creature stay on, when she was so anxious to get back to her husband."

"No."

"And I confess, Basil, that I feel a little pity for that poor girl, too. It would have been cruel, it would have been fairly wicked, to let her go home so soon, and especially now."

"Oh! And I suppose that by *especially now*, you mean Kendricks," I said, and I laughed mockingly, as the novelists say. "How sick I am of this stale old love-business between young people! We ought to know better—we're old enough; at least *you* are."

She seemed not to feel the gibe. "Why, Basil," she asked dreamily, "have n't you any romance left in you?"

"Romance? Bah! It's the most ridiculous unreality in the world. If you had so much sympathy for that stupid girl, in her disappointment, why had n't you a little for that poor woman, in her anxiety about her sick husband? But a husband is nothing—when you have got him."

"I did sympathize with her."

"You did n't say so."

"Well, she is only his second wife, and I don't suppose it's anything serious. Did n't I really say anything to her?"

"Not a word. It is curious," I went on,

«how we let this idiotic love-passion absorb us to the very last. It is wholly unimportant who marries who, or whether anybody marries at all. And yet we no sooner have the making of a love-affair within reach than we revert to the folly of our own youth, and abandon ourselves to it as if it were one of the great interests of life.»

«Who is talking about love? It is n't a question of that. It's a question of making a girl have a pleasant time for a few days; and what is the harm of it? Girls have a dull enough time at the very best. My heart aches for them, and I shall never let a chance slip to help them, I don't care what you say.»

«Now, Isabel,» I returned, «don't you be a humbug. This is a perfectly plain case, and you are going in for a very risky affair with your eyes open. You shall not pretend you're not.»

«Very well, then, if I am going into it with my eyes open, I shall look out that nothing happens.»

«And you think provision will avail! I wish,» I said, «that instead of coming home that night, and telling you about this girl, I had confined my sentimentalizing to that young French-Canadian mother and her dirty little boy, who ate the peanut shells. I've no doubt it was really a more tragical case. They looked dreadfully poor and squalid. Why could n't I have amused my idle fancy with their fortunes—the sort of husband and father they had, their shabby home, the struggle of their life? That is the appeal that a genuine person listens to. Nothing does more to stamp me a *poseur* than the fact that I preferred to bemoan myself for a sulky girl who seemed not to be having a good time.»

There was truth in my joking, but the truth did not save me; it lost me rather. «Yes,» said my wife; «it was your fault. I should never have seen anything in her if it had not been for you. It was your coming back and work-

ing me up about her that began the whole thing, and now if anything goes wrong you will have yourself to thank for it.»

She seized the opportunity of my having jestingly taken up this load to buckle it on me tight and fast, clasping it here, tying it there, and giving a final pull to the knots that left me scarcely the power to draw my breath, much less the breath to protest. I was forced to hear her say again that all her concern from the beginning was for Mrs. Deering, and that now, if she had offered to do something



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

«WILL IT DO?»

for Miss Gage, it was not because she cared anything for her, but because she cared everything for Mrs. Deering, who could never lift up her head again at De Witt Point if she went back so completely defeated in all the purposes she had in asking Miss Gage to come with her to Saratoga.

I did not observe that this wave of compassion carried Mrs. March so far as to leave her stranded with Mrs. Deering that evening when we called with Kendricks, and asked her and Miss Gage to go with us to the Congress Park concert. Mrs. Deering said that she had to pack, that she did not feel just exactly like going; and my tender heart ached with a knowledge of her distress. Miss

Gage made a faint, false pretense of refusing to come with us, too; but Mrs. Deering urged her to go, and put on the new dress, which had just come home, so that Mrs. March could see it. The girl came back looking radiant, divine, and—"Will it do?" She palpitated under my wife's critical glance.

"Do? It will *outdo*! I never saw anything like it!" The connoisseur patted it a little this way, and a little that. "It is a dream! Did the hat come, too?"

It appeared that the hat had come, too. Miss Gage rematerialized with it on, after a moment's evanescence, and looked at my wife with the expression of being something impersonal with a hat on.

"Simply, there is nothing to say!" cried Mrs. March. The girl put up her hands to it. "Good gracious! You must n't take it off! Your costume is perfect for the concert."

"Is it really?" asked the girl, joyfully; and she seemed to find this the first fitting moment to say, for sole recognition of our

self-sacrifice, "I'm much obliged to you, Mr. March, for getting me that room."

I begged her not to speak of it, and turned an ironical eye upon my wife; but she was lost in admiration of the hat.

"Yes," she sighed; "it's much better than the one I wanted you to get at first." And she afterward explained that the girl seemed to have a perfect instinct for what went with her style.

Kendricks kept himself discreetly in the background, and, with his unfailing right feeling, was talking to Mrs. Deering, in spite of her not paying much attention to him. I must own that I too was absorbed in the spectacle of Miss Gage.

She went off with us, and did not say another word to Mrs. Deering about helping her pack. Perhaps this was best, though it seemed heartless; it may not have been so heartless as it seemed. I dare say it would have been more suffering to the woman if the girl had missed this chance.

(To be continued.)

William Dean Howells.

A DAY IN TOPHET.



THE story of the first Doddville—old Doddville, as its ex-residents always spoke of it—was full of pathos, the pathos of the prairie and of great skies, where snows drift and wild winds sweep, and humanity struggles against all the vast forces of earth and air to maintain its free gift of life.

The nucleus of the first town had been a small inland lake in Dakota. About it had been laid out (on paper) a city with wide streets and fine buildings, public and private. These never got beyond the paper period, but John Dodd's colony of old farming neighbors built a few cheap houses to begin with, and went to work, inspired by the optimism of his nature.

"We're tied right into the wheat belt o' the great Northwest," said he, "an' all you got to do is to git a crop planted. The railroad 'll be here afore you can cut it; it's got to come. We 'll turn over a few crops an' git a ranch goin', an' by the time we do that you 'll see the boom rollin' right over the prairie toward us. We're in the way, an' we're goin' to git hit."

But the first summer was dry and rainless. Crops that had burst from the new soil in rank richness were scorched and blighted by the heat. The lake grew weedy.

"I declare, John," said Miranda, his wife, "I believe that there lake is dryin' up. I bet it ain't got no spring. 'Pears to me I can jes see it shrinkin' every time the cattle come down to drink. They 'll swallow it all afore winter."

Her husband scouted the idea, but nevertheless looked anxiously at the ever-increasing strip of black, sun-baked mud around it, cracked apart by the heat and pockmarked with trampling hoofs. Day by day yesterday's hoof-marks dried out. They were probed by an anxious finger, and proved as dry as the dust of Pharaoh. Cattail flags stood like withered pipes of Pan in a crust that crumbled underfoot.

"The dod-blasted thing ain't even marshy," he said to himself, moodily stalking about it when none was by to note his anxiety. But the lake did not vanish that year.

They made a living from their first crops—a living and no more. The winter was as bitter cold as the summer had been hot, and it was hard to winter their stock. The second

summer turned the prairie into a desert. The lake that was to become a summer resort, according to Dodd, became a mud-hole. Day by day the sun rose red and angry in the east, and smote the arid earth with hot rays like molten lashes. Alfred Bartell was sunstruck in his field; cattle died from thirst, and dropped their bony bodies in pastures where even the grass-roots were withered and sear.

Often, as if in mockery of their first ambition, a floating mirage would rise on the horizon—a lake, a city, with many roofs and slender spires and trees. Dodd used to nerve himself for a «mere-age,» as he called it.

«There's yer summer resort, John, sailin' right down here. I bet she's got the railroad an' the town hall an' the boom tailin' along after. Got the whole kit an' kitolic you laid out.»

«Wal, all I know is she's be'n a blame long time gittin' here. Hope she's come to stay.»

«Say, got a ladder, John? Le' 's climb inter Doddville afore she floats off like that there scheme o' yourn 'bout the lake an' the summer resort.»

Such remarks as these were hard to bear, but John Dodd bore them. In their own homes every family reviled him, and longed for the heaven of the past. Outside they flocked to him to bask in the sunshine of his hope. He knew it. He knew that, once away from the spell of his good humor and inspiring belief in the good time coming, he was the scapegoat on whom Doddville as a failure was saddled. But he stood behind his rude philosophy, and found comfort where other men would have faltered.

The second winter they burned twisted hay for fuel. Most of the stock that had survived the summer perished in a blizzard. Jacob Hatley, one of the seven original settlers, drove over to Claremont for supplies and news, and never came back. They found him after the first thaw sitting upright behind his dead horses, one of the span still standing. There was a little hollow south of the lake. He had driven into it and been buried by the drifting snow. In his pockets were January papers and letters with postmarks seven weeks old.

The little colony was discouraged. They talked their affairs over after Jake's funeral, and only the persuasive eloquence of their old leader kept them together. At the end of the third summer their resources were exhausted. «It's now or never,» they said, and John Dodd agreed with them. So they left the little group of houses by the weedy basin that

was not even a mud-hole then, and turned their faces eastward. They had seen enough of that dreadful horizon line, and no one cared to explore it. What parching suns had set in it! What marrow-chilling winds had blown out of it! What beautiful painted cities had hung against the dead level of its distance—cities that vanished like the hopes of the handful of settlers on the banks of the weedy little lake! No; not one man among them wanted any more West. Their cry was, «Eastward, ho!»

That was the story of the first Doddville. But, having left it and its miseries behind, Dodd, with the magic of his imagination and the infectious quality of his hope, presented the possibilities still in store for that stranded city in such a light that not a man among them but believed the boom *might* some day come, all Dakota bloom as a garden, and town lots in Doddville yet be worth two hundred cents on the dollar. At any rate, each man had «a house and lot» there, to say nothing of numerous acres; and government land was liable to draw interest, like a government bond, if it was only given time to mature.

A little before this the wonderful development of northern Michigan had first begun to be talked about. There was the «Soo,» with its fortunes being made every hour, according to the newspaper reports. All that vicinity, for a radius of any number of miles in any landward direction, was the Garden of Eden and the Mecca of dreams, if rumor could be depended upon. Mines were being opened with prodigious results. Its «natural resources,» as the papers called it, «hitherto overlooked in the great onward march of civilization, were now being developed by the union of capital and labor, offering to both opportunities for advancement not to be computed, much less matched, in any other part of the country.» Upon the strength of these representations thither moved Doddville, individually and in a body, guided as before by the visionary hopefulness of the founder of the first town. But this time they had better cause to follow. Dodd's shrewd and thrifty old father had died, and his few thousands had made a man of means of the stranded settler. He it was who selected the site and made the purchase of the necessary land, portioning it out «on time» to his followers.

«Why,» said he, on the day of the second Doddville's first inception, «riches is jes waitin' to be dug up or pulled down here. Look at the timber; we got to have a mill 'bout the first thing. Look at the soil; anything on God's earth 'll grow in it. Money jes floatin' 'roun' on top o' the groun', an' when you

fill the pockets in one suit o' clothes, buy another an' dig. You may be settin' right on a iron-mind fer all you know; an coal—you're liable to kick your heel right into a coal-mind any day. I tell you, boys, we've struck the place this time! Look out fer the townhall an' the school-house an' the meetin'-house; they're comin', an' comin' a-runnin'!»

It seemed this time as if fortune had favored them. The railroad came through. It brought business; it brought more settlers; they brought their children; the children needed a school-house; it was built. Dodd put up a cheap mill, and cut the timber into boards for the new buildings. They were all of pine—pine that had grown in the ground upon which it was finally nailed. They had a hotel, a post-office, a railroad station, and two stores for general merchandise. A big firm from Chicago built a lean-to against one of the stores, and sheltered farm machinery under it, and four or five saloons did a brisk business. The new Doddville had taken root, and the residents from the old town still spoke of their «property» in Dakota, and were looked upon as people of importance who had wide business interests. The two widows whose husbands had been slain by the elementary enemies of the prairie, heat and cold, married again on the strength of their «claims» in the West. And, struggling through the time when they all «swapped work» to get started, and no man except John Dodd had anything but his debts and his expectations, they worked into the time when prosperity had arrived and fortune smiled and Doddville was going to celebrate her third birthday.

«She's comin' in under the wire a neck ahead o' every filly in her class,» said her founder, «an' (The Doddville Weekly Boomer) is goin' to show her paces to some o' the towns that's be'n runnin' agin' her, an' they're goin' to feel pretty cheap; they're out o' sight in the dust from our heels. Ain't one on 'em got a paper ner a bank ner a fire department. Their Fourth o' July is goin' to look pretty measly 'longside o' our Fourth o' July an' Christmas an' birthday all celebrated together. But they can come an' look on an' feel mean. We're willin'. We'll invite 'em. We ain't stuck up none if we air han'some an' sassy an' way up in the high notes.»

It was quite true that Doddville possessed all the improvements claimed for her by her vapping parent. The fact that the bank was not fashionably housed, but consisted of a ten by twelve foot room, furnished with a plank counter and a second-hand safe with the combination out of order, did not alter the opulent

sound of the statement when it was put into print and read by outsiders. John Dodd knew the worth of advertising, and he had started «The Doddville Weekly Boomer» by offering a tramp editor going from the «Soo» to St. Paul on a «tie pass» the privilege of a room rent-free, and all expenses of publication for the first year. The «Boomer» came out on a crank press, and its foreign news consisted largely of mythological telegrams from the «Soo,» Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, in which the «boom» in those cities was reported as being in a state of collapse, owing to the unprecedented rise of property in Doddville, and the consequent migration of their respective populations to the «new Jerusalem of Michigan.»

The crank press was second-hand, and so were the Associated Press despatches. In fact, everything about that enterprising sheet except its «ads.» and its «eds.» was cribbed without giving credit. Its «ads.» were printed big for two reasons: one was to give each patron the satisfaction of seeing himself in big type, so that he could feel that he had his money's worth, and the other was because there were few patrons and much space, and big type spread out most. Its «eds.» were lurid fictions about the increase of population in Doddville, its manifold improvements, its enterprise, its wealth, its salubrious climate, its general blessedness.

«Stick 'em up, Elihu,» said Dodd. «We'll make 'em feel sick. We don't have no plain boys an' girls born in this town; they're all twins. Say, I've got an ole brown hen comin' off this week with fourteen chicks, if they ain't none o' the eggs addled. You might jes say there air rumors of the expected arrival of a family o' fourteen. We don't say fourteen what. It'll read good; set 'er up.»

The fire department of the town was conducted on much the same principle—or lack of it—as the bank and the paper. John Dodd, who had the privilege of all the exchanges in the «Boomer» office, and who daily labored through the «ads.,» had discovered a fire-engine offered for sale in Minnewaugen. It had been in use twenty years, but was in good working order, and could be had cheap on time. John Dodd visited the place and bought the engine. Nobody knew just how much he paid for it, but his friends were safe in assuming that it was a bargain. The engine had been new when Minnewaugen was young, and had been named after its first mayor, Andrew Cox. It still retained the name, and was spoken of familiarly by all the townspeople in its new home as «Andrew.» All the able-bodied citi-

zens of Doddville formed the department, for every man had volunteered, and all had been accepted. The young men who first «fired Andrew up» had narrowly missed blowing him and themselves up together; but that danger had been averted by practice, and the whole town was proud of its fire department, which was only another way of saying it was proud of itself.

The «Boomer» at once turned a stream of brag and bombast and self-laudation upon neighboring settlements, based upon its new equipment in this line, that was incense to the noses of Doddville. It even patronized the towns up and down the line to the extent of remarking editorially that «in event of destructive conflagrations raging anywhere within reach by rail, it will be a matter of satisfaction to all the (Boomer's) distant readers—and their name is legion—to know that the energetic residents of our flourishing city can now send a special train, equipped with a fire-engine of the latest and most approved pattern, and manned by a department whose efficiency is not to be matched this side of Chicago, to the rescue.» This editorial concluded modestly: «Having placed ourselves in the front ranks of the world by our energy and enterprise, we are ever ready to share the results of our prudence and foresight,—the fruits of our industry, as it were,—with our less fortunate brothers who are denied the privilege of living and dying in Doddville. To all such we will send out our model fire department if they get on fire, at the same time remarking that it would be every way cheaper and better for them to move into our corporation before they catch. Those who are unable to avail themselves of this golden opportunity immediately can ameliorate their condition by advertising in the (Boomer).»

This was the state of affairs in the summer of 1894. The first week in August Dodd began talking about a birthday celebration for the town. It would be three years old on the 3rd of the next month. The second week found everybody else talking about it. By the third week towns up and down the line were talking about it, and Doddville was working. Dodd even went to the editor and suggested advertising it as «Doddville's Centennial,» but Elihu took him over to the school-house, where the only dictionary in town was kept, and Webster and he together convinced Dodd that that idea was impracticable. By the 1st of September the town was measuring off her bunting, and the children were scouring the woods in search of pine boughs and green branches. The latter were hard to find, for everything was

crisp and sear before its time. There had been no rain for two months, and a carpet of brown, tinder-like needles lay under the pines as deep as it would have been in December. There was a thick haze over everything, and the children said it «was real Indian-summery.»

The little school-teacher who had taught them the year before was showing them how to wind the garlands, and Bob White was helping her. People said if they were not engaged they would be pretty soon, for he had been «paying her attention» for nearly a year. The children used to tease her about his name, for it was what the quails said in the fields before rain. Some people thought it sounded more like «Mo-re wet! mo-re wet!» than it did like «Bob White! Bob White!» But the difference in sound all lay in the hearing, and whichever words the birds said, they brought nothing but blushes to the little teacher's face. There was never a cloud in the sky from week to week, and if the quails called for more wet they never got it.

Even Johnson's Creek, the little stream, half brook, half river, that ran past the town, held less than half its normal depth. It was shallow at the best, wide and stony in some places, and with deep pools in others. But the pools were far apart, and the water babbling by Doddville was hardly more than shoe-high. These waters had once been dammed below the town, and diverted into a wooden aqueduct to turn the mill-wheel. The sluice had been opened one morning, and that afternoon the children had picked trout out of the uncovered river-bed where the stream was carried around by the mill—beautiful, speckled trout, flapping and gasping in little muddy puddles drying quickly in the sun. The town feasted on them for two days, gathered up like ripe plums from the turf. But the next spring, when the snows melted in the woods, and the freshet and the logs came down together, the two forces had split the dam like paper, and it had never been rebuilt. The little mill thereafter worked by steam, with any amount of fuel to be had for nothing at its doors—for nothing, or the gathering only.

Disquieting reports reached Doddville on the evening of the 1st. The afternoon train had brought news of a great forest fire raging over toward the northwest. Late in the evening, as the little school-teacher and Bob White and several of the young people were at work on garlands in the school-house, the telegraph operator came over; he was a young man, and had been missed. He said he had taken a passing message off the wires to the effect

that Centerville and Milltown, seventy and seventy-eight miles away respectively, had been destroyed by fire. A great many lives had been lost in Centerville.

«Have you told Dodd?»

«No; I'm just going over.»

«Seems to me the smoke is getting dreadful thick here,» said Annie Johnson, a pretty, yellow-haired girl who showed her Norse descent in her complexion.

«Pshaw! You're nervous, Annie,» said a young fellow, reassuringly; «the wind is from the southeast, and that fire up north could n't get here if it tried.»

—The young telegraph operator went over and told Dodd. Everybody looked to him for advice in time of need, because they knew he was honest about everything but his town, and they forgave him for lying about that. Moreover, he was shrewd and far-seeing, and a man of affairs and experience. His ungrammatical sentences had meaning in them, and so great was the faith the town felt for its father and founder that Elihu, who had once sounded the place on the question of establishing a mayor and common council, and incorporating as a city, said there would not need to be an election for the chief office except just for form, as there would only be one candidate for mayor, and his name would be John Dodd.

«You can be governor if you just work it right,» said Elihu, in the full flame of his zeal and conviction that night—«governor of the State of Michigan, sir!» Whereupon Dodd had remarked carelessly:

«Wal, I was born a Michigander, an' if I ain't always lived in the ole State, I guess I'm eligeable all right enough for 'most any office she's got.» But on going out of the *sanctum sanctorum* that night he had returned for a moment, thrust his head in at the door, and winked a ponderous, crafty wink at the editor, full of guile and subtlety. Then he had creaked down the steep stairs, with their litter of dirt and dusty rubbish, congratulating himself that he had been very sly and foxy.

«I did n't say a word,» he chuckled, «but Elihu knows I'm on to that there governor racket—on to it with both feet.»

This was innocent vanity, full of the secrecy of that probing finger in Dakota. But to-night he said to the telegraph operator, with the same veiling of his secret thoughts: «Oh, we're all right. The wind's in the sou'east, an' it looks to me 's if we was goin' to git rain, anyhow.»

After the young man had gone he said to his eldest son.

«Jim, you sneak 'roun' to the ingine-house an' fire up Andrew.»

The news of the destruction of towns so close at hand traveled from house to house. Tired women, who had exhausted themselves in the preparation of food for the coming celebration, heard it over their hot stoves, and felt their hearts sink with sympathy. Miranda Dodd turned a flushed and heated face toward her husband, and after he had told her the news took off the lid of her stove and put in more wood. How the pitchy pine snapped and crackled! How quickly it caught, and how fast it burned! She was baking bread and cake. Every oven in Doddville that night was hot with the hospitality of its people. She looked at her husband in the firelight which flickered on both their faces, and as she looked she wiped her floury hands on her clean calico apron. The night was warm and the little kitchen was insufferably hot, but the look of that fire, roaring under control in the stove, and their unspoken thoughts, made them both shiver.

John Dodd had always been light-hearted, looking on the bright side of a dark life because he was healthy, had a good digestion, normal nerves, and had been endowed by nature and his parents with a good disposition. He was honestly loving and uniformly kind to his family, but not demonstrative. To-night, as his wife stood before him in the firelight, a wholesome, healthy-looking woman just approaching middle life, he put his arm about her waist and kissed her. That kiss frightened Miranda Dodd more than any rumors could have done. He had not kissed her like that since the night before their only little girl had died ten years ago—their little Martha. He knew the odds were against her recovery, and he had kissed his child's mother with that same solemn tenderness then—a tenderness that meant so much: memories of happiness and trials shared, and of life together—a life that had stretched over many years (for they had married young), and reached out into the presence of death. Tired as she was, Miranda Dodd did not sleep that night. Few people did in Doddville.

In the little school-house the young folks and some of their elders sat among the garlands, and tried mechanically to continue making them, or to make merry. Some one brought a flute, and one of the young men played an accordion. They tried to dance, but soon abandoned the amusement, for it was not amusing. The smoke was thick, even with the wind blowing softly from the southeast, and John Dodd, wandering about with his hands

in his pockets, wondered where it came from. He concluded that there must be fires south of them that had not been reported. The sky had a peculiar look, a luminous, weird, unusual look, that he knew was the light of distant conflagrations shining upon their own smoke, and reflected on a thick, atmospheric darkness. At about midnight it seemed to be brighter, though the wind had not changed, and he concluded it was time to do something. So some of the older men got out their teams and their plows, and with the aid of lanterns carried ahead, began their work. In the darkness they plowed strips on the farther side of field fences, where they could get at them; for each man wished to save his fence, and each thought that would do it. Some of the women laid their quilts and blankets out near their rain-barrels, to have them handy for wetting and laying on the roofs. Thus the night passed with no nearer developments, and the southeast wind blew softly.

Early on the morning of the 2d the sun looked like a harvest moon, the haze was so thick. But about nine o'clock it lifted perceptibly. The wind veered round to the west; it seemed to blow the smoke away. Discontinued preparations were renewed, and John Dodd went about cheering up the town.

"We're goin' to celebrate," he said; "we're goin' to git in our celebration all right. Things looked a little scaly last night, but everything's O. K. now. Pitch into your pies, girls, else the boys ain't goin' to have no chance to pitch into 'em later. Some folks wrote me last week they'd be up on the afternoon train, an' we'll git in our fireworks all right to-night."

That was the way John Dodd talked, and for a while that was the way he felt; but he kept a close watch on the weathercock on his barn.

"If you ain't the wobblest weathercock I ever seen!" he said, apostrophizing it savagely. "If I'd 'a' knew you was sich a oncer-tain critter you could 'a' waited one while afore I set you up onter *my* barn ter flippity-flop like an ole hen in the dust!"

It was just ten o'clock when the young telegraph-operator came running down the main street. People hurried out of their stores and houses and looked after him, or ran after him, as he rushed into John Dodd's yard. John met him at the door.

"They're fighting fire at Tracy," shouted the younger man.

Dodd looked at him and then at his weathercock.

"You be damned!" he said quietly.

The operator knew this was only a figure of speech, and he laughed hysterically.

"I am damned, Mr. Dodd, and so are you, and so is everybody. And we're going to get a taste of damnation here before the day is out, or my name is Mud."

There were fields and timber between Tracy and Doddville, fifteen miles of both, with occasional farms and farm-houses in their clearings between. And, gathering down on these and everything lying in that direction, fanned by winds that had veered from all points, and now united to blow the northwest fires in the big timber straight that way, came the flames. Near the earth they ran, like a hissing, knee-high wave, scorching the beach it combed over. This was in the fields. In the timber the knee-high wave no longer ran, combing low: it vaulted; it leaped upon the winds like witches upon broomsticks, and swooped ahead. Fiery darts arose like arrows out of consuming forests, and swept hurtling through the smoke, to fall half a mile in advance. Each lighted a little conflagration of its own—one spark, a dozen, a snapping ring around a growing circle left charred and black, hurrying up in small fury, flaring, gone; swallowed by the tidal wave behind as a floating weed would be swallowed by the sea. And men had plowed in the dark the night before, thinking to save their fences by a little belt of over-turned sod!

There were dreadful sounds ascending upon this fire-storm. Inanimate things shivered before it, and leaned and tugged at their earth-bound roots to escape. A belt of reeds in a drought-dried swamp clashed their hollow tubes together, rattling against one another in a frenzy of fright, flamed, flashed, vanished. Lily bulbs baked in the earth and popped into dusty nothingness. Trees creaked and groaned and writhed under the consuming breath; their stalwart arms turned to burning brands, blazed, dropped, disappeared; their vital saps evaporated in fainting steam escaping from charred and dying stumps and trunks like the last breath from a sensate frame. The very stones of the fields crumbled and fell apart, and little snaps and popping explosions, like small musketry in a battle, rose in sharp diverberation above the muffling roar that smothered sound and life alike.

The fierce tongues licking up the pine-needles played between jaws of heat, cracking the boughs that bore them. The flames roared and bellowed; they clapped their wicked hands; they flapped their fiery wings in the wind like some horrid monster, part beast, part demon, part bird, rejoicing devilishly over its evil work. The four winds gathered from the four corners of the earth,

and blew upon them with cracking cheeks and blistering lips. Red-hot fire, that had snapped and flickered and wavered like little serpents' tongues before, leaped into tall pillars then, and waltzed with the winds to a terrible drumming roar ascending out of the vortex. Choking smoke belched up as if from a dragon's mouth, and winds and smoke and fire twisted together in mad confusion, and whirled and leaped and danced like the first riotings of chaos. Under their hot feet the world slipped by; peaceful autumn fields and homes before: ashes, and black ruin, and obliteration behind. Desolation traveled in a trailing cloud.

Everything was confusion in the doomed little town. No more preparation for the celebration; no more watching weathercocks. John Dodd rushed into the street, giving orders as he ran.

"Git out the ingine, boys! Pump the cistern out on to the houses and then hitch on to the crick. Git a move on to you, now! They're fightin' fire at Tracy, an' the wind's plum' from the northwest. Nothin' but God's mercy an' our own git up an' dust, or git up an' wet, is goun' to keep Doddville on this earth!"

Men and women worked together. At first they worked for houses and homes; then they worked for lives. The smoke came down thicker and more suffocating. The wind blew it into their lungs with every laboring breath; it blew it into their nostrils and crowded back the breath; and driven before the dreadful threatening of this thick, hot wind, wild creatures of the woods abandoned their forest homes, and fled into the clearings and into the village itself, fearless of their ancient enemy in face of the common danger menacing all their world. A doe and a fawn went bounding through the streets, leaping toward that stream that could not save them. A brown bear swung into a gate and lumbered into the open door of a house already deserted; the dog that whined and howled upon the doorstep did not dispute his entrance. Horses that had been left tied in the streets quivered and snorted and crouched in their harness before their plunging terror broke the straps that bound them; then they ran clattering through roads and yards, masterless, frenzied, seeking their smoking stables at last, and neighing in response to the half-human screams of their perishing fellows within. The heat was growing greater and greater, a thick, suffocating heat that filled the lungs like cotton wool. Burning brands were riding the furnace-like blast and dropping upon buildings. One fell on the school-house; another dropped into a

lumber pile; they smoked, they smoldered, they blazed. The air was full of sparks and of a mighty roaring. This awful roar sounded like a passing tornado—no; like a coming tornado—like a dozen tornadoes coming. It was useless to think of saving the town; the question now became, How shall human life be saved?

"The 'leven forty-five train!" shouted Dodd. "It's due—it's the only way out—if it comes. Run for your lives! Run fer the station!"

A few heard; a few obeyed. Then, in the face of the utter hopelessness of saving the town, his pet, his pride, his darling, for a moment John Dodd went mad.

"Miranda," he said hoarsely to his wife, "if God burns this town I hope he'll burn me with it!"

His wife flung her arms about his neck for a moment as he stood rigid and unresponsive before her, and cried in a dreadful voice—a voice that haunted him long after:

"John, John, don't say that! It's a sin—a sin for punishment! Oh, John!"

Her voice, her face, restored him to calmness.

"There, Miranda; don't fret. You run to the station, and I'll come along in a minute. I've got to tell the folks first."

They parted, she to gather her two youngest boys against her bursting, motherly heart for a moment, and then to flee away with them, but not to the depot.

"We must get your sister's picture first," she cried to them; "there is time." But there was not time.

John Dodd rushed along the street, yelling: "To the train! Run to the train! Run fer your lives!"

The woman whose first husband he had helped to bury so many weeks after the snow had been his sexton tore past him, screeching in a terrible voice. She was a tall woman, with black hair and eyes, and had been educated in some little Ohio seminary. Her arms were flung above her head, where her wild locks streamed in tangles; her eyes were wide, her teeth were bare.

"Run to the train, Hattie! run to the train!" he shouted; and passing each other swiftly in the thick smoke and horror, he did not see that she was on fire, and that sparks were in her thick hair. She disappeared in the smoke, stark mad, shrilling in her agony. Terrible cries, human and brutish, assailed the ear on every side.

Coming back, he found his eldest boy at his post.

"Run, Jimmie!" he cried; "you can't do

nothin' now. It's no use; we got to be wiped out. Run to the train! Your mother an' the boys has gone.»

Jimmie ran a few steps toward the depot, and then, fancying he saw his mother through the smoke in the street, he turned and ran in that direction. A shrill whistling broke piercingly upon the ear. The train was coming.

John Dodd delayed only a moment longer, stopping to kick away a brand that had fallen upon the hose. The rubber was old and rotten, and had sprung a leak in places, and the water was spurting out.

«It's no use, Andrew,» he said mournfully to the little engine. «You done noble, an' no ingine could 'a' done better; but it's all up. You could keep on pumpin' until you bust an' 't would n't save us. You're a mighty good little machine, and I hate like sixty to leave you in this Tophet, but it's got to be did. I'll jes turn this here snozzle on to Mis' Wilson's flower-bed. If you can save a posy, Andy, I'll pick it out o' hell to-morrow.»

A LITTLE while before this the little teacher had been sitting in her school-room, surrounded by her garlands and three little ones whose parents were away. Bob White had told her to wait there until he came for her. They had learned each other's hearts through the long night before, and the thought of that great happiness lifted her fainting soul as the smoke grew thicker and the sparks and cinders began to blow upon the place. The children were screaming and crying with fright, and, in her forgetfulness of self, and her knowledge of the great new love, she tried to solace them. She is twice a heroine who forgets herself and believes in a man's love. Presently he came running up.

«Allie, Allie, this roof is all in a blaze!» He gathered her into his arms for a moment and kissed her as they stood upon the threshold. «We must run for the train—it's the only hope.»

«But the children, Bob! the children! They can't run!»

«They must. Here, give them to me. Come as fast as you can, and I will come back for you.»

He gathered the youngest child into his lusty young arms, seized the oldest by the hand, and rushed away. The child left with the little teacher was five years old—a big, healthy child. She tried to run, but fright had half paralyzed her. She was too big to be carried. Alice knelt beside her, and said as calmly as possible, though the tears were streaming from her smarting eyes and she was half blinded:

«Listen, Totty. Look at teacher and listen to her. You *must run!* I am not strong enough to carry you.» And then, in the contradiction of despair, she turned her shoulder to the sobbing child.

«Climb upon my back, Totty darling. I can carry you; I will try to; I will not leave you.»

The child clutched her about the throat, and the little teacher staggered to her feet. A frightened dog—Bob's dog—crowded against her, and looked up with imploring eyes. She felt so weak, so frail, to buffet against this tempest of fire, but she struggled on. Bob would meet her in a moment. The whistle screeched madly, the locomotive bell clanged furiously. She was almost there. Gasping, choking, suffocating, she tottered forward. Here was Bob.

«My God, my God, Allie! the train has gone!»

It was the third of September. A half-dozen men had toiled back to Doddville on a hand-car, which they had carried around burned bridges, and lifted over places where the heat had warped and twisted the iron rails. They had gone out of the burning town the day before on that fire-girt train, and had had such a ride as never men lived through before. They could not tell of it yet.

Those of them who came through were burned and blistered with the fire. Some who started from the little burning station had seen the waving hands of delirium beckoning from the consuming forests, and had plunged headlong from the train to awful destruction. The conductor was a raving maniac. The engineer was a blistered hero. They had all been through the fire.

«This ought to be Doddville,» said some one. They had come to a charred bit of switch and two or three bent and crooked bunches of wheels showing where freight-cars had been burned.

«It ought to be, but it ain't,» said John Dodd. «This is ruin and Deathville.»

Small need to recount what they found among the ashen ruins—ghastly finds, but not a living thing. Not one living thing? Yes, one: one unharmed little flower growing in Mis' Wilson's dooryard—just one flower, unscorched, unburned, in the soaked and cinder-covered bed. A bit of shining brass hard by showed where the brave little engine had perished at its post. The little flower had survived amidst the wreck of things human and man-made, the one living thing left to celebrate the birthday. John Dodd picked it and held it in his shaking hand. The afternoon

sun shone brightly through the spiky forest of naked and lifeless trees, and one of them, as the golden globe sank lower, pointed upward like a black finger and barred across it. One by one the men, with white, sick faces, had gathered about John Dodd. One sat upon a charred log, with his elbows upon his knees and his face in his hands. He had seen his dead, or what he thought to be his dead; no man knew his own in that awful place. They were all in ragged and tattered clothing, and not one but had many burns. Some of the more serious hurts were bandaged, but the man who sat upon the log wore his injuries like medals, or crosses of the Legion of Honor. He had saved many lives, and had thought he had saved his family, but he alone remained of all who bore his name. He refused scornfully to have his hurts bandaged.

"Let 'em alone!" he had said roughly; adding significantly, "I'm not burned. These spots don't hurt!"

All stood, or sat, or slouched about John Dodd. Each man had the attitude of one who, face to face with more than human hearts and hands could handle, did not know where to begin or what to do, and so did nothing. They looked dumbly at John Dodd for guidance.

"Boys," said he, "I don't know what to say. I don't know what to tell ye to do. This is the third o' September—Doddville's birthday—er it was to 'a' be'n. It ain't nothin' now. No date, no town, no birthday. There ain't nothin' left to keep. You got your lives left an' that's all. It's all I've got in the world. I don't know why I saved it; I did n't want it. It's no use to me."

His voice broke, but he went on falteringly, and the men looked moodily at him or at the ashen ground.

"I thought I saved it for some one that wanted it—but they're gone, an' I'm left. I'm

some like poor Mimy Johnson; she's saved her body, but lost her mind an' her man and her babies. They're gone 'long 'ith my wife an' my boys, an' yourn, an' the little school-ma'am an' Bob White, an' God only knows who yet. We don't know. My God!" His face contorted, and the corners of his wide mouth drew up in a ghastly grin of anguish; but he went on:

"I've learned somethin', though, boys; I know a good many things I did n't know yesterday. I know they's a heaven; I've be'n in it right here with Miranda, an' Jimmie, an' the little chaps. I know they's a hell, too; I've be'n in it right here. You an' me is standin' on heaven an' hell right now. An' I know they's a God, boys." His voice broke and choked. "Boys, they was somethin' here yesterday to work so much bigger than a man, it must 'a' be'n a God. We could n't stand up ag'n that power. Why, I left that little ingine, Andrew Cox, a-workin' away fit to bu'st hisself, a-tryin' his level best to save Doddville, an' this is all he saved—jes this. Nothin' else on top o' the groun'!"

He held up the flower, and the tears streamed from his bloodshot eyes. Tears were running down the hard, smoke-begrimed faces before him.

"I'm done now. I feel as if yesterday was forever. I've let go o' life. You're all younger; maybe you can catch holt o' the handles ag'in, but I can't. I was a young man night afore las'; but I'm stiff in the j'int's now an' weak in the knees. My idee's is kind o' stiff, too, 's if I'd be'n sleepin' like that Rip van Winkle feller the little school-ma'am tole the boys about. We got some things to do here—things they can't nobody else but us do. After that I'm done. You'll all catch holt somewheres—it'll come to you; but John Dodd is done."

Marion Manville Pope.



OZÈME'S HOLIDAY.



OZÈME often wondered why there was not a special dispensation of providence to do away with the necessity for work. There seemed to him so much created for man's enjoyment in this world,

and so little time and opportunity to profit by it. To sit and do nothing but breathe was already a pleasure to Ozème; but to sit in the company of a few choice companions, including a sprinkling of ladies, was even a greater delight; and the joy which a day's hunting or fishing or picnicking afforded him is hardly to be described. Yet he was by no means indolent. He worked faithfully on the plantation the whole year long, in a sort of methodical way; but when the time came around for his annual week's holiday, there was no holding him back. It was often decidedly inconvenient for the planter that Ozème usually chose to take his holiday during some very busy season of the year.

He started out one morning in the beginning of October. He had borrowed Mr. Laballière's buckboard and Padue's old gray mare, and a harness from the negro Séverin. He wore a light-blue suit which had been sent all the way from St. Louis, and which had cost him ten dollars; he had paid almost as much again for his boots; and his hat was a broad-rimmed gray felt which he had no cause to be ashamed of. When Ozème went « broad-*ing*,» he dressed—well, regardless of cost. His eyes were blue and mild; his hair was light, and he wore it rather long; he was clean shaven, and really did not look his thirty-five years.

Ozème had laid his plans weeks beforehand. He was going visiting along Cane River; the mere contemplation thrilled him with pleasure. He counted upon reaching Frédeaus' about noon, and he would stop and dine there. Perhaps they would ask him to stay all night. He really did not hold to staying all night, and was not decided to accept if they did ask him. There were only the two old people, and he rather fancied the notion of pushing on to Beltrans', where he would stay a night, or even two, if urged. He was quite sure there would be something agreeable going on at Beltrans', with all those young people—perhaps a fish-fry, or possibly a ball!

Of course he would have to give a day to Tante Sophie and another to Cousine Victoire;

but none to the St. Annes unless entreated—after St. Anne reproaching him last year with being a *fainéant* for brooding at such a season! At Cloutierville, where he would linger as long as possible, he meant to turn and retrace his course, zigzagging back and forth across Cane River so as to take in the Duplans, the Velcours, and others that he could not at the moment recall. A week seemed to Ozème a very, very little while in which to crowd so much pleasure.

There were steam-gins at work; he could hear them whistling far and near. On both sides of the river the fields were white with cotton, and everybody in the world seemed busy but Ozème. This reflection did not distress or disturb him in the least; he pursued his way at peace with himself and his surroundings.

At Lamérie's cross-roads store, where he stopped to buy a cigar, he learned that there was no use heading for Frédeaus', as the two old people had gone to town for a lengthy visit, and the house was locked up. It was at Frédeaus' that Ozème had intended to dine.

He sat in the buckboard, given up to a moment or two of reflection. The result was that he turned away from the river, and entered the road that led between two fields back to the woods and into the heart of the country. He had determined upon taking a short cut to the Beltrans' plantation, and on the way he meant to keep an eye open for old Aunt Tildy's cabin, which he knew lay in some remote part of this cut-off. He remembered that Aunt Tildy could cook an excellent meal if she had the material at hand. He would induce her to fry him a chicken, drip a cup of coffee, and turn him out a pone of corn-bread, which he felt would be sumptuous enough fare for the occasion.

Aunt Tildy dwelt in the usual log cabin of one room, with its chimney of mud and sticks and its shallow gallery formed by the jutting of the roof. In close proximity to the cabin was a small cotton-field, which from a little distance looked like a field of snow. The cotton was bursting and overflowing foam-like from bolls on the drying stalk. On the lower branches it was hanging ragged and tattered, and much of it had already fallen to the ground. There were a few chinaberry-trees in the yard before the hut, and under one of them an ancient and rusty-looking mule was eating corn from a rude trough. Some com-

mon little creole chickens were scratching about the mule's feet and snatching at the grains of corn that occasionally fell from the trough.

Aunt Tildy was hobbling across the yard when Ozème drew up before the gate. One hand was confined in a sling; in the other she carried a tin pan, which she let fall noisily to the ground when she recognized him. She was broad, black, and misshapen, with her body bent forward almost at an acute angle. She wore a blue cottonade of large plaids, and a bandana awkwardly twisted around her head.

"Good land, man! Whar you come from?" was her startled exclamation at beholding him.

"F'om home, Aunt Tildy; w're else do you expect?" replied Ozème, dismounting composedly.

He had not seen the old woman for several years—since she was cooking in town for the family with which he boarded at the time. She had washed and ironed for him, atrociously, it is true, but her intentions were beyond reproach if her washing was not. She had also been clumsily attentive to him during a spell of illness. He had paid her with an occasional bandana, a calico dress, or a checked apron, and they had always considered the account between themselves square, with no sentimental feeling of gratitude remaining on either side.

"I like to know," remarked Ozème, as he took the gray mare from the shafts, and led her up to the trough where the mule was—"I like to know w'at you mean by makin' a crop like that an' then lettin' it go to was'e? Who you reckon 's goin' to pick that cotton? You think maybe the angels goin' to come down an' pick it fo' you, an' gin it an' press it, an' then give you ten cents a poun' fo' it, hein?"

"Ef de Lord don't pick it, I don't know who gwine pick it, Mista Ozème. I tell you, me an' Sandy we wuk dat crap day in an' day out; it 's him done de mos' of it."

"Sandy? That little—"

"He ain' dat li'le Sandy no mo' w'at you ric'lec's; he 'mos' a man, an' he wuk like a man too. He wuk mo' 'an fittin' fo' his strenk, an' now he layin' in dah sick—God A'mighty knows how sick. An' me wid a risin' twell I 'bleeged to walk de flo' o' nights, an' don't know ef I ain' gwine to lose de han' atter all."

"W'y, in the name o' conscience, you don't hire somebody to pick?"

"Whar I got money to hire? An' you knows well as me ev'y chick an' chile is pickin' roun' on de plantations an' gittin' good pay."

The whole outlook appeared to Ozème very depressing, and even menacing, to his personal comfort and peace of mind. He foresaw no prospect of dinner unless he should cook it himself. And there was that Sandy—he remembered well the little scamp of eight, always at his grandmother's heels when she was cooking or washing. Of course he would have to go in and look at the boy, and no doubt dive into his traveling-bag for quinine, without which he never traveled.

Sandy was indeed very ill, consumed with fever. He lay on a cot covered up with a faded patchwork quilt. His eyes were half closed, and he was muttering and rambling on about hoeing and bedding and cleaning and thinning out the cotton; he was hauling it to the gin, wrangling about weight and bagging and ties and the price offered per pound. That bale or two of cotton had not only sent Sandy to bed, but had pursued him there, holding him through his fevered dreams, and threatening to end him. Ozème would never have known the black boy, he was so tall, so thin, and seemingly so wasted, lying there in bed.

"See yere, Aunt Tildy," said Ozème, after he had, as was usual with him when in doubt, abandoned himself to a little reflection; "between us—you an' me—we got to manage to kill an' cook one o' those chickens I see scratchin' out yonda, fo' I 'm jus' about starved. I reckon you ain't got any quinine in the house? No; I did n' suppose an instant you had. Well, I 'm goin' to give Sandy a good dose o' quinine to-night, an' I 'm goin' stay an' see how that 'll work on 'im. But sun-up, min' you, I mus' get out o' yere."

Ozème had spent more comfortable nights than the one passed in Aunt Tildy's bed, which she considerably abandoned to him.

In the morning Sandy's fever was somewhat abated, but had not taken a decided enough turn to justify Ozème in quitting him before noon, unless he was willing "to feel like a dog," as he told himself. He appeared before Aunt Tildy stripped to the undershirt, and wearing his second-best pair of trousers.

"That 's a nice pickle o' fish you got me in, ol' woman. I guarantee, nex' time I go abroad, 't ain't me that 'll take any cut-off. W're 's that cotton-basket an' cotton-sack o' yo's?"

"I knowed it!" chanted Aunt Tildy—"I knowed de Lord war gwine sen' somebody to help me out. He war n' gwine let de crap was'e atter he give Sandy an' me de strenk to make hit. De Lord gwine shove you 'long de row, Mista Ozème. De Lord gwine give you plenty mo' fingers an' han's to pick dat cotton nimble an' clean."

«Neva you min' w'at the Lord's goin' to do; go get me that cotton-sack. An' you put that poultice like I tol' you on yo' han', an' set down there an' watch Sandy. It looks like you are 'bout as helpless as a' ol' cow tangled up in a potato-vine.»

Ozème had not picked cotton for many years, and he took to it a little awkwardly at first; but by the time he had reached the end of the first row the old dexterity of youth had come back to his hands, which flew rapidly back and forth with the motion of a weaver's shuttle; and his ten fingers became really nimble in clutching the cotton from its dry shell. By noon he had gathered about fifty pounds. Sandy was not then quite so well as he had promised to be, and Ozème concluded to stay that day and one more night. If the boy were no better in the morning, he would go off in search of a doctor for him, and he himself would continue on down to Tante Sophie's; the Beltrans' was out of the question now.

Sandy hardly needed a doctor in the morning. Ozème's doctoring was beginning to tell favorably; but he would have considered it criminal indifference and negligence to go away and leave the boy to Aunt Tildy's awkward ministrations just at the critical moment when there was a turn for the better; so he stayed that day out, and picked his hundred and fifty pounds.

On the third day it looked like rain, and a heavy rain just then would mean a heavy loss for Aunt Tildy and Sandy, and Ozème again took to the field, this time urging Aunt Tildy before him to do what she might with her one sound hand.

«Aunt Tildy,» called out Ozème to the bent old woman moving ahead of him between the white rows of cotton, «if the Lord gets me safe out o' this ditch, 't ain't to-morrow I 'll fall in anotha with my eyes open, I bet you.»

«Keep along, Mista Ozème; don' grumble, don' stumble; de Lord's a-watchin' you. Look at yo' Aunt Tildy; she doin' mo' wid her one han' 'an you doin' wid yo' two, man. Keep right along, honey. Watch dat cotton how it fallin' in yo' Aunt Tildy's bag.»

«I am watchin' you, ol' woman; you don' fool me. You got to work that han' o' yo's spryer than you doin', or I 'll take the rawhide. You done fo'got w'at the rawhide tas'e like, I reckon—» a reminder which amused Aunt Tildy so powerfully that her big negro laugh resounded over the whole cotton-patch, and even caused Sandy, who heard it, to turn in his bed.

The weather was still threatening on the succeeding day, and a sort of dogged determination or characteristic desire to see his undertakings carried to a satisfactory completion urged Ozème to continue his efforts to drag Aunt Tildy out of the mire into which circumstances seemed to have thrust her.

One night the rain did come, and began to beat softly on the roof of the old cabin. Sandy opened his eyes, which were no longer brilliant with the fever flame. «Granny,» he whispered, «de rain! Des listen, granny; de rain a-comin', an' I ain' pick dat cotton yit. W'at time it is? Gi' me my pants—I got to go—»

«You lay whar you is, chile alive. Dat cotton put aside clean and dry. Me an' de Lord an' Mista Ozème done pick dat cotton.»

Ozème drove away in the morning looking quite as spick and span as the day he left home in his blue suit and his light felt drawn a little over his eyes.

«You want to take care o' that boy,» he instructed Aunt Tildy at parting, «an' get 'im on his feet. An', let me tell you, the nex' time I start out to broad, if you see me passin' in this yere cut-off, put on yo' specs an' look at me good, because it won't be me; it 'll be my ghos', ol' woman.»

Indeed, Ozème, for some reason or other, felt quite shamefaced as he drove back to the plantation. When he emerged from the lane which he had entered the week before, and turned into the river road, Lamérie, standing in the store door, shouted out:

«Hé, Ozème! you had good times yonda? I bet you danced holes in the sole of them newboots.»

«Don't talk, Lamérie,» was Ozème's rather ambiguous reply, as he flourished the remainder of a whip over the old gray mare's sway-back, urging her to a gentle trot.

When he reached home, Bodé, one of Padue's boys, who was assisting him to unhitch, remarked:

«How come you did n' go yonda down the coas' like you said, Mista Ozème? Nobody did n' see you in Cloutierville, an' Mailitte say you neva cross' de twenty-fo'-mile ferry, an' nobody did n' see you no place.»

Ozème returned, after his customary moment of reflection:

«You see, it's 'mos' always the same thing on Cane Riva, my boy; a man gets tired o' that *à la fin*. This time I went back in the woods, 'way yonda in the Frèdeau cut-off; kin' o' campin' an' roughin' like, you might say. I tell you, it was sport, Bodé.»

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Portrait of a Public Enemy.

POPULAR government has no more deadly foe to-day than the party boss. He is, in fact, the destroyer of popular government, for he subverts it, and concentrates all its powers in himself. He controls all primaries and nominating conventions, either by the power of his machine, or by dishonest methods known as «packing» or «stuffing» the voting lists. All the candidates that go before the people for election are his men. He gets control of them by pledging them to his personal service before nomination, and by paying the expenses of their election, on condition that they shall do his bidding on taking office. He gets the money for these election expenses by «striking» or «assessing» corporations, which are at the mercy of State legislatures, promising in return to sell them only the kind of legislation that they desire. The people are cheated in both instances—in the nominations and elections, and in the legislation. The first beneficiary of this form of government is the boss, who takes possession of the governmental machinery and runs it as his private establishment.

Let us suppose for a moment that a boss should go before the people of the State openly with a proposition to elect him to the position which he holds now without an election. Suppose he were to say frankly: «You, the people, either through indifference or absorption in your private affairs, find the business of running your government a great burden—so great that you have about given up attempting to bear it. I propose that you change the form of it utterly. Make it an absolute monarchy, and vest all its powers in me, with the understanding that I shall run it for my personal advantage and that of my political machine, and that I shall render no accounting to anybody for my actions. I may levy blackmail, sell offices and legislation, and make such laws as please me without paying the slightest attention to the needs or wishes of the people.» How many votes would the boss who should make such a proposition receive at the polls? Would any boss venture to make the experiment? The dullest and most ignorant of them knows too much for that.

Why do the people submit quietly when the bosses do without permission what they would never be allowed to do were they to ask for the people's consent? There is no longer any doubt about what they do. It is so notorious that when it is spoken of everybody admits knowledge of it, but few express indignation about it. Occasionally some one confesses that he thinks it is very bad, but he supposes that so long as we have universal suffrage, and such a large ignorant vote, we must have bosses to attend to the business of organizing and directing our political forces; that somebody must do it for us, since we really have not time to do it for ourselves. As Lowell says, «We should not tolerate a packed jury

which is to decide on the fate of a single man; yet we are content to leave the life of the nation at the mercy of a packed convention.» That is precisely what we are doing when we turn our government over to the bosses. They are, what Lowell calls them, the «flesh-flies that fatten on the sores of the body politic, and plant there the eggs of their disgusting and infectious progeny.» They seek to put the business of government into the hands of the least fit, and to administer it against the interests of the people by making it incompetent, extravagant, and corrupt. Nothing but the written constitutions of our States is able to obstruct their subverting progress. But for such a barrier in New York during the past year, the entire public service of the State would have been looted, in defiance of existing laws, to make additional spoils for a boss. The legislature, owned by him, was willing to override the laws, but it could not override the constitution. Yet the people had adopted that constitution only a few months before by a very large majority, thus expressing directly their wish in the matter. The boss paid not the slightest heed to that wish, but defied it in every way, seeking to break down the constitution, and ordering his legislature not to pass laws designed to carry into effect its provisions.

So long as bosses are tolerated there is little use in considering plans for municipal and other kinds of political reform. These are all based upon the assumption that we are living under a system of popular government, which is not the case. We are living under boss government, and the same results would be attained, in many instances, were we to dispense with legislatures and governors and mayors and other officials, and concentrate all the powers of these officials and bodies in the boss. It is really he who exercises them now. The State would save money in salaries by abolishing all other executive and legislative offices, and allowing him to carry on the government directly through his personal edicts. If this were to be done, the evils of the system would be so apparent that the people would make short work of it. They would see that the only pressing reform is the annihilation of the boss, and they would waste no time in talking about other reforms. That is what they must be aroused to do now. Until the boss is overthrown there is little use in trying to improve our forms of government. The best governmental machinery in the world, lodged in his hands, will accomplish little for the people. He it is who has lowered the standard of our legislative bodies, State and National, and made political life so unattractive to men of intelligence and character that few of them care to enter it.

We need throughout the country something like an anti-boss league, which shall consolidate all the reform forces of the land against this public enemy. Every moral and educational influence should join in this work. The colleges and schools should instruct their youth

against him, and the pulpit and press should attack him without ceasing. He is a thief and a robber, who comes, not in the night, but in broad daylight, and filches away our rights and liberties, our national good name, and our reputation as a people capable of self-government. If we have not the courage and patriotism necessary to enable us to cope successfully with an enemy of this character, then our condition is sad indeed.

A Little Rift within the Lute.

EVERY patriotic American must deprecate the growing feeling of irritation which is perceptible between the East and the West. That it is anything more than a temporary difference of view in matters of taste and opinion we do not believe. It is very like a quarrel or tiff between brothers, which, instead of indicating a lack of affection, really furnishes evidence of it. If they loved each other less they would agree much more easily. The appearance of a common enemy would unite them in closer union than ever.

Whatever discord there may be is due to a natural rivalry in power and strength. The young, vigorous, indomitable West resents the assumption of superiority which the older East is somewhat in the habit of wearing quite as a matter of course. The East, while heartily admiring the tremendous energy of the West, is sincerely alarmed by its disposition to defy the results of human experience in matters of great moment, and to say that its own strength is so abounding and inexhaustible that it can settle all questions for itself without regard to the rules and limitations which weaker states and nations have found to be necessary. From this it has come about that the West accuses the East of underestimating both its material and its intellectual strength, while the East suspects the West of giving itself over more and more each year to financial delusions which, if allowed to dominate our national policy, will bring us as a people to bankruptcy and ruin. The West, joined by the South, charges the East with intellectual arrogance, and with the intolerance of vast hoarded wealth, seeking only to perpetuate and magnify its power. The East declares that the West refuses even to listen to reason, and is bent upon having its own way without regard to consequences; that it opposes many things simply because the East favors them, there being an increasing desire in the West to do something to punish and humiliate the arrogant East.

There is nothing in this situation which is irremediable, but there is in it much that may lead to serious consequences unless something be done to bring the two sections to a better understanding of each other. At bottom each thoroughly appreciates the other. What is most needed is a full comprehension of the fact that the highest good of one is always the highest good of the other; that neither can suffer or prosper alone, but each must share its fortune with the other. The West cannot injure the East without injuring itself in equal measure. The enormous development and power of the West are the common glory of the whole country, and contribute to the strength and prosperity of the East. We are convinced that the more thoughtful minds in both sections comprehend these facts perfectly, and re-

gret the irritation which a less clear perception of them causes in other minds.

Probably nothing ever did more to bring the East and the West together in national sentiment than the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The whole country was justly proud of that, and no section was more ungrudging in its praise of it than the East. It was conceded frankly and heartily that Chicago had done what would not have been possible in New York or any other Eastern city, making not merely a world's fair, but a world's wonder. Western energy and dauntless daring were combined with a loftiness and breadth of artistic purpose to produce results which would have been impossible in an older civilization. As an experienced English observer said, "Not only was it the most wonderfully beautiful thing of the kind the world had ever seen, but it was likely to be the most wonderfully beautiful that ever would be seen; for no other nation would ever have the audacious courage to do again what Chicago did." Yet this fair was merely the sublime outcome of one of the chief elements, if not the chief element, of Western progress—the public spirit of the people. They believe in their country, are proud of its wonderful growth and unbounded resources, and are determined to do everything in their power to add to its fame. This spirit is particularly strong in Western cities, and appeals to it are never made in vain. It makes possible the establishment on a firm and enduring basis of educational and artistic enterprises which find little cordial support in Eastern cities, and which lead there only a struggling and precarious existence. They are supported in Western cities because they will be a credit to the communities and will add to their fame. It would be an unspeakable boon to Eastern cities if this public spirit could be aroused in them.

But while the East ought to be, and in many respects is, willing to follow the more impulsive and progressive leadership of the West, it cannot consent to acquiesce in the financial folly which, with the notable exception of certain localities, has overspread that section of the country. There can be no greater folly than to think that the East can be injured by changing the money standard and destroying the national credit, while the West will not only escape unharmed, but will be benefited. This is not a matter of opinion, but of demonstrated experience. If the Western advocates of the free coinage of silver are right in their view, and the gold-standard men of the East are wrong in theirs, then all human experience since the dawn of civilization is wrong also. It must all be set aside, and the world begin anew, so far as economic principles and practice are concerned. To say that America is so great a country, so rich, so powerful, so capable of existing separate and distinct from the rest of the world, that she can make the world all over again on her own plan, is surely a folly if ever there was one. However it may be in other matters, it is not arrogance in the East to say there is only one side to this question, and that the people in the West and the South who take the other side are unenlightened or misguided; it is merely the statement of an incontestable truth. In every Western and Southern community, as a rule, the men who have to do with business and financial affairs know that the Eastern position is the only one that is safe, and

they are using their influence unceasingly to spread light among the people. That the people are misguided is not strange. In the first place, the subject is a difficult one to understand for all except a few minds with special bent for it, and, in the second place, unscrupulous politicians, seeking only present power, go about constantly disseminating error and prejudice. In the end the honest common sense of the people will assert itself, and this element of discord between the East and the West will pass away.

We believe firmly that all others will also pass away, and leave in their place a union all the stronger and more enduring because of their former existence. The East and the West are immeasurably more powerful together than either could ever be separately. The great qualities of both united in a common growth and development will make a far grander nation than those of either expanded to their utmost limit could produce. We want the energy and vigor and boundless enthusiasm of the West, we want its public spirit and its unshakable faith in the national glory and destiny; but we want with these elements the stability and conservatism of the East, and its respect for and determination to abide by the experience of mankind as the safest guide in human conduct. These elements united, as they must and will be, in a common and harmonious nationality will make us, what Mr. Bryce predicts in his latest edition of *"The American Commonwealth"* that we are destined to be, not only a nation that is powerful, and the wealth of whose citizens is prodigious, but a nation that is one in government, in speech, in character, and in ideas.

The Workingman's Support of International Arbitration.

THE movement in behalf of peace between nations appears to spring from something that looks like economic war, for among those who most stoutly demand the arbitration of international disputes are the societies of *"organized labor."* Is this attitude of workingmen new? Does organization merely afford an opportunity for expressing what they have always desired, or have their actual views and wishes undergone a change? If a real difference has been made in their attitude on the question of war and peace, has organization caused it?

The demand for arbitration has been made with most emphasis where the workingmen are most thoroughly united for other purposes. In England, where trades' unions are at their best, the peace movement among workingmen is strongest; and in our own Eastern States it is very strong. The strength of the demand itself grows in proportion as the contest over wages, for which trades' unions are primarily formed, becomes active. There is clearly a connection between these phenomena.

There are other possible causes of the increase of the peace sentiment. Precedents for arbitration have multiplied in recent years. Our people are now more familiar than were their predecessors with the process that makes fighting unnecessary. Already there is available, in the dealings of nations with each other, the germ of a judicial system. It is about in the stage of advancement that tribunals for private cases had reached when in minor disputes between neighbors it

had become customary to call in friends to mediate. The graver issues had still to be fought out in the old way. In the proposals now pending for a permanent tribunal of arbitration between America and one or more other countries, the impression prevails that certain important questions may have to be reserved from the express and formal jurisdiction of the new court. If, for instance, America and England are to agree in advance to abide by the decisions of a tribunal, they can at first be expected to make over to it only minor questions of interest. While the right to fight for a claim of vital importance will probably not be definitely surrendered, the hope is that the court will soon come to decide questions both small and great. Without promising to abide by the decisions, the nations may, in practice, ask for decisions and abide by them. The reservation of a right to take up arms will merely signify a jealous assertion of sovereignty. It will not mean war, provided there shall exist a strong moral pressure in favor of peace. It is for the sources of such a pressure that we are now looking. Will trades' unions create it? Will they aid decisively in the establishment of the court, in the extension of its work, and in making its decisions effective?

The action of trades' unions on both sides of the Atlantic is more than a new expression of an old demand. It expresses what is largely a new demand. The interest of nearly all men engaged in industry has long been opposed to war. Capital is wasted at an appalling rate by the modern method of fighting, and this waste reduces the wage-paying capacity of employers. War, as it were, sterilizes the earth. The workingman finds himself in a less fruitful environment, because of the reduction in the outfit of working appliances that war occasions. You cannot beat the pruning hooks of the world into swords and still gather as much wheat as before. Wealth-creating power shrinks and wages fall by reason of such wastes. Debts that have to be paid by indirect taxation press disproportionately on workingmen. It is always laborers more than others who have to face muskets; they are the rank and file of armies. Even if they keep out of the field they suffer by inflated prices. Goods are dear in time of war; measured in commodities, wages in America were at their lowest in 1865.

These motives for peace are old. What is new is described by the word *"solidarity."* It is, first, an alliance between workingmen in various occupations. Here and there an industry thrives during a war. Some one must build ships and engines and make cannon. There are contracts to be expected for clothing and feeding armies. The employer who gets a contract may make a profit. How far the chance of this may figure among the meaner motives for war it would be hard to say; but the men to whom such motives appeal are very few. What is of consequence is that the present solidarity of labor prevents workingmen from feeling the contagion of this desire for gain. To them, as they know, there is no share of it accruing. Their pay depends, not on the profits of the few men who have army contracts, but on the productivity of labor in the general industrial field. Wages are fixed in a universal market. There is a level toward which the pay of workingmen of a given grade is everywhere tending. Only when general or social labor is productive can the wages in a particular shop be high. The labor movement cuts across all lines that separate different

occupations. Its aim is high general wages. These are not secured by giving fat contracts to a few employers. A disastrous lowering of wages as a whole results from war. The new solidarity of labor makes it seek the good of workingmen in every employment.

There is a further, an international, solidarity that works even more powerfully in this direction. The modern market for many things is world-wide. Labor has its pay adjusted in no one country alone. It may get more in some countries than in others; but its pay anywhere is an influence in determining its pay everywhere. There is a growing affiliation among wage-earners of all lands, in their efforts to get higher pay from employers of all lands. There is a line that separates the industrial classes, and it pays small attention to political boundaries. The quasi-battle that is waging across this line is not national. It creates comradeship among the workers of all countries, and this means far more than

a feeling. It is an affiliation in a practical cause in which success is endangered by international breaks.

Socialism, also, is hostile to international warfare. Its aim also is international. It wants all states to become employers, and to make of the world, ultimately, a co-operative commonwealth. Scientific anarchism wants all governments abolished, and the world made into a commonwealth of little industrial communes. It would thus become a brotherhood of local brotherhoods, without the capacity for national war. Anarchism of the meaner sort has its own reasons for objecting to armies.

Thus, out of the issue that chiefly disquiets the world, — the wage contest, — there is growing an influence that makes powerfully for international peace. The motives back of it are mainly noble, though with some inferior admixture. Ultimately its power may be counted on at the polls. Certainly it gives to the present peace movement its most substantial basis.

OPEN LETTERS

Church Architecture in America.

LEADING characteristics of modern American architecture are disregard of historic traditions, and a readiness to strike out into new paths under the impulse of changing conditions or the pressure of practical considerations. In secular design, and specially at its opposite poles in the rural house and the lofty office building, these traits have led to results full of artistic interest and of promise for the future. In recent church-building the prospect appears more doubtful. A vast amount of money has been expended in the United States during the last twenty years upon elaborate and costly ecclesiastical edifices, some of them sumptuous to the verge of extravagance in their appointments and decoration. Yet to how few of them can we point as monuments of really noble or impressive architecture! With all their richness of design, and the striking originality of conception which sometimes characterizes them, they rarely possess the monumental quality, the repose and dignity, which the history and traditions of architecture have taught us to associate with buildings designed for worship. They display great cleverness of arrangement, convenience of planning, luxury of appointment and decoration, and, externally, picturesqueness of mass. They serve well the purpose for which they appear to have been solely designed — that of housing luxuriously the congregation, choir, clergy, Sunday-school, and social activities of the parish. Seldom do they manifest the existence of any higher aim than this, or any adequate recognition of the value of simple dignity, sober decoration, and solid and durable construction, in place of singularity and picturesqueness of design. The division of the religious communities of the United States into so many

denominations and sects, and of these into small parishes, has multiplied the churches, but has reduced their size. They lack in consequence, for the most part, the important element of large dimensions and ample scale. Other things equal, a large church offers better opportunity for impressive effect than a small one. Half a dozen churches seating a few hundred each cannot equal in majesty and importance a single edifice of commanding and imposing size. This predominance of small churches is largely due to the modern Protestant conception of the church as chiefly a place for preaching. This demands congregational units no larger than can be easily gathered within the range of an ordinary voice. The main concern of the designer is, then, to produce a good audience-room. Loftiness, amplitude, grandeur of scale, under these conditions, are apt to appear unnecessary and extravagant. Unhappily, the want of these qualities is seldom atoned for by those artistic excellencies which make many of the parish churches of European countries appear stately and worshipful in spite of their smallness. Our national disregard of architectural traditions, the desire for originality and the picturesque, have operated to prevent the crystallization of specific types of church design which might limit the caprices of individual conception.

In this respect the Episcopal churches of the United States are very apt to be superior to those of the non-liturgical denominations. Their designers have generally kept within limits imposed by ecclesiastical tradition, and have adhered more or less closely to well-defined historic types. A predilection for Gothic forms is a part of this tradition; but the comparative excellence of our Episcopal churches is something quite apart from their prevalent Gothic style, which is often only indifferently treated. Some of the finest among them —

Trinity Church in Boston, for example—are not Gothic at all. But the adherence to established types has left the architect free to bestow upon the proportions and detail of his design an amount of study quite out of the question where one has to invent a new type with each design.

Reasoning *a fortiori*, one would expect to find the noblest and worthiest examples of our church architecture among those erected by the Roman Catholics. It was the Church of Rome which, in the middle ages, evolved the unrivaled splendors of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. As compared with the Protestant denominations, the Catholics of the United States have in general the signal advantage of much larger parishes, requiring churches of correspondingly increased dimensions. In small towns as well as great the Catholic churches are almost without exception the largest in the place. It is a regrettable fact that their architectural quality should so seldom correspond with their dimensions. They are frequently pretentious and showy buildings, but deplorably deficient in architectural character. They are badly and ignorantly designed, and in their internal treatment tawdriness and sham, both of construction and decoration, are often offensively conspicuous. They have neither the sobriety and dignity of the Episcopal churches, nor the straightforward utilitarianism and picturesque originality of the non-liturgical churches. Apparently the evil influence of the depraved taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which, under the lead of the Italian Jesuits, perpetrated such atrocities in plaster and sham marble throughout Europe, is not yet exhausted among us. Here in New York the only Catholic church of really conspicuous architectural merit is St. Patrick's Cathedral. This cathedral, undeniably the finest Catholic church in the United States, was the work of a Protestant architect, the late James Renwick.¹ All Saints', at 129th street and Madison Avenue, one of the most artistic of the more recently erected Catholic churches, was designed by his successors, the firm of Renwick, Aspinwall & Russell. Among the other Catholic churches in this city there is not one which one would care to visit a second time for the sake of its architectural beauty. The Paulist church at 59th street and Columbus Avenue is impressive by its size and the unusual severity and simplicity of its design, but this is a wholly negative merit, though a very unusual one.

It is not easy to determine how far this general inferiority of modern American Catholic churches is due to an actual dearth of architectural talent among the Romanists of the United States, how far to favoritism in the selection of architects, and how far to a general artistic insensibility. Whether the fault lies with the clergy or the people, I am not prepared to say. There is evidently somewhere a woful lack of artistic training. Yet the Catholic authorities seldom go outside of the ranks of their church for their architects, and men of very inferior training are intrusted with the designing of the most important and costly churches, which by their very size and costliness become the more objectionable as lasting monuments of wasted opportunity and artistic ignorance.

¹ It is a somewhat significant fact that very few among our leading architects are Catholics.

A reform in the architectural practice of the ancient Church would be a welcome consummation, and should be desired and promoted alike by those within and without «the pale.» A «campaign of education» in art, and especially in architecture, among the clergy and the more influential laity might in time rescue their church architecture from the *banalité* and unworthiness of its present condition. There are signs here and there of an artistic awakening in that Church. Will not its adherents rise to their opportunities and responsibilities toward the community in the matter?

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

A. D. F. Hamlin.

A Shock to General Sheridan.

SECRETARY STANTON always held a taut official rein over the military commanders in the field during the war. Any manifestation of mere militarism, so repugnant to the spirit of a pure democracy like ours, was peculiarly distasteful to him, and at times he appears to have taken a savage pleasure in curbing the self-assertion of his generals. Intoxicated with the power of command and the popularity of success, some of the generals at times put themselves very much in evidence, and easily fell into a domineering manner bordering on insolence toward their inferiors in rank, and specially toward civilians having to do with military affairs. Occasionally one so far forgot himself as to treat the lion of the War Office with a flippant levity akin to contempt, but he never repeated the indiscretion. Anything like this instantly occasioned a reproof which was not soon forgotten. Military success always won Mr. Stanton's unalloyed good-will and cordial official support; but woe to the officer, high or low, who presumed upon this to overstep certain lines of respect and subordination which the Secretary thought due in their official relations. There was no hesitation on his part in «calling down» the greatest of them when the dignity of his office was to be maintained. There is no doubt that his influence was a wholesome one in this regard, though it is probable that he too sometimes abused the arbitrary power of his great office.

An illustration of this fierce characteristic of the War Secretary is found in a short and pithy correspondence, which the public has never seen, between General Sheridan and him in the winter of 1864. Sheridan, by his series of brilliant victories over the Confederate General Early in the Shenandoah Valley at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, had immediately become a great military figure, a necessity and a tower of strength to the Union cause. He was exceedingly popular throughout the country, and enjoyed the entire confidence as well as the personal admiration of both Lincoln and Stanton. That he somewhat presumed upon this state of affairs is probable; for though he did not lose his head in this sudden rise to greatness, there is certainly observable for a time in his correspondence an «I-own-the-earth» air not found in it previously, nor, indeed, subsequent to the collision with Mr. Stanton of which I am about to give an account. But General Sheridan was young, and acutely appreciated the harvest of personal popularity and consequence that inevitably followed his well-earned military success. If, for the moment, as I suspect, he somewhat exaggerated his importance, he may well be forgiven under the circumstances.

From the time he entered upon the command in the valley, like his long line of predecessors, General Sheridan had been greatly annoyed and his plans sometimes disconcerted by senseless alarms of Confederate invasions in West Virginia, coupled with frantic appeals for instant aid. The official archives are fairly sandwiched with these alarmist telegrams addressed to the War Department from both the civil and the military authorities of that region. They came with such perennial regularity, and were so generally unfounded, that very little attention was paid to them by the Government, especially in the last year of the war, unless there was corroborative intelligence from other quarters.

On December 22, 1864, Governor A. I. Boreman telegraphed from Wheeling to Mr. Stanton that the Confederate General Rosser, with some 3000 cavalry, was supposed to be advancing upon Grafton and the western part of the State. This information was without the shadow of a foundation: in view of the military situation and the season, the supposititious movement of Rosser would have been absurd. But however inconsequential such a despatch appeared to be, Mr. Stanton followed his wise and invariable rule of promptly forwarding it to the commander of the department in the field, without suggestion or comment. In regular course Governor Boreman's telegram reached General Sheridan at Winchester.

This last West Virginia canard, closely following a number of preceding annoyances of a similar nature, exhausted the hot-headed Sheridan's small stock of Irish patience, and on its receipt in the dead hours of the night the general telegraphed to Mr. Stanton the following impromptu comments on the information:

WINCHESTER, VA., December 22, 1864. 11:30 P. M.

HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*:

Governor Boreman's telegram received. If I were to make disposition of the troops of my command in accordance with the information received from the commanders in the Department of Western Virginia, whom I have found, as a general thing, always alarming in their reports and stupid in their duties and actions, I certainly would have my hands full. I believe many of them to be more interested in coal-oil than in the public service. It was only yesterday that Rosser was at Crab Bottom, according to their reports; on which, at the suggestion of General Crook, I sent a regiment to Beverly. It was only two or three days previous that Rosser was at Romney, etc. They have annoyed me until, with your sanction, I would take great pleasure in bringing some of them to grief.

P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major-General*.

Under whatever circumstances and to whomsoever addressed, such a despatch as the foregoing was unwarranted. In both substance and spirit it was not only in bad taste from a man of Sheridan's intelligence and altitude, but very indiscreet. Addressed to such another as Edwin M. Stanton, it was positively grotesque. Prior to Cedar Creek, Sheridan, bold and independent as he undoubtedly was, would have meekly borne a far greater infliction than Governor Boreman's telegram before being dragged into penning such a despatch to the redoubtable head of the War Department.

The next morning, when this flippant epistle was placed in the Secretary's hand, he appears to have been deeply incensed, and immediately sent to General Sheridan the following stinging rejoinder:

WAR DEPARTMENT, December 23, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN, Winchester:

No one, that I am aware of, has asked you to make disposition of your troops in accordance with the information received from the commanders in the Department of Western Virginia. Governor Boreman's despatch was received in the night, and sent by the operator in accordance with general instructions to give military commanders every report that comes here in respect to the movements of the enemy in their commands. They are expected to form their own judgment of its value. It has been supposed that such information might be useful, and desired by you, as it is by other commanders who are your seniors in the service, without provoking improper insinuations against the State authorities or disrespectful reply. With your subordinate commanders you will take such action as you please, but such reports as come to this department in relation to the movements of the enemy will be forwarded, as heretofore, and will be expected to be received with the respect due the department of which you are a subordinate.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*.

I am told by one of the staff-officers that on the morning of December 23, 1864, the cold mountain air about military headquarters at Winchester was made blue by the sulphurous ebullitions of the major-general commanding. The annoyance caused by Governor Boreman's ridiculous news that Rosser was making a winter raid with cavalry into the mountains of West Virginia was slight compared to the bewildering shock experienced at that headquarters upon the receipt of Secretary Stanton's telegram. No doubt the successful little general raged and fumed for proper effect upon his admiring camp-followers at Winchester, but no evidence of his wrath was forthcoming at Washington. No reply to Stanton's telegram can be found in the War Department archives. General Sheridan at the moment was probably too full for utterance, and a little calm reflection afterward likely had the effect of cooling whatever resentment he felt.

I will venture the opinion that this decided check, delivered so coldly and suddenly, and coming so unexpectedly from a quarter in which he imagined himself safely intrenched, was of actual benefit to General Sheridan in toning down an element of devil-may-care recklessness in his character which made itself apparent only after his brilliant successes in the field. At all events, an immediate and significant change in the general tone of his official utterances is easily detected after this incident, particularly in his correspondence with the Washington authorities. But I do not perceive that it caused any change in the friendly relations of Stanton and Sheridan. It certainly cannot be gathered from the records that Sheridan bore any ill-will toward Mr. Stanton.

WAR RECORDS OFFICE, WASHINGTON. *Leslie J. Perry.*

Mr. Jett and the Capture of Booth.

IN the article published in the April CENTURY giving a detailed account of the assassination of President Lincoln, the writer states that "Jett, for his connection with the affair, was jilted by his sweetheart, ostracized by his friends, and outlawed by his family." Being a near relative of Mr. Jett, and our homes being only a mile apart at the time of these deplorable occurrences, I am able to say that while Mr. Jett did not marry the young lady designated by the writer as his "sweet-

heart,* she and her family continued his fast friends. He was never ostracized by his friends or outlawed by his family. No person of sense blamed him in the slightest degree for his action in piloting the Federal cavalry to where he had left the lame man (Booth) rather than have his «brains blown out.»

Mr. Jett was in his spirits and demeanor in no way affected by the unfortunate circumstances with which he was innocently connected. He went to Baltimore a year after, engaged in business, traveling constantly in Virginia, and married the daughter of a prominent physician of Baltimore. Some sixteen years afterward he was attacked with paresis, and died at the hospital of

Williamsburg, Virginia, respected by every one who knew him.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

John L. Marye.

«Sargent and his Painting»—A Correction.

Two errors occurred in the biographical part of the article in the June CENTURY on «Sargent and his Painting.» The maiden name of Mr. John S. Sargent's mother was Singer, not Newbold. His father's name was Fitz-William Sargent, not Fitz-Hugh. Dr. Fitz-William Sargent was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and practised medicine in Philadelphia.—EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Mrs. Thompson's Ten.

MRS. THOMPSON softly closed her front door, and went on, through the two lines of dusty box, with her friend Mrs. Drivers.

Her small, faded face wore a slight flush, and she smiled before she spoke.

«He's such a tease,» she said; «he all but worries my life out; but all the Thompsons are just that way. They are bound to have their joke.»

She gave an affected little laugh, drawing her glove, with jaunty pulls and pats, over her small, rough hand.

Mrs. Drivers stalked on with uplifted chin, in ostentatious forbearance, and said nothing; but her lips were very thin.

«Mr. Thompson's mightily set against all those new-fangled clubs and societies and things that you read about nowadays in the newspapers, and I reckon he thought I was going to join something like that. Men are mighty foolish about their wives: they don't want them to do anything that don't look just right.»

Mrs. Drivers said nothing. Her glance was traveling over the shabby black dress and bonnet of the other. She was a large, slow woman, who rustled richly as she walked.

«He could n't really have anything against the King's Daughters,» Mrs. Thompson went on; «and I think it will be real nice to belong to a Ten, and go to meetings and things—»

«You ought to go about some,» Mrs. Drivers said. «I could n't live cooped up as you do.»

The little woman flushed and trembled with an indignation which seemed to have no adequate cause, and found no expression in words.

«Some people don't find any pleasures as sweet as the pleasures of home,» she said. «I always was a stay-at-home, and that just suits Mr. Thompson. He's the kind of man that's all but lost without a woman around.»

«Yes—I reckon so.»

Mrs. Drivers seemed to stop herself forcibly.

Mrs. Thompson looked nettled.

«It certainly would hurt me,» she remarked, «to have

a husband that wa' n't dependent on me,—like some you see.»

They walked on a little way in silence, each with a slightly offended look.

«There go the Smith girls into Emeline's,» Mrs. Thompson exclaimed, with some excitement of manner.

She glanced down furtively at her rusty dress, but her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

ABOUT half a dozen of the Bakersville ladies were seated about on the haircloth sofas and chairs, talking together, while they waited for the tardy members. A little crooked, black-eyed woman came and sat down by Mrs. Thompson as the hostess, a pleasant-faced old maid, flitted from her to greet a new arrival.

«Well, I certainly am glad to see you, Mrs. Thompson,» she said. «But I told Emeline, when I heard you'd joined, that the skies were surely going to fall. How's Mr. Thompson?»

A shade came over Mrs. Thompson's face.

«His health is mighty bad, Mrs. King,» she said; «and he's one of that kind that won't ever say they're sick, and so I'm uneasy about him all the time.»

«He looks mighty well,» the other suggested. «I've never seen the man yet that would n't make a fuss if he had a finger-ache. Don't you bother about his being sick if he don't say he's sick.»

Mrs. Thompson flushed. «People that have dyspepsia,» she said, with a touch of dignity, «don't know what's the matter with them half the time.»

She sat rapt and enthralled during the reading and praying, her voice rose high in the hymns, and a faint color glowed in her cheeks, as if from pure enjoyment.

«It certainly does do a person a heap of good to get away from home sometimes,» she confessed, at the close of the meeting, «even if there ain't any place like home. And there ain't, of course. I certainly am glad I joined.»

She stood laughing and chatting with her friends in a way that surprised herself.

«Mr. Thompson wants to monopolize me so; I believe he's real jealous of my Ten; but he'll be bound to see it's a mighty good thing.»



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

HIS ATTEMPT AT RECONCILIATION.

HE: Is this chair engaged?

SHE: No; and I hope it 's as glad as I am that it is n't.

«Yes; if it just makes us tell the truth,» a bright, freckled-faced girl began.

Mrs. Thompson turned to her suddenly.

«If it does what?» she asked.

«Oh, we bind ourselves to speak the truth just as far as we can. Did n't Miss Emeline tell you? And I declare, it certainly is hard.»

Mrs. Thompson looked at her as if she were thinking.

«I reckon we all try to do that, anyway,» she said slowly, «or we ought to.» She paused a moment. «But it ain't easy.»

There was a wistful, half-appealing expression upon her face as she went on, looking from one to another.

«Sometimes you sort o' believe something that ain't so, and you say it that way,—» she checked herself with a little affectedly careless laugh,—«but I don't reckon any of us would tell *stories*, even if we did n't promise.»

«Oh, you are not going, Mrs. Thompson?» Miss Emeline said. «We all stay and chat after the meeting is over. Do have some tea and cake.»

The color had faded from Mrs. Thompson's face, and she felt that her smile was dull and awkward.

«Thank you, Emeline,» she said; «I 'm feeling right poorly. I reckon I 'd better be getting on.»

MR. THOMPSON looked at her in surprise as he sat opposite to her at the little table. He was a heavily built man, with small, fleshy-looking eyes.

«You seem to have left your wits at the hen-party,» he said. «Don't you propose to give me any supper, Mrs. Thompson?»

She started, and looked about, in a half-frightened way.

«What have I forgotten? Oh, the bread!»

She got up, and brought it to the table, and set it be-

fore him, taking none for herself. She sat balancing her spoon unskilfully upon the edge of her cup, till it dropped with a crash into the saucer.

Her husband looked at her with growing disapprobation.

«What is the matter with you, anyway?» he asked, pausing with his cup half lifted to his mouth.

She raised her eyes from her hard, brown hands, clasped on the back of her plate.

«Finish your supper,» she said, «and I'll tell you.»

He picked up the loaf, and began to cut off a slice.

«You might as well tell me at the same time,» he remarked. «What's the matter with your bread? It's as good putty as I want to see.»

He pushed back his chair from the table at last, and got his pipe from the mantelpiece.

«Well?» he said, holding the stem between his teeth, and turning his eyes toward her without moving his head.

She had gotten out her knitting, but it lay idle in her lap, and her hands were squeezed together on her knees.

A spasm of nervousness passed over her face, and she did not look at him as she spoke.

«It certainly is hard to keep from saying what ain't so,» she began. He was drawing at his pipe to kindle it, and said nothing.

«It's mighty hard to tell the truth to yourself—let alone anybody else.»

He shifted his pipe in his mouth.

«Did you learn all that at Emeline's?» he inquired, with satirical dryness.

She looked at him, and her color rose.

«Yes; I learned it at Emeline's—never mind how.»

She went on, after a pause, in her former soft, plaintive tone: «I believe in confessing your sins, and I've been sinning going on fifteen years.»

«Most all the time you've been married,» he commented.

She did not notice the interruption.

«I believe in confessing your sins; but it's not just that. I've fooled myself and fooled myself till my head's been in such a muddle that half the time I did n't know make-believe from truth—till everything was like make-believe, and I did n't rightly believe anything.»

The earnestness of her manner drew his eyes to her, and he stared at her without speaking.

«And now I've just got to speak out the truth that's been smothering and smoldering at the bottom of my heart all the time: I've called it dyspepsia, and I've called it joking; I've made out I loved to cook and scrub and wear old clothes.»

Her voice rose with excitement, and a red spot burned upon each cheek. He had taken his pipe from his mouth, and sat motionless, with his eyes fixed upon her, all other expression swallowed up in that of blank astonishment.

«But it don't really make it any better, when you hurt me, to say you don't hurt me—»

He shifted in his chair, and cleared his throat.

«It don't make it any better to put 'sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet,» as the Bible says; and I'm going to tell the truth this once, if I never did before! You've got harder and colder and crosser, year in and year out. You've grudged me rest and pleasure and the clothes on my back. You don't care any more about me than a brick in that chimney; and I don't know but what you've killed dead every spark of love I ever had for you!»

His eyes widened and contracted with a shock of pain, and his face twitched; but he said nothing.

She sat with her hands clasped lightly on her knees, her head erect, and her face flushed and animated with something akin to exhilaration.

Suddenly she flew across the room, and threw her arms around his neck, with a passion of tears which shook her from head to foot, and swept away all words.

Two large, slow drops forced themselves from under his lids, and coursed down his cheeks unchecked. He patted her awkwardly on the head, and cleared his throat to speak, but no words came.

«Molly, honey,» he said huskily, at last, «I did n't go to be so mean.»

Annie Steger Winston.

A Sea Change.

Who am I that yesterday

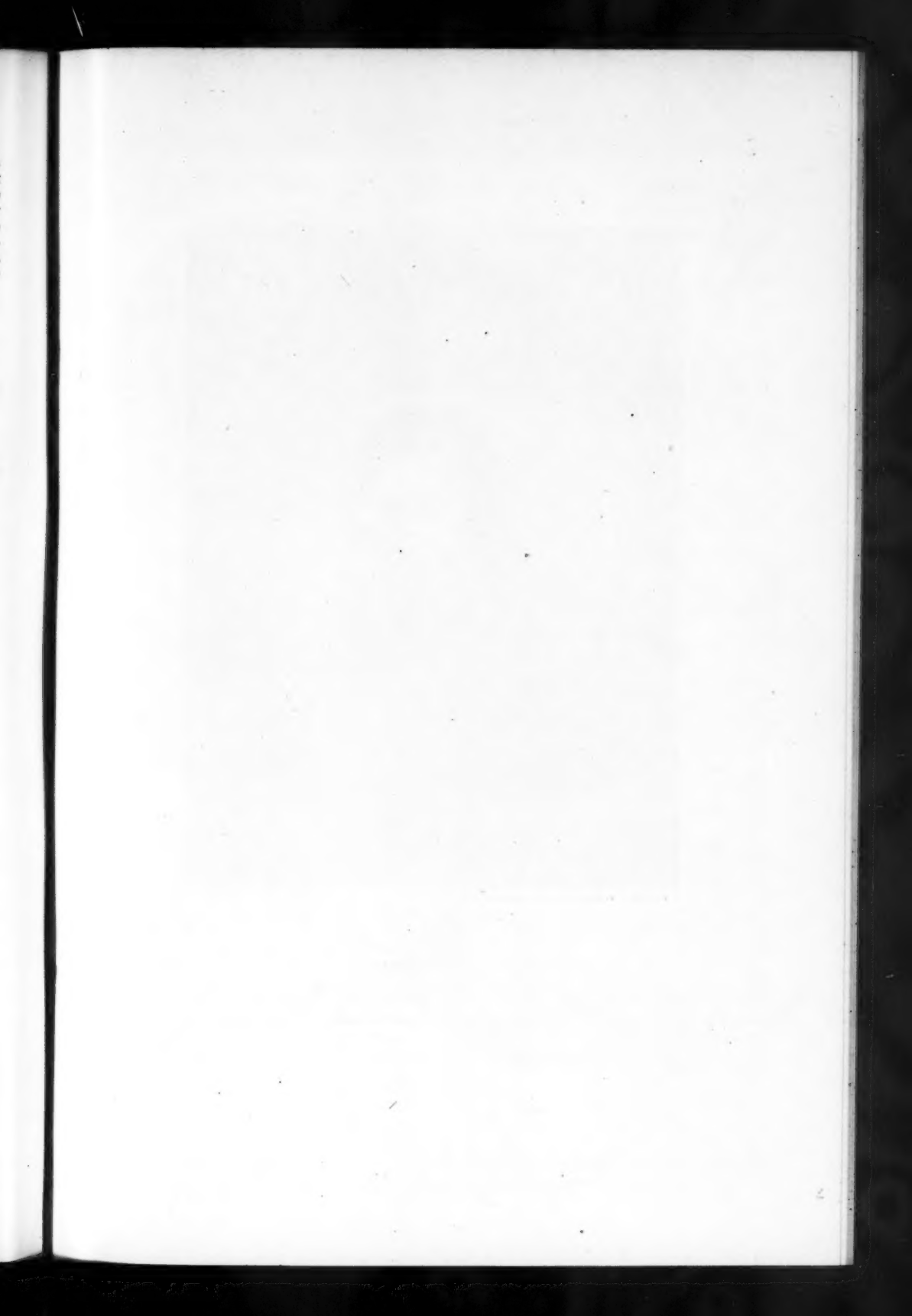
Cut adrift from books and scholars,
Fashion's round of vain display,
Art and commerce, bills and dollars—
Left behind the murky port,
Passed the grimly-frowning fort,
Gazed upon the open sea,
Changed into the present me?

Am I he who, in the whirl
And the glamor of the city,
Deemed the mariner a churl,
Scanned the roustabout with pity?
Who am I, thus torn apart
From the counting-house and mart,
From the superficial me?
I could vow I am not he.

Something strangely odd, yet real,
Like a shadowy recollection,
Broods upon me till I feel
But an ancestor's reflection.
Dare I speak, I should command
(I who feared to leave the land!)
As the Vikings did of yore:
«Crowd on sail and steer from shore!»

Hail! familiar scenes of old,
Rustling sails and heaving billows;
Piping gales, that for the bold
Scatter slumber o'er their pillows!
Hail! the—ugh!—h-how very q-queer!
I'm m-m-myself ag-g-gain, I f-fear.
Curse that f-frivolous maiden's m-mirth—
Steward, help—me—to—my—b-b-berth!

William T. James.





ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE, 1852.

OWNED BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Truly Yours
Annist Beecher Stone